THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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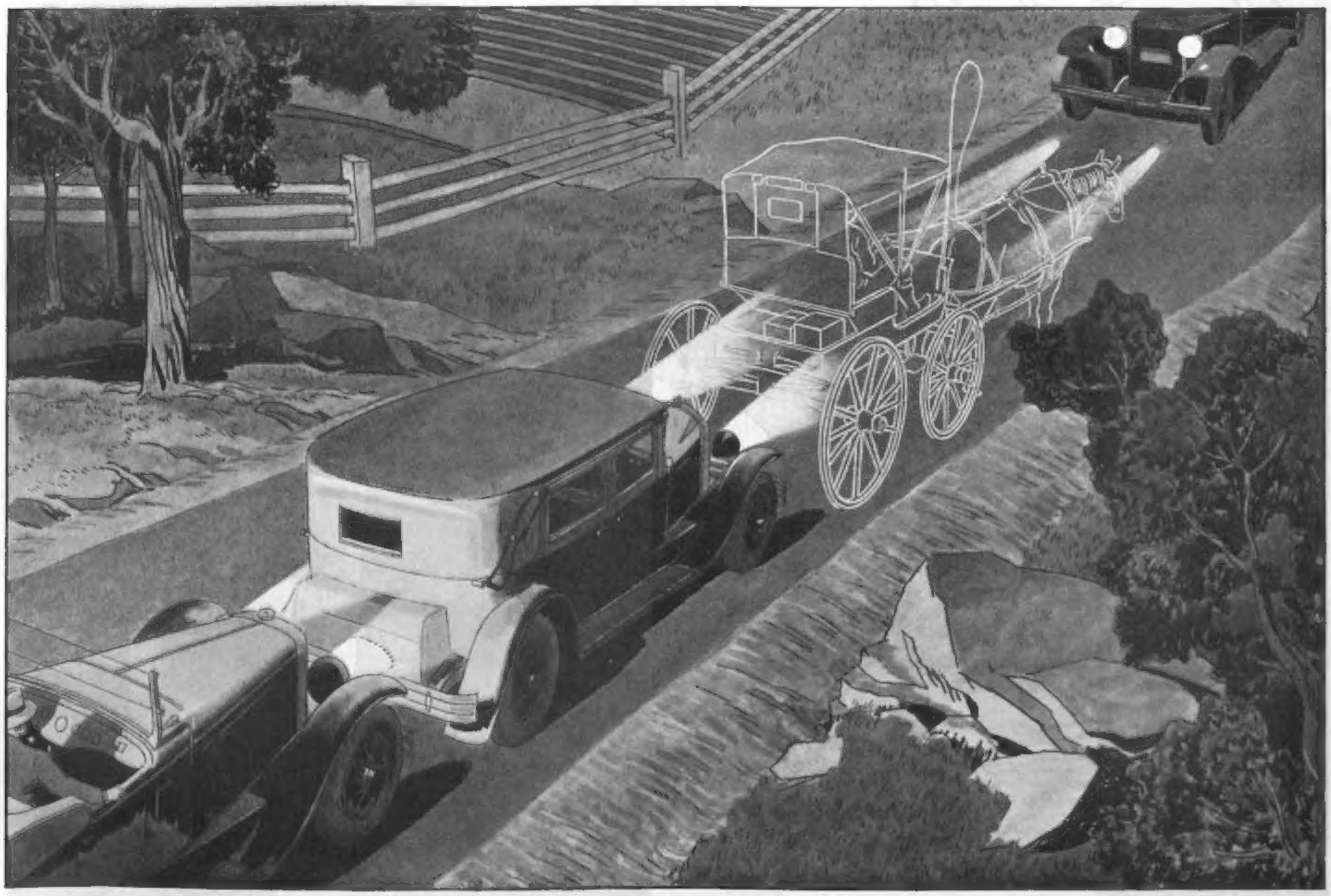

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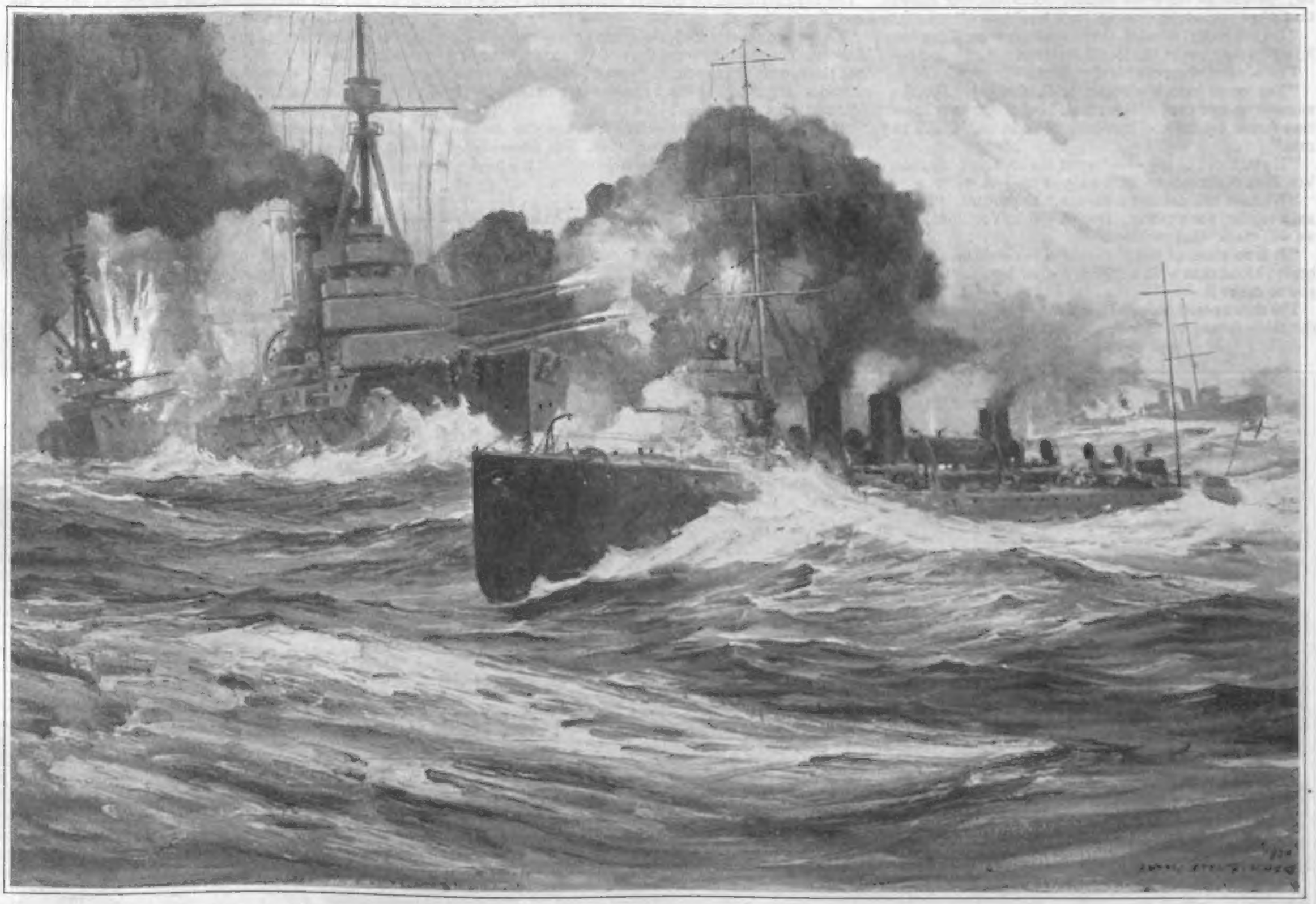
THE DEATH VOYAGE



Some Destroyers, German or British, Fought Their Way Through the Crowd and Succeeded in Driving Home Their Attack Upon the Battleships, With Certain Death for Their Reward

By A. CONAN DOYLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS a winter evening, and as I sat by a dwindling fire in the twilight, my mind hit upon a strange line of thought. Musing over the great crises of history, I could see that the chief actor in each had always come to a dividing of the ways where it was within his choice to take the one path or the other. He took the one, and the annals tell us what came of it. But suppose that he had taken the other? Is it possible for the human imagination to follow up the course of events which would have resulted from that? A series of fascinating alternatives passed through my brain, each involving a problem of its own. Had Cæsar remained faithful as a general of the republic, and refused to cross the Rubicon, would not the whole story of Imperial Rome have been avoided? Had Washington persuaded his fellow countrymen to wait patiently until a liberal majority in the British Parliament righted their wrongs, would not Britain and all her Dominions now be an annex to the great central power of America? If Napoleon had made peace before entering upon the Russian campaign—and so on, and so on.

As I brooded thus, a modern instance came into my mind, and so, half sleeping, and with my eyes fixed upon the red embers, there came a series of pictures, a vision, if one may so call it, which, with realistic detail duly added, might be translated into some such narrative as this:

It was a dull November day in the little Belgian town of Spa. It was very easy to see that some great event had occurred—some event which had stirred the townspeople to their depth. Business had ceased, and they stood in excited, gossiping groups along the sidewalks. Among them there wandered great numbers of German soldiers in their gray-green uniforms, some of them so worn with service that they presented every shade of color. These men were as excited as the civilians, and choked the streets with their noisy, gesticulating assemblies. Boys carrying newspapers rushed wildly here and there. The whole place was like an ants' nest stirred up suddenly by some intrusive stick.

Suddenly the groups fell apart to give space for a huge motor car, containing four officers and two civilians, who were clearly men of importance, to judge by the attention which they excited. The lionlike face which looked fiercely out at the undisciplined groups of soldiers was one which was familiar to every bystander, since Spa had been for so long the center of German military activity. It was old Marshal von Berg himself. Beside him, lost in thought, sat a high naval officer, his clean-shaven face seamed with furrows

of care. It was the famous Admiral von Speer. Two other high generals and two statesmen fresh from Berlin completed the group. The car roared down the main street, turned hard to the right, swung round between the pillars of an ornamental gate, and halted presently before the stuccoed front of the Villa Froneuse. Sentries on either side of the door presented arms, a red-plushed butler appeared in the opening, and the illustrious deputation vanished into the house, while curious faces and staring eyes lined the railing, for it was rumored that some eventful decision was to be reached that day, and that the moment of fate had arrived.

The deputation was ushered into the large hall, decorated in white and gold, and from the end of it they entered a spacious lounge, or study, where they seated themselves round a table.

"The Emperor was expecting you," said the butler. "He will be with you presently." He walked silently, as one who is at a funeral, and closed the door gently.

The party was clearly ill at ease. They looked at one another in a questioning way. It was the naval officer who broke the silence.

"Perhaps it would be best, sir, if you opened the matter," said he to the great soldier. "His Majesty knows that what you advise comes from a loyal heart."

"Do you imply, admiral, that our advice is anything but loyal?" asked one of the Berlin statesmen.

The admiral shrugged his shoulders.

"You come from the center of disturbance. For the moment we can trust nothing from Berlin. We only know that forces behind the line have brought our affairs to ruin."

"If you mean to say ——" cried the civilian hotly, but Von Berg interrupted with a wave of his arm.

"We have had discussion enough," he growled. "But I am a soldier, not a talker. Do you speak, Von Stein, and we will check what you say."

"It is no pleasant task," answered the civilian, a large, heavy, blond man with a flowing yellow beard. "Still, if you so desire it ——"

The door opened and a man entered. The six men round the table sprang to their feet and their heels all clicked together. The Emperor bowed stiffly, and motioned that they should be seated. His keen gray eyes glanced from the face of one to the other, as if to gather what their message might be. Then, with a wry smile, he seated himself alone at the farther end of the table.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I hear that you have been determining the fate of your Emperor. May I ask the result of your deliberations?"

"Your Majesty," said Von Stein in answer, "we have carefully considered the situation, and we are all of one mind. We feel that Your Majesty's safety is endangered if you remain here. We cannot answer for what may happen."

The Emperor shrugged. "If Germany falls, it can matter little what happens to individuals," said he.

"Germany may stumble, Your Majesty, but she can never fall. Sixty millions of people cannot be wiped from the map. There will soon come a period of reconstruction, and who can say how necessary the presence of Your Majesty may be at such a time?"

"What are your views, field marshal?" the Emperor asked.

Von Berg shrugged his massive shoulders and shook his head disconsolately.

"I have had reports from the seven armies today, Your Majesty. The greater part of the soldiers are still ready to fight the enemy. They refuse, however, to fight their own comrades, and many of the battalions are out of hand."

"And the navy, admiral?"

"It is hopeless, Your Majesty. The red flag flies on every ship in Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. The officers have been set ashore. There is little violence, but the Soviets command the vessels."

"And the civilians, Herr von Stein?"

"They will support the war no longer, Your Majesty. They are weary of it all, and ask only for peace."

"Do they realize the consequences if we lay down our arms?"

"Erzberger and his party are at the French headquarters making such terms as they can. Perhaps, sire, it may not be so bad as you think."

"We need not deceive ourselves. We have only to ask ourselves what our own terms would have been had we been the victors. It means the loss of our fleet, of our colonies, and of all that was built up under my care in the last twenty-five years. And why, why, has this terrible thing come upon us?"

"Because the nation behind the line has failed us."

"But why has it failed us?" There was a cold gleam of anger in the Emperor's eyes, and he looked from one to the other for an answer.

"They were tried too hard, Your Majesty. There is a limit to human endurance. They could go no further."

"It is false!" cried the Emperor hotly, and he struck the table with his hand. "It is because you did not trust them. It is because they were forever misinformed, as I was misinformed, so that they lost all confidence in you and me and everyone."

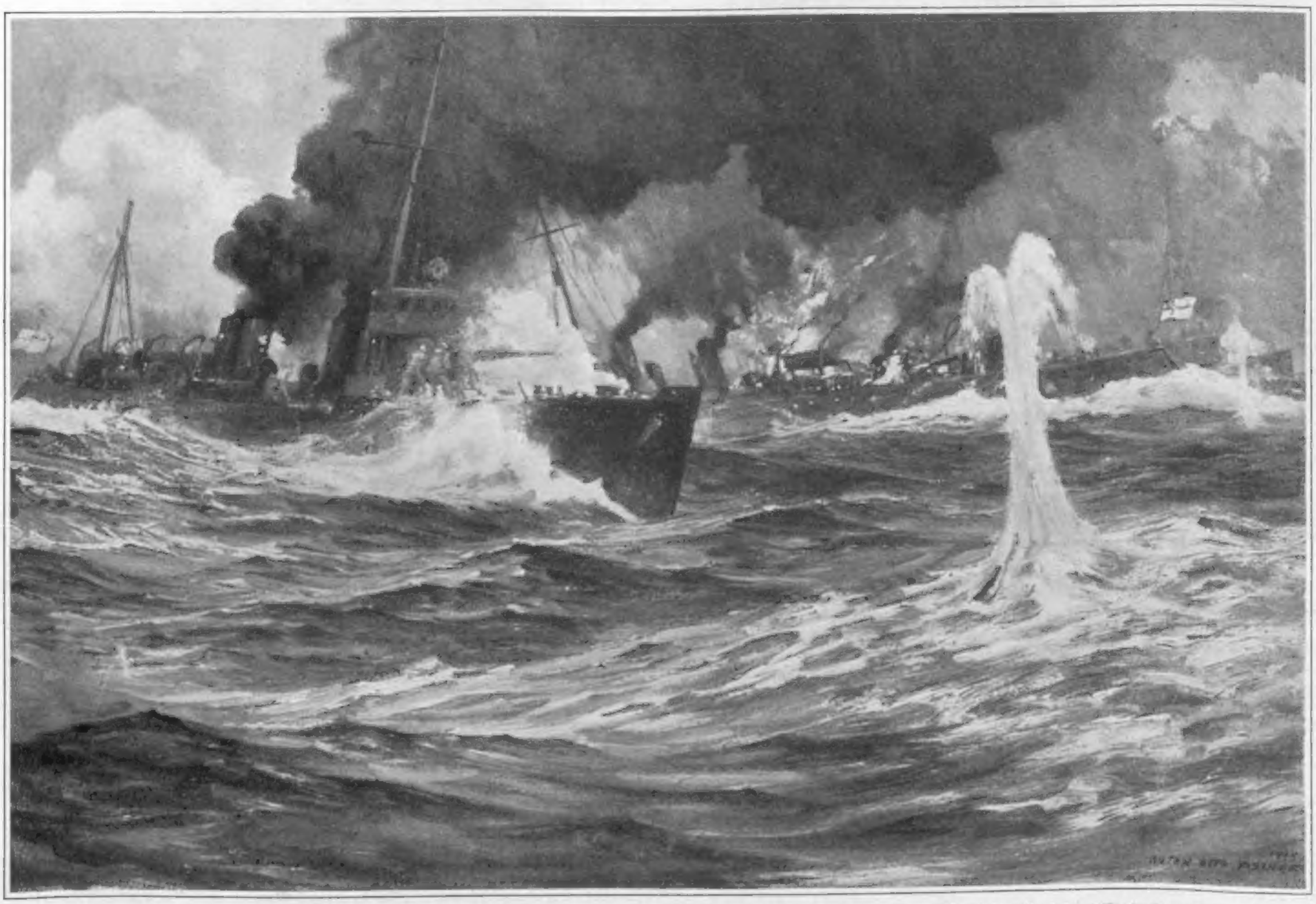
"Misinformed, Your Majesty?"

"Yes, misinformed at every turn. I might well use a stronger word. I am not accusing you individually, gentlemen. I speak of the various services which you represent; though indeed you are yourselves not guiltless in the matter, and you have helped, each of you, to supply me with information which was false, so that all my plans were built upon an unsound foundation. We might have had peace with honor at any time, had I known all that I know now."

The members of the council moved uneasily in their seats. It was the second civilian, a small, dark, bristle-haired man, clean-cut and alert like a well-bred terrier, who was the first to speak. "Your Majesty may perhaps be putting blame upon us which might be justly borne by more august shoulders," said he.

"Be silent," said Von Berg roughly. "We want none of your Berlin insolence here."

"We want the truth, which the Emperor has so seldom had in the past!" cried the radical deputy. "Has he not told us so himself? Has not everyone said what would please him rather than what is true, and has he not been too confiding and complaisant in accepting such assurances?" *(Continued on Page 90)*



Like Fighting Dogs, Half Smothered in Foam, They Tore Through the Sea, Their Sides Almost Touching and the Flashes of Their Guns Licking the Very Paint From the Bulwarks of Their Opponents

ONIONS, FR. FR.

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

"Do I Like French-Fried Onions—Do I! My Favorite Fruit"

THE immediate prelude to George Smith's employment as Old Man Pervis' secretary was wild and stormy, though George at the time did not know it. Walter Macartney was his predecessor and had been there so long that the Old Man regarded him as a fixture. Came a bright summer day, however, when Walter informed his boss that he was going to leave to be head accountant at the Granger factory, and the Old Man hit the ceiling. Not to Walter—no, no—but to Edgar France, general manager and oldest employe, in point of service, of the Pervis plant, also yes man, chief explainer and soother to the Old Man. Naturally, to Edgar, the Old Man's rage was voiced as only the Old Man could voice it, his small eyes gleaming fury, his round ruddy face all purplish-vermilion, his vituperative tongue sharpened with acid.

"There's loyalty!" said Old Man Pervis. "I took that boy in when he was nothing but a little snub-nosed moron; I put up with his dumbness and slowness and general jackassity because his father and I used to live in the same alley and play hooky together and get licked by the same teacher. And just when I get him to the point where I don't have to spell out every word for him and hold his hand when he walks upstairs, he up and leaves me to be head accountant for that wolf, Bill Granger! Head accountant! He's as fit to be head accountant as I am to wear a ballet skirt! Bill's only taking him because he thinks he'll find out a lot of my trade secrets—and Walter's too thick to know a trade secret from a form letter! Serves Bill Granger right!" He paused for lack of breath.

"Oh, well," said Edgar France, "there's plenty more private secretaries besides Walter Macartney. How about trying a girl this time?"

"Nix. I won't have any nose-powdering, leg-showing, lipsticked female in my office. Get me a nice bright young fellow—but not too bright. Somebody who can do my work, but who isn't executive timber—y'understand? I can't be changing secretaries every ten years. It upsets me."

"There was a young man, name of Smith, in to see me the other day, looking for a job, might do," ruminated Edgar. "Kind of a harmless lad; not much brains, but biddable and easy. Stranger in town; said his relations had advised him to settle here. Just outa college, too, but he'd had the gump to learn shorthand and typewritin'. Most of 'em don't even get that much. I had him file at the employment bureau. I'll send for him and you can see for yourself."

"He doesn't sound so good."

"He's not so good. The day's long past when a boy with real brains hankers for a private secretary's job. You better hire a woman. Everybody else in the place has a woman secretary."

"You send me in that young chap you mentioned. I told you my views about women secretaries."

Edgar France was about to say, "They're not so much your views as your missis'," but tactfully refrained. He said aloud: "All right, I'll get him round here the first thing tomorrow morning if he hasn't landed somewhere else. . . . When's Walter going? I suppose he can show this new one the ropes."

"Walter's gone; I told him to get out and not to wait. I'd rather break in a new man myself."

"Break is right," thought Edgar France, easing himself out of the ugly mahogany-and-bronze office. He decided charitably that whatever secretary the Old Man hired, he, although general manager and not supposed to bother about personnel overmuch, would wise up the newcomer to some of the snares and pitfalls of the Pervis temper and temperament. It would only be good business to do so. The Pervis plant was a happier place for everyone when Rudolf Pervis was not on the rampage.

Accordingly, when George Smith appeared in answer to the S O S sent out by the employment bureau, he was taken at once to the G. M.'s office. Edgar looked him over without much hope. George Smith was a slender, gentle youth, fair-haired, blue-eyed. He appeared invincibly mild. "The Old Man'll chew him up," thought Edgar, "but, gosh, he's the only fellow who's applied here in six months who can do shorthand. I guess he's due to be a Christian martyr."

"You'll find Mr. Pervis excitable and nervous at times," he said cautiously. "High blood pressure, you know. Ease him along and don't let him rough you up. He doesn't mean the half of what he says, and he's one of the kindest-hearted men alive underneath all his—er—talk, if you get what I mean. Once in so often he's got to sort of let off steam, but it doesn't signify that he's cross or mean. Y'understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied George Smith. George could be cautious also. He was by no means the cipher Edgar rated him. Edgar thought it unlikely that he understood at all. He tried another lead.

"You married?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You can't have been married very long."

"No, sir; five weeks only."

"Well, even so, maybe it'll help you to understand Mr. Pervis, because Mr. Pervis is married, and he's very particular about how his secretary acts to his wife over the phone or if she comes into the office, because Mrs. Pervis is a high-spirited lady and given to—er—to—to following up her own ideas. Y'understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Edgar gave him a long, hard, hopeless stare. "I guess you better go right on in and talk to Mr. Pervis," he said, and rising, led the way to the Old Man's lair.

George Smith reported the interview later to his bride, in the inexpensive hotel where they were spending their honeymoon.

"I got the place all right, Lucy," he said. "I sat right down and did a lot of letters for him. His English is abominable, but what he says is to the point, and he seems a mighty able old chap; apparently knows everything about everything in the factory. He barks instead of talking, and I rather imagine that he fancies himself as a great big two-fisted he captain of industry, all full of vim and vigor. I liked him. I think we'll get along."

"Of course you will, George; you could get along with anybody, you're so clever and adaptable. How much is he going to pay you?"

"Thirty-five a week."

"We can get along on that, but it won't leave much margin. But I can manage. And, of course, it's only for a little while. You'll be a partner in the business before long."

George Smith laughed.

"I hope you think as well of me in five years as you do in five weeks, Lucy."

Lucy opened wide eyes as brown and bright as George's were blue and mild. "But, darling, you've got to get on,

(Continued on Page 113)

TRAVEL NOTES—By Garet Garrett

An Old Stone Farmhouse Outside Gladstone, New Jersey

NEW YORK.

FOR all its mighty towers, this is still an empty country. Its artifacts are massed in sudden, whirling formations; from the inverted vortex of a city to the edge of the whirl is a short journey in any direction, and at the edge you leap a time chasm. It is so in the first case.

Turning west out of New York, you underpass the Hudson River without seeing it, through the Holland Tunnel, minimum speed thirty miles between two white lines. As the grade begins to rise you may say, "This is New Jersey." That state begins at an imaginary line in the middle of the river, overhead. Exit from the tunnel is in Jersey City, mistress of disappointment, sitting on a high rock fence with her feet in the water, always looking across at New York and wondering why she couldn't have been herself the Cinderella. Nobody can tell her why; nobody knows why. It is not that a city prefers an island, for if you say it does, you are obliged to account for the fact that New York happened on Manhattan Island, and not on Staten Island in the lower bay, which for any rational reason had been a much better place for it.

A Mirage on a Marsh

AS FOR Jersey City, since she was not Cinderella, she does not care how you see her, or whether you see her at all. With an impersonal air she lets you through a long stone cut under the fence on which she sits and pops you out on the Hackensack Meadows. This vast tidewater mud flat was surrendered by Newark Bay when it was that the ground level lifted a little or that the ocean level fell. It is divided down the middle by the Hackensack River and transected by many railroads into New York City.

In every graveyard hereabouts lie speculators three generations deep who saw on this marsh a mirage. They bought it as fool's acreage and then waited as long as they could to see industries, terminals and deep harbors appear.

The idea was sound. Certainly there is no more suitable place for hitherbound world commerce to walk out of the sea or for outgoing commerce to take the tide.

Also, the idea was necessary. There can be no artificial thing without an idea of it first. Nevertheless, the idea itself produces only a ghost image. Nothing really happens until the doer comes with his reckless saying, "Dig a ditch there; set a course of concrete here." He came at last to the Hackensack Meadows, and now, under certain conditions of haze and sunset, the externalized realities of the idea are more wonderful than the mirage with which those speculators went to sleep. More than they imagined has come suddenly true. Industries, great assembling plants for the export trade in motor cars, terminals, deep harbors, the new port of Newark and one of the country's great airports.

In the midst of it you turn left. The city of Newark is at that moment straight ahead, on the other side of the meadows, but her streets are strangled with local traffic, and so there is a great by-pass that takes you around to Elizabeth. That is to say, Newark is rid of you and unloads you on Elizabeth. There the pressure of traffic abruptly rises in streets that were anciently measured for two loads of hay to pass. In a street of that width motors may move in three lanes; the traffic needs six. Then at Rahway, five miles south of Elizabeth, the Lincoln Highway turns right for Philadelphia. Motortruck freight carriers go that way. Nevertheless, for twenty miles more, through Perth Amboy, that once was the maritime rival of New York, through South Amboy, around the edge of Raritan Bay, that anywhere else would be one of the great harbors of the world and not a refuge for scows, all the way down to Keyport, traffic goes faster and faster because the periphery of the maelstrom must keep pace with the center; and this is still all one whirl, with a conelike center in New York. The whirl of a city is a physical contradiction. Nothing is cast away as by centrifugal action; the force is attractive.

A Fine Type of Colonial House at Gladstone. At Right—On the Sharpless Estate, Near West Chester, Pa.

A Desert in New Jersey

THE edge here is steep. You are only forty miles from the core of New York when you fall off the rim of the traffic wheel. An hour later you may hit a wild deer. A wild deer on a concrete highway, three hours by motor out of New York City! There it stands in a shaft of sunlight, three hundred yards ahead; your senses seize it with a kind of disbelieving surprise. Afterward you seem to remember thinking each instant it would vanish. When it is too late your mind acts. Then, putting the brake down hard, you skid a little, and there is a failure of two calculations, one yours and one the deer's. Instead of taking into the brush the way it is facing, it pivots to go the other way and makes a fatal slip. You go back twice, once to look and again with the machine hammer to lay on its forehead.

BARNEGAT, NEW JERSEY.

At this point you will have on your left the Barnegat coast and on your right an immense tract of waste, locally named the Pine Barrens. A desert in the south middle of New Jersey, unknown of roads, covered with a useless growth of oak scrub, inhabited by the pineys, who use sand trails in and out. And this is a man-made desert. Here he found plenty, consumed it and left little. He found a forest of cathedral pines and lumbered it off in a prodigal manner. What he could not use as lumber he reduced to charcoal, without taking the trouble to build kilns. Merely, he heaped up the logs,

A Good Pennsylvania Dutch Farmhouse Near Sumneytown

PHOTOS. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

This Old Farmhouse Near East Swamp Creek, Pennsylvania, Seems to Grow Out of the Hillside

smothered the top of the pile with sod and set fire to it. In the wet places was bog iron. This he smelted with the charcoal. Here cannon and ball for the War of Independence were cast one hundred and fifty years ago. Ten or twelve miles in through sand ruts, traces of that industrial history, will be here and there the ruin of a furnace and perhaps a local name remembered by the nearest family of pineys. Pushing farther through the oak scrub, you may come suddenly upon a long, low building, fallen in the middle, and, living in one corner of it, the solitary tender of a cranberry bog. This was a famous inn on the cattle trail that went due east from Camden to the sea and then turned north for the port of Perth Amboy. Sailors surviving a wreck off the dangerous Barnegat coast could choose whether to walk north to Perth Amboy or west to Philadelphia, by way of the cattle trail. A Chinese sailor who decided for Philadelphia stopped at another inn, a little one, to celebrate the extension of time. He got very drunk and lost his hat, and though he had saved his life, he made such a row about losing his hat that the place assumed a name. It is Ong's Hat. The name survives. There is nothing else there; no trace whatever of the disorderly little inn.

Pushing Back the Atlantic Ocean

LIFE here was transient, devouring, uncreative, without roots. Charcoal without kilns, iron without mines, sustenance for the minimum of effort. The spirit of enterprise passed on. Nature either could not or would not replace the pines. What came instead was a race of dwarfed oak trees, perfectly useless, for which the native name is bawdy.

Of people, only the pineys remained, and they are living still on the face of Nature, gathering and baling moss, picking wild blueberries and catching those beautiful long pine snakes that sell by the foot in Philadelphia. Snake charmers buy them and they die in a wooden chest on soiled gray blankets.

Palimpsest—from two words meaning "again" and "to rub"—signifies new writing upon old. One thought is rubbed out to make room for another. So each culture, civility and system leaves its own writing on a page of the earth. The passage here written in the pioneer gesture has erased itself. We almost forget what it was. Yet even that was not the first. It was only the first in a white hand. Nor will it be the last. On the face of this unrepented outrage you may see the beginning of a new hieroglyphic, peculiarly our own. First, a wide, all-weather gravel motor road straight across, following the line of the old cattle trail. There is no present economic necessity for it. It represents expectancy. Next, halfway of it, a filling station and a hot-dog stand; here and there uprising out of the barren landscape the real-estate dealer's personal prophecy, his warning against delay and disbelief, his terms and address in letters two feet high. There is nothing else. Not yet. Everything else follows, such as placeness, pavements, lights, antennæ, civics, values. The land is all right. There is water under it, fertility and forgiveness in it. All it needs is to be wanted again. Nowadays the wanting must be stimulated. People have to be lured from cities by good motor roads, ready-made houses, credit to buy them with, and all accessories of modern living.

How strong the writing seems to those who write it, and how perishable it really is! Only four generations ago South Jersey land—this very land—sold itself to such a one, of whom a random note survives in local annals. With a pair of oxen, a yoke, an ax, a bag of seed and a young wife, he came as far as possible by boat and then totally disappeared into the forest. When the beasts could go no farther double in the yoke, he took the yoke and carried it himself. Single file through the forest, zigzag, stumbling, falling, going on—a man, a woman and two oxen. They stop. The man rests the yoke and looks slowly around him with an absent air. He sees what is there and what is not there. He projects his life, the life of the woman, lives that are not yet, even the lives of the oxen. For all of these he alone will be responsible. Then he says, "This is the place." There he makes his habitation; there he founds a family. Those, now, who make an adventure of leaving the city to buy a ready-made house in a ready-made place, on a ready-made road, with benefit of ready-made installment finance, can hardly realize that such, then, was a natural way with life. Nobody thought it heroic. What the land breaker sought and what he found was a sense of complete security. How strange that sounds to people of this time, whose sense of security is in gregarious living, in lights, in the pressure of mass movement—in cities, that is to say!

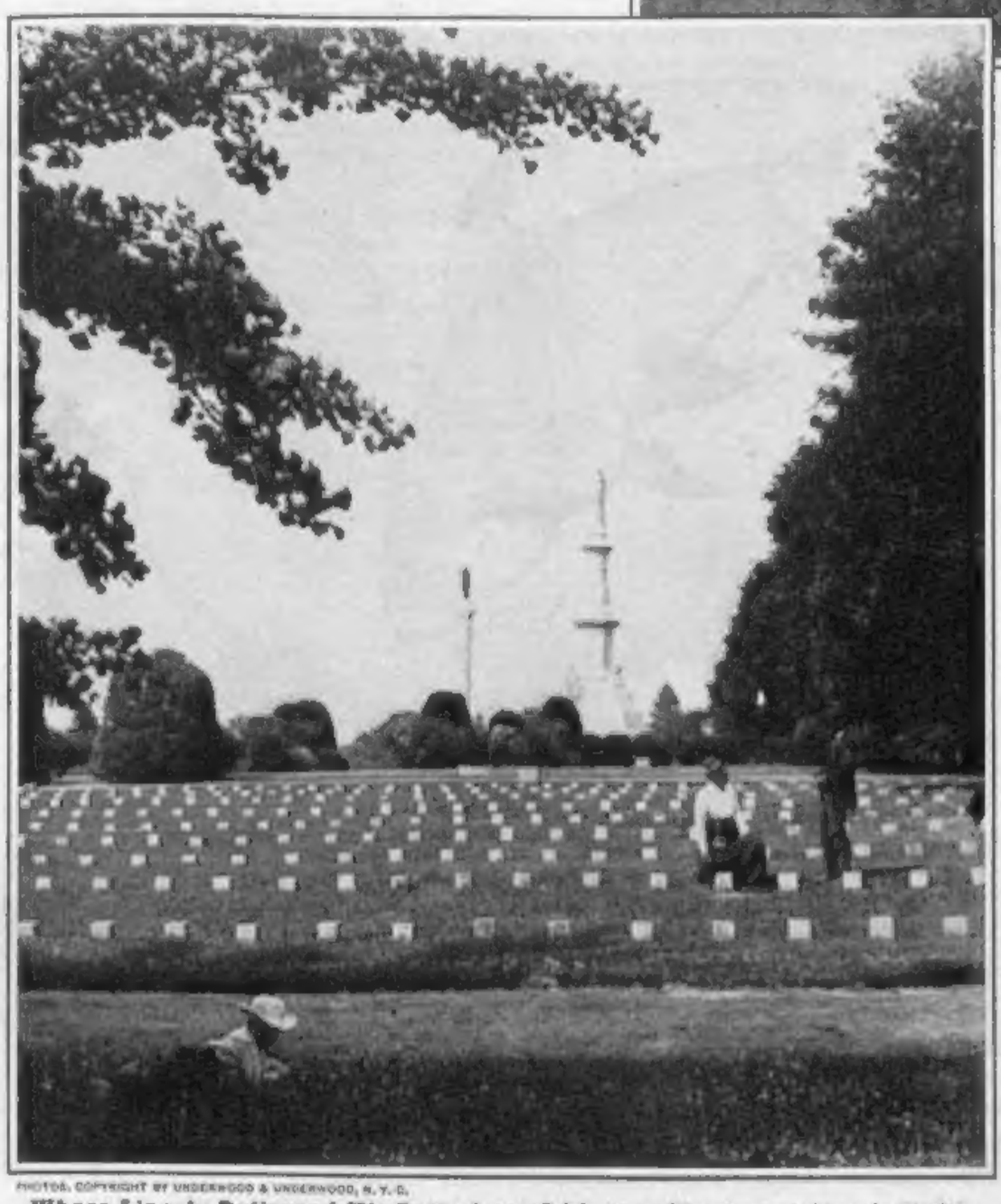
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.

The story of what has happened and is happening to the land has yet no certain moral. The country is scarred with man-made wastes. Forest land wantonly denuded; fertile land exhausted, abandoned by agriculture, returning to Nature. How to conserve and utilize our surplus land resources is one of the national problems. Yet at the same time we perform amazing engineering feats upon natural deserts, to water and reclaim them, or rush all at once from beautiful high land down to a salt-water marsh, and with incredible exertions raise it a few feet in order to set a thousand or two houses there in geometrical patterns, close together.

You may think of this as, at Absecon, you turn to cross the five miles of salt marsh lying between the mainland of New Jersey and the sand bar that is Atlantic City. Behind you is any quantity of cheap, neglected land, suitable both for intensive agriculture and delightful habitation. Yet here on this salt marsh they dredge up sand with suction pumps out of the tide creeks and bays, and spill it over the mud. As fast as the level can be raised a few inches above high-tide mark, paved streets are laid, lights break out, houses appear from the seller's intention, and as buyers are found for them, the dredgers, builders and real-estate men divide. A sand lot here will be worth as much as an abandoned farm fifteen miles away on the mainland, beyond the spell of city lights. But with the sand lot you get sewers, water, gas, electricity, service, proximity, and a ready-made house to suit any eye or purse. You do not need a purse, really. You need only to have an income. The finance company will do the rest.

Everything is in the price—a front lawn, if you like, and shrubs ready planted at the foundation. People therefore cease to build themselves houses. It is done for them. They buy their habitations instead of making them; they decide what price class to enter and then take their pick of the stock. Variety of stock consists mainly in "esqueness." The higher the price class the more "esqueness"—Italian-esque, Spanish-esque, villa-esque, Colonial-esque, Riviera-esque, Victorian-esque, grotesque.

General Meade's Headquarters on the Taneytown Road to Gettysburg



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Where Lincoln Delivered His Gettysburg Address a Monument Stands Today

Cities must grow. The will of it is in their gristle. It may be better that they should grow in this manner by organized impulse—that is to say, by a systematic multiplication of cells—than by anarchic intention, each building where and as he likes, one a hut, another his mansion. Geometrically it is better. The streets are then premeditated, wide and straight. And since the enterprise that does it is highly competitive, it follows that the structural quality of houses will improve. That may not be all. Rivalry in "esqueness," from the same competitive motive, is bound to confront the eye increasingly with the raw matter of aesthetic experience. People may be heard trying their perceptions on one another:

What an ugly house! Don't you think so? That one is not so bad. That next one—what's the matter with it? Oh, now, there's something very good-looking.

Public Taste in Private Homes

AND so may evolve a public taste in private dwellings that shall represent not the adaptation of old house forms to new ways of living, not any settled style or styles of "esqueness," but, first, some engineering thought of what a house is and is not for in this dynamic, mechanized life scheme, and then rich, imaginative use of the new materials provided by this age.

(Continued on Page 44)

AN ANCIENT MARINER

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"You're an Old Sailing Master," I Suggested

I MET Capt. Samuel Billing in the unusual suburb of Hollywood, where incongruities and unrealities jostle one another, and I am not certain to this day whether the soul of a conscious liar or the spirit of a child looks out through the wide, unclouded clarity of his blue eyes. Perhaps both are in his nature.

I had been seeing Captain Billing's beard for many days before I took any note of the captain himself. The beard used to come floating gently out of a canyon at the top of the street where I lived, as if it were a valance of grayish-white fog. Sometimes it was accompanied by another beard, sometimes by two other beards, sometimes it was alone. I was spending my winter on the front veranda of a little bungalow, convalescing from an illness, and it was some time before it occurred to my languid mind that these three drifting beards could not, after all, be meteorological phenomena; I made a great effort and concentrated on them, and I was rewarded by the discovery that they were attached to three old men.

But Captain Billing's beard had a quality which was not possessed by its occasional companions. At a glance, it was maritime, or so my fancy told me. I imagined that it had been weathered and seasoned by sun and salt, faded and notched by the winds of the sea. Perhaps an Odyssey slumbered in those harp strings.

I had been told that there are hermits among the somber surrounding hills into which Hollywood is slashing its way deeper and deeper every year—whether real hermits or fakes I could never learn; either is credible. But I decided against going up into the gulch to investigate; I might go up there seeking the Arabian Nights and find papier-mâché.

So I followed them one day down toward the city; and I found plenty of papier-mâché in that direction. They went into the enormous stage entrance of Gorman's Babylonian Theater through a wide lane liberally strewn with discarded papier-mâché monsters—broken dragons that had squirmed their last, serpents with battered scales, strange fauna of indeterminate species, and other left-over properties from some spectacular show that had closed.

Animals went in with them, real live animals—camels and dromedaries odorously in the flesh, zebras, elephants, ostriches, giraffes and other exotic birds and beasts, attended by trainers and keepers. The prodigious back door of the building swallowed them all up, and the three gray beards vanished amid the shuffle and the dust.

Almost anything might be going on in Gorman's Babylonian Theater; it is big enough to take care of a political convention, a naval battle and a circus all at the same time. I went around to the front and read a legend over the entrance, in letters as tall as Abraham Lincoln and as brilliant as Bernard Shaw, to the effect that a great Biblical picture, entitled The Patriarch, with sound and song accompanying the celluloid illusion, was being shown there. I doubt whether Babylon itself, at the topmost pinnacle of its glory, had anything splendid enough to compete with the façade and lobby of Gorman's Babylonian Theater. Onyx and stucco, bronze and authentic marble and imitation marble, neighbor one another in bewildering profusion, and replicas of the ancient idols of vanished peoples rise again from oblivion, looking faintly sheepish. Probably the architects and decorators know more about Babylon than I do, but if I knew anything at all about Babylon, I should doubt it.

All about this immense lobby are gilded cages inhabited by parrots, apes and other jolly chatterboxes, including the gum-chewing ticket sellers in their own gilded cage; there is a fountain where little alligators disport the live-long day; shops where anything from real diamonds to chocolate sundaes may be acquired, open into the lobby; a continual radio hurls classical music, religious propaganda and beauty recipes into this vibrating area, and at night it is ringed as no star ever was with seven colors of electrical hysteria. To walk lingeringly through this lobby, yielding oneself kindly to all its diverse misconceptions, is to put one's mind into such a condition that nothing one hears or sees within the auditorium seems too incredible.

The great Biblical moving picture with sound effects, I found, was preceded by a spectacle, a kind of pageant, in which the camels, elephants and zebras appeared in person. My three old men with the beards, garbed in white, rode across the stage on camels, doing their best to look like patriarchs. They had not acted in the film itself; they were just three old men picked up from among the dozens of extras who "peddle the brush" from studio to studio in Hollywood to ride the shambling camels across the stage, and that was all.

But even in this brief appearance the one beard stood out from its fellow beards. It was not a desert beard and no opulence of suggestive stage effect could make it seem a desert beard. Its roots struck deeper, into more fertile soil; it undulated at the center of a more watery nimbus. Once again I told myself that it must be a seagoing beard—and I still maintain that it was the expression of a seagoing spirit, a soul cradled in the deep, even if the flesh of its owner had never been where the soul had been.

So I lay in ambush for the old man, pounced on him from my veranda, and forced my acquaintance upon him. Within a week he had the habit of stopping every day for a chat and a few doses of the tonic I was taking.

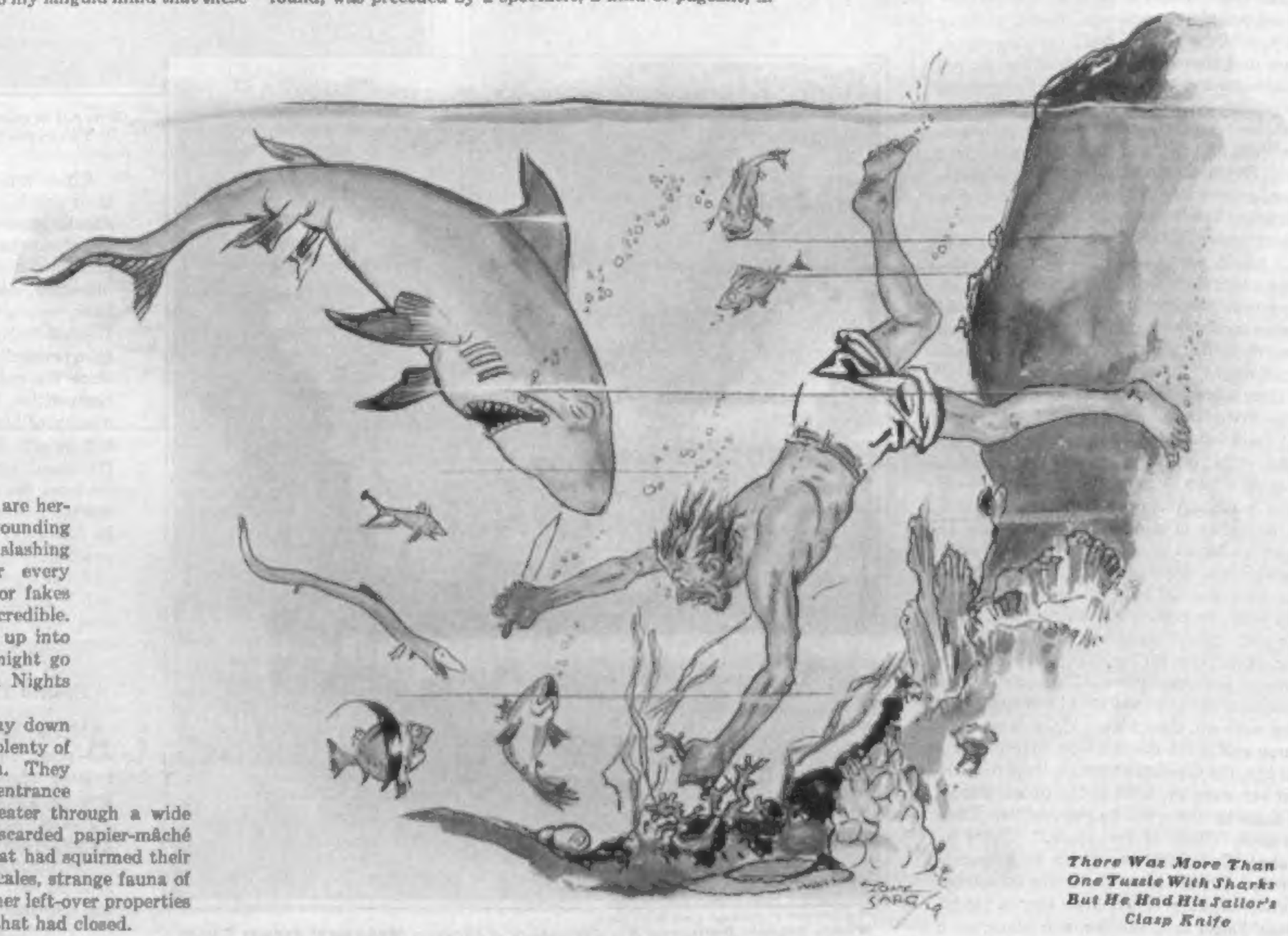
A mild and gentle melancholy pervaded the man. It showed in his speech and manner, and it looked out of his childish blue eyes.

"You're an old sailing master," I suggested one day, early in our acquaintance.

"Yes," he said, "I was in sail." He sighed. "It never done me any good to be in sail." He paused and gathered the end of his beard into his hand and looked at it reproachfully, and presently continued: "When you got a mournful fate dogging after you all the time, nothing you are into or nothing you are out of does you any good."

"Your voyages turned out unluckily for you, Captain Billing?"

"So unlucky I don't like to talk about 'em," he said, gazing with pensive eyes as if upon far horizons. "Shipwrecks, and money losses, and personal tragedies of my own of the most peculiar nature, and, on top of that, the terrible ingratitude of four or five gover'ments that ought to 'a' been tickled to death for all I done for 'em." He



There Was More Than One Tussle With Sharks But He Had His Sailor's Clasp Knife

It Was a Terrible Fight

sighed again. "I ain't been bitter," he said. "An old seafarin' man sees too much and goes through too much to let himself get all embittered up by fate; he figgers it's all in the day's work. I ain't been bitter—up till now! But I'm afraid I'm beginnin' to get a little bitter the last few months."

His present grievance, I discovered, was against the movies. This did not surprise me; everyone in Hollywood seems to have his own pet grievance against the movies, and these grievances fall into two general categories—some people cannot seem to get started working for the movies, and others cannot seem to stop.

Captain Billing couldn't get started.

"I can't understand it," he said. "I got the most dramatic story in the world, and I got it all wrote down in black and white, and every word of it's gospel truth, and it all happened to me personal, and they don't seem to realize what a chance I'm givin' to 'em."

For a year he had been sending his story to studio after studio, and it always came back.

"Do you suppose," he said, with a genuinely puzzled look, "that they keep turnin' it down because it's true facts, or because it's too tragic a story for 'em, or because it goes into poetry now and then?"

"Part of it's in verse?" Here was a phase of the captain that I had not guessed.

"Uh-huh," he said, with an affirmative waggle of his beard. "Poetry has always been one of my great admirations, all my life." He added, a little apologetically: "A lot of us old seafarin' men are that way about poetry."

I asked him if I might see it. He looked at me a little doubtfully.

"You're a writer yourself," he suggested; "and of course I wouldn't hint for one minute you'd pick up any of the story knowingly. But it might stick into your mind, and some day you'd be writing something and think of it and not remember where it come from, and use it yourself—and that would be some more bad luck for me."

I was astonished at the captain's knowledge that just that sort of thing really does happen sometimes. But he went on:

"Just that very identical thing happened to me one time, with a yarn I told one of you writers—a true story out of my own life, that I'd been aimin' to set down in black and white sometime myself."

But in another week, although I did not mention it again, he decided that he could trust me, and brought me his manuscript, so often rejected by the moving-picture people. It was written with painstaking legibility, in purple ink, on long sheets of legal-cap paper, and the sheets had been sewn together with coarse black thread.

While I read I reflected on the immense influence moving pictures have had upon the imaginative life of millions of Americans. Near me were evidences of that influence other than the captain's manuscript. Neighboring my bungalow was a Norman tower, built out of stone, and the owner, a retired business man from the Mississippi valley, habitually sat by one of the windows in his shirt sleeves and sucked oranges. He had seen a tower like that in the films and liked it and had one built for himself. Farther down the block, on the opposite side, were three little bungalows that looked like Egyptian tombs. Their owner had seen some Egyptian tombs in one of Cecil De Mille's pictures, and had copied them.

Captain Billing settled himself with a newspaper and pretended to read while I turned the leaves of his script, but he watched me all the time. I present it without editing or alteration of any nature:

CAPTAIN BILLINGS
SCENARIO

Captain Samuel Billing was one of the handyest and smartest sailors that ever commanded one of these oldfashioned sailing ships, you don't see so many of them any more, and nobody on the Briny Deep ever saw any more rough stuff in a thousand ports than Captain Billing, but he remaned a Moral Man.

There should be right at the start a Close-up of Captain Samuel Billing coming out of a Church. It is in San Francisco, in the early days, and his Pastor comes onto the Church steps with him. It had ought to be a picture that uses dyelog and the Pastor says to Captain Samuel Billing as follows:

PASTOR—Well, Captain Samuel Billing, you are about to start on another one of your famous voyges through the South Seas, and I could wish nothing better than to shake hands with you right here on the Church steps, right in front of the entire Congregattion, for I know that you will make a tradeing voyge entirely under the influences of Morality, not like so many of these wild young sailors, you are a creddit to this Church.

CAPTAIN BILLING—Well, it would surprise you, Pastor, what a large quantity of temptations a young Sea Captain has to resist while making a tradeing voyge through the Briny Seas, there is wine, women and song in every port and on everey isleland.

Ha! Ha! said a Voice, he means there are many Dusky Beauties amongst the islelands, and a handsome sailor like he might find himself almost ere he knew it wedded to some isleland Queen.

But there was a sneering tone in the voice and Captain Billing turned and saw the Sneer on the face of his rival, a dark-complexioned young Sea Captain onto whose arm hung the fair blond figure of Miss Nancy Lane with whom both of them had long been in desperate love.

Miss Nancy Lane says to unhand her, please, and she goes on to say as follows:

MISS NANCY LANE—Captain John Morgan, that was a cowardly remark to make, and not the words of a gentleman, you must of been speaking what was in your own black mind.

Her eye flashed fire as she spoke, and the dark Sea Captain sneers directly into Miss Nancy Lane's face.

Then there is a Close-up where Captain Samuel Billing nestles his right hand onto the butt of his Navy revolver, which is hid by the tails of his Prince Allbert coat ussually, for he will not have Miss Nancy Lane insulted, especally by a Rival for her hand, but he thinks better of it after a struggle.

CAPTAIN BILLING—It is well for you, Captain Morgan, that you chose the place for this innsult so safely, for you know that I am too much an officer and a gentleman to avenge an insult of this nature right on the Church steps.

Captain Morgan turns pale and goes inside the Church for safekeeping, his teeth are chattering together, the noise can be made with corconut shells

Captain Billing turns to Miss Nancy Lane and goes into poetry as follows:

That coward has left you in the lurch,
Can I see you home, Miss Lane?
Can I see you home from Church?
He ought to be ashamed.

Next there ought to be a Close-up of Miss Nancy Lane smiling at him coyly, and she laughs with gayety and answers him as follows, also going into poetry:

Oh, yes, Captain Samuel Billing,
You can see me safe home from Church,
I certainly am willing,
And glad he left me in the lurch.

Stroll home with me and meet my Mother,
And stay for Sunday Dinner,
She is setting the table for Another,
But you prove to be the Winner.

(Continued on Page 154)

So Each Took a Thousand Clam Shells for Poker Chips and Agreed the One Who Was Cleaned Out First Was the Loser

THIS FOOTBALL BUSINESS

By Francis Wallace

Pop Warner's Stanford Eleven Humble the University of Southern California Before 80,000 People in the Los Angeles Coliseum

THE owners of the two baseball clubs in New York have been facing a problem. Strangely, the greatest box-office town in the country has neither a college nor a municipal stadium, and all big football games have been played in the ball parks. With the annual Army–Notre Dame contest and such battles as Army–Stanford, Army–Navy, New York University–Oregon State the competition between the Polo Grounds and Yankee Stadium was keen, and the rental price was being continually shaved. So the business men of professional baseball did the logical thing and merged their interests in protection against the business men of the amateur college sport. The Yankee Stadium, with the largest capacity, had been getting the best games; but it was Colonel Jacob Ruppert, owner of the Stadium, who first sought protection.

James Tierney, secretary of the Giants, who operate the Polo Grounds, explained the situation this way:

"Colonel Ruppert was getting most of the games but making little money from them; moreover, the colleges were taking the choice seats and leaving us only poor ones to supply those whom we are obligated to take care of. So Colonel Ruppert got tired of the existing conditions and suggested to Mr. Stoneham, president of the Giants, that we get together."

The result was that the baseball people issued an ultimatum which specified that, beginning in 1929, the colleges would not only pay the rental decided upon by the Stoneham-Ruppert combination, but would play at whichever park the latter designated. Army countered with a threat to increase its own stadium at West Point from its present capacity of around 25,000 to 45,000, insisting that it could net as much from its big games under that situation as by paying the percentage the baseball people demanded.

To which the combine replied:

"If you take the games away from us we will be losing nothing much, as under previous conditions they were hardly worth our trouble; and it might interest you to know that Navy is waiting to come into New York on the day that the Army–Notre Dame game would be played at West Point."

The Battle of the Schedules

THE matter was in the air for several weeks, but, according to Edward G. Barrow, business manager of the Yankees, it has been settled for two years at least, 1929 and 1930, at something of a compromise.

"They didn't take our terms, but neither did we come down to theirs," Mr. Barrow stated. "But I'll tell you these college fellows are good business men, all right."

From another source I understand that the ball parks finally withdrew the proviso about naming the site of the games and that the colleges are paying an increased rental. New York University was also fighting its own battle with the baseball people, a more urgent one than Army, because the Violet plays all of its games in the ball parks, while the Cadets come down only once or twice a year.

If Army had taken the Notre Dame game away from New York this year, Navy was ready to come in with Dartmouth; and the fact that Navy was a practical ally of the professional baseball men against Army is another strategic move in the schedule battle the service rivals have been conducting since they severed football relations.

Before and after withdrawing from its relations with Army, Navy requested the colleges to support its demand that Army subscribe to the three-year eligibility rule; and after the break the battle to rebuild the schedules, with prestige and profit in mind, began. Army has shifted its Notre Dame fixture of sixteen years' standing to the climax date, signed Harvard for four years, arranged home-and-home games with Stanford, Illinois and Pitt. Navy, after playing Princeton in the climax date in 1928, has Dartmouth for this season but has none arranged for 1930, although Southern California is being considered. The Sailors have also carded Penn, Ohio State and Princeton for 1930, and will play a single game with Southern Methodist.

The foregoing incidents aptly illustrate the fact that college football has reached a stage of development where it can be classed with big business. Its estimated drawing power is $50,000,000 a year. Official figures released by the schools indicate that many of the major football colleges net profits of half a million dollars each year, and that, in some cases, as high as 75 per cent of the gridiron income is profit. This is made possible by the fact that football charges heavily for such intangible products as academic and social prestige, spirit and tradition; and furthermore it gets its raw material, exploitation and labor at slight cost.

The raw material is the players, who, except in those cases where they are given scholarships, pay their own expenses and labor for the glory of what, for want of a better name, is usually known as alma mater. Labor, mostly student, is either free or very cheap. The boards of directors are faculty men. Exploitation is forced upon the colleges, some of which pretend to scorn it, by newspapers in search of circulation. Alumni, considering themselves to be stockholders, help to build the stadia, divert promising prep-school material to their particular plants, and ask only the dividends of victory over which they may gloat, and the right to howl for the scalp of the coach or general manager if he cannot show a reasonable percentage of victories.

Getting the Orders

THE coach is usually the man held responsible for the success of the football business—the executive head. But operating beyond him—although in many cases the coach fills this job also—is the high-powered salesman who goes out and gets the orders—the stadium-filling big games that pay the profits. It is this man, also, who superintends the business of getting the best possible opponents at the cheapest prices or guarantees. The man who schedules the games, regardless of who signs the contracts or takes the responsibility, is the man who really runs the football business.

He may be the athletic director, as in the cases of William Bingham of Harvard, Commander Jonas Ingram of Navy, or Fielding Yost of Michigan; or the graduate manager, as is Clarence Overend at Carnegie, or Reynolds Benson at Columbia; but most always he is the coach, as Bob Zuppke at Illinois, Chick Meehan at New York University, Glenn Thistlewaite at Wisconsin, Clarence Spears at Minnesota. Occasionally he combines the offices of the three, as Alonzo Stagg does at Chicago and Knute Rockne at Notre Dame; at times he works in effective combination, as Captain Lawrence Jones and Major Philip Fleming do at West Point. Sometimes the presidents of the universities take a hand, as Ernest Martin Hopkins and Ray Lyman Wilbur did in clinching the Dartmouth-Stanford series.

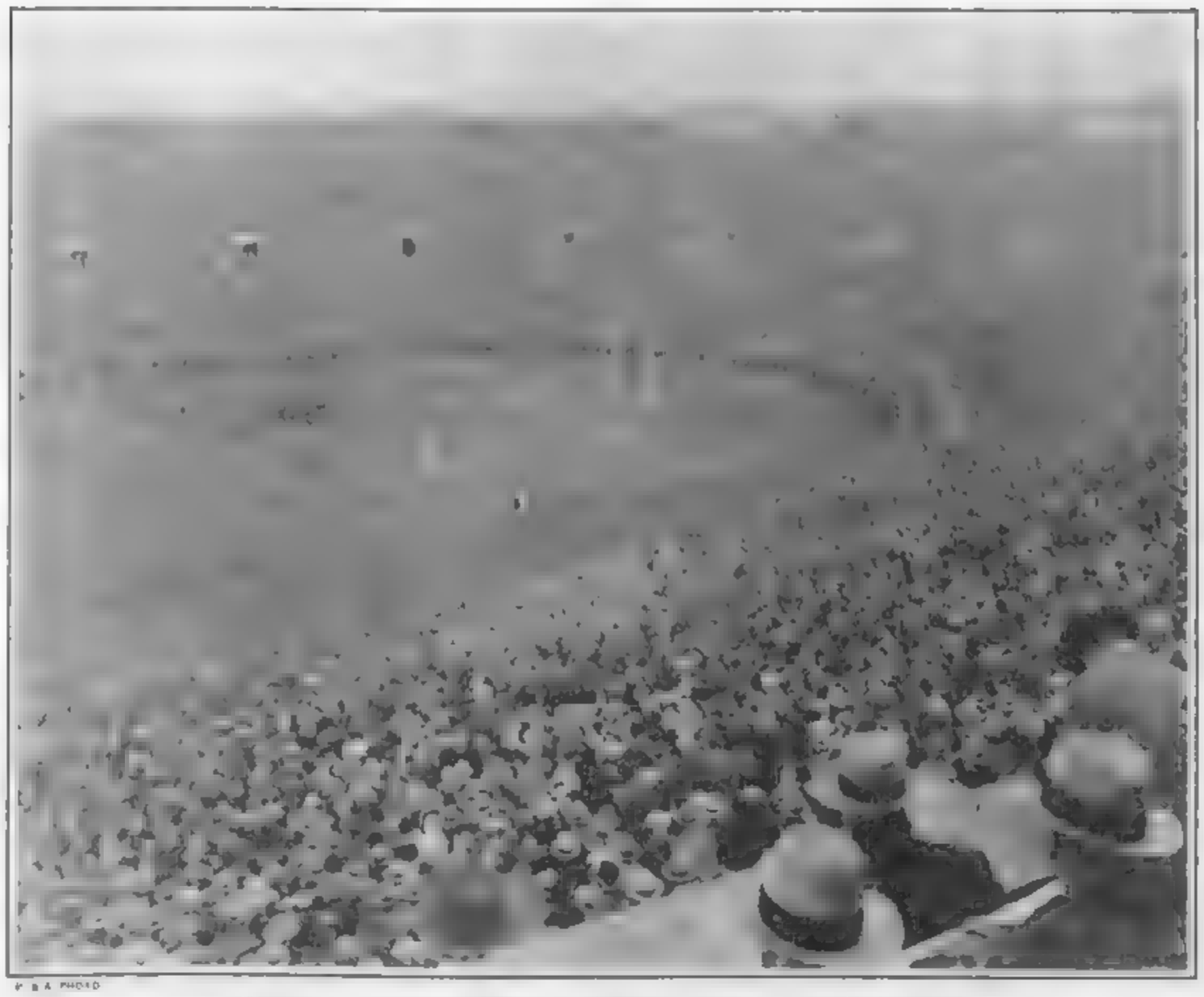
PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The Army Invades the Yankee Stadium for its Annual Battle With Notre Dame

It is my understanding that Dartmouth first negotiated with Southern California and then switched to Stanford because the latter school carried more prestige; and to arrange this game it was necessary for Dartmouth to omit Brown, a natural rival, from its schedule. Harry R. Heneage, supervisor of athletics at Dartmouth, explained that there was no break with Brown but that their games were interrupted because it was "one of the trends of the times to shake up schedules." Furthermore, when Stanford comes East to play, the game will not be held at inaccessible Hanover with its inadequate stands, but, according to the original announcement, at Philadelphia or Boston, probably the latter.

The schedule makers are planning five years ahead, signing contracts for attractive intersectional games, based no longer on natural rivalry or academic interest as has been the norm, but upon their ability to guard or increase prestige while also filling the stadium. The Cabots play only the Lodges whenever possible, as the caste system is shot through football; but the gridiron aristocrats make a very practical use of it: Whenever one of these takes on a gate attraction from the middle class, the aristocrat demands, and gets, the larger share of the gate receipts because he has more to sell than his opponent has. Football sells a peculiar product in the making of which social and academic prestige are important ingredients.

Broadly, without attempting to draw definite lines any more than this can be done in other human relations, the colleges are divided into three classes for the purpose of schedule making in football.



Money in the Box Office—A Typical Crowd in the Yale Bowl

May We Have the Honor of the Next Game?

THERE are the aristocrats, the old families of education, who fathered football and fostered it; who have kept pace with its commercial possibilities even though falling behind at times in the development of its technic. The middle group embraces the leaders in all sections of the country—those who took up football early as a fall sport; who have kept pace and sometimes pioneered in its technical advancement; and who have profited normally by its commercial growth. Then there are the climbers—those who have consciously and comparatively recently, in most cases, installed football on a grand scale and gone out after its business advantages of prestige, money and publicity.

Yale goes South this fall to open Georgia's stadium; and to Chicago next year to help celebrate the fortieth year which Mr. Stagg, a Yale man, will spend as coach of Chicago. Harvard visits Michigan this season, and Princeton goes to Chicago in 1930. Consideration for the alumni in the sections to be visited is a factor in each instance; but whenever Harvard, Yale or Princeton leaves its own field it is considered a fine gesture in football circles; and rightly so, because the former Big Three are so firmly established that they do not have to leave home to get favorable games; and, by the same token, when they do, it is a reasonable conclusion that they receive far more generous financial inducements than are offered other squads of equal strength but less prestige.

Zuppke, the Man Behind the Illini, Wearing a Smile of Victory

The task of the schedule maker for colleges in the first rank is comparatively simple. He selects his opponents carefully, always guarding prestige and paying off in this specie whenever possible, according to the importance of the visiting team. A team which is invited to play football is to consider itself socially honored, and it would be indelicate to ask for much more than expenses in the form of money. Holy Cross played Harvard for years under such conditions and is said to receive about $10,000 guaranty now. Brown, which has never received much money for its games with Yale and Harvard, will go to Princeton this season for little money and whatever prestige it can pick up.

This is recognized as good business by all concerned. The first-group school keeps most of the money but lays its valuable prestige on the line for sixty minutes of play for the second to shoot at. If it so happens that the visitor scores an unexpected victory, as Center did over Harvard, Georgia over Yale, or West Virginia over Princeton, the smaller team is well repaid and capitalizes the performance later in much the same manner as the Channel swimmer, the ocean flyer or the heavyweight champion of the world.

The Conference Élite

THE middle-group schedule maker has a more difficult job. He is always trying to break into the circle just above but refuses to be paid off mostly in prestige, as he is not in dire need of this intangible return and can always get favorable terms and good-sized gates from those in his own class. At the same time he must be careful that none of his own group catch him unawares and make capital at his expense; and above all he must avoid the catastrophe of a fellow lower down the ladder climbing at his expense.

Prestige in this group is even more jealously guarded than among the aristocrats, because it has been won by a harder fight and might slip away with a few lean years or disastrous defeats. A loss to a social equal involves no loss of caste; but to avert a defeat by somebody on the rung below, a guaranteed big gate even will be sacrificed

Illinois, Michigan, Chicago and Ohio State have composed an informal Big Four in the Western Conference in the last decade; their influence coming from the usual quality of their squads, supplemented by the personal prestige of their famous heads: Bob Zuppke, Fielding Yost, A. A. Stagg and Doctor Wilce. These are the Conference teams most often recognized by the élite East. Dr. Clarence Spears, the Minnesota coach, has recently had the roughest, toughest lot of boys in the Middle West, perhaps in the country, on the field.

"Why don't you play in the East?" I asked Doctor Spears.

"Can you get me a game?" he countered.

"Why don't you bring Minnesota over here?" I asked Lou Young of Pennsylvania. "They should be a great card."

"Yes," he answered, "but what would we profit even by beating them? Now if we could get Michigan or Notre Dame ——"

Penn has since scheduled Notre Dame and Wisconsin. On the other hand, Michigan evidently decided it had more to gain by beating Harvard, and possibly an easier time doing it, than Penn. There is nothing personal or offensive in the way the schedule maker selects one team in preference to another; it is simply an algebraic problem the correct solution of which is required by good business.

In the last ten years Notre Dame has played every team in the Big Ten but Illinois, Michigan, Chicago and Ohio State. The nearest Rockne ever came to getting one of them on the football field was in 1925, when he had lost his national-champion Four Horsemen eleven intact and graduated twenty-three letter men. The Big Ten schedule meeting was enlivened by an announcement that Zuppke had challenged Rockne. The latter accepted; but the game was never played, as a suitable date could not be found.

Pennsylvania, Dartmouth and Brown are assiduously improving their schedules. Penn has done the best job and improved its position during the past few years by adding Harvard, Navy, Notre Dame, California and Wisconsin. Dartmouth took on Navy, Northwestern and Stanford. Brown, whose grid fortunes have been somewhat

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The Army Downing Southern Methodist in a Hard-Fought Game

SECONDS

By EDITH FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

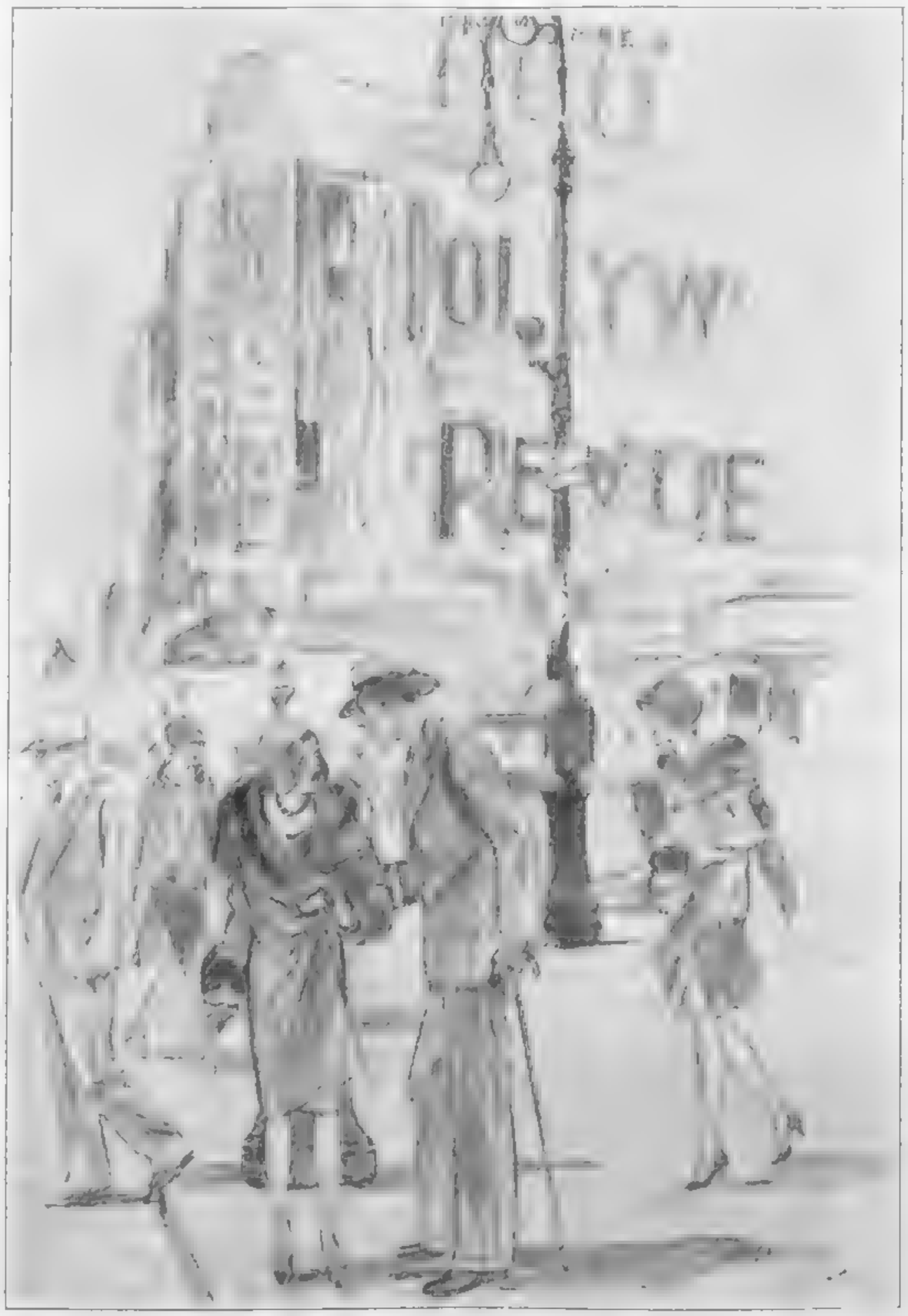
IT WAS not yet ten o'clock and already a steady stream of actors had begun to drift from the elevator to the door, third floor, to the left, at the end of the hall, marked, Wells Winton, Dramatic Agent. The day before, the little cards had gone out to some fifty-odd addresses, commanding the anxious actors to call at his office between the hours of ten and twelve. There was a check opposite the little block marked Stock, which was a warning for them not to come if they were interested only in the other little blocks marked Production, Musical, Vaudeville and Motion Pictures. But it was not yet ten and most of the recipients of the cards were in the office. Those who were not were on their way.

By eleven or twelve as many more who had not received cards would be crowding in, for news of casting is an invisible storm that sweeps Broadway faster than the important news of the day, cleaning the corners of their little lounging groups and the other theatrical offices of the undesirable and pathetically brave actor folk who trudge from office to office, willing to climb stairs, willing to sit on railings and the arms of one another's chairs, willing to wait hours, if necessary—as long as there is hope of seeing their little god, the casting director, who, overimpressed with his own importance, usually comes out only long enough to look them over disinterestedly and retire again. One day it would be the office of Harris, another Woods, another that of a new producer they had heard of who was doing a play. Today it was Wells Winton, and those who went hopelessly, from a sense of duty, to the offices of Broadway producers, came more hopefully, armed with their little card. A stock engagement is a bit less unattainable than a Broadway bit.

At a quarter to eleven, Mr. Haley, the Malden director, had not yet arrived. The chairs that lined the walls were filled and the rest of the actors stood; some trying to look superior and aloof, as though a job were a matter of practically no importance; others—the inexperienced ones—trying to appear casual, but most of them in friendly little groups, chattering brightly about their past season's work and exchanging opinions as to the various merits of the stars they could or could not get along with.

Most of the players were familiar figures to one another, for stock is a little world of its own, and, with the exception of a few hated amateurs who serve a tortured season or two before attempting to achieve the coveted production, the envied legitimate actors who replenish a bad season by guest starring for a few weeks, and the one-time featured players who have drifted on the strength of past successes to characters in an obscure company, most of them are content to remain in their lesser world, disinterested in the activities of Broadway, or anything else, in fact, except the part they are rehearsing for the coming week and the one they could play well this week, if the leading man would not step on all the laughs. Starting as ingénue with Lorraine Desmond, jumping into leads the night she walked out on a full house and you had to play her part, winging the lines; remaining in leads for five, ten or fifteen years—as long as the public was deceived about your age—descending to seconds the year you had such tough luck and had to have the money; sticking in seconds because, once they saw you in them, you were licked; and finally—not because you were old enough but because it was the only opening left and you told the director you would take it for a few weeks to tide you over—to characters, where you stayed as long as you could deliver your lines without fluffing.

After that, if you had been lucky and able to save, you lived in theatrical boarding houses, where you could sit all day and exchange reminiscences with other aged actors. If you were not lucky, you went to the actors' home, where you could do the same, though a little less comfortably, for there you had to listen to long, tiresome speeches and be pitied by visiting stars, who would probably be in your shoes one day, if what you heard about them was true. That was stock. And by eleven at least a hundred actors waited in the office of Wells Winton and the adjoining hallways for the privilege of playing, preferably, leads, but if unobtainable, seconds, characters, or, in case of no vacancies, even a few weeks jobbing or perhaps a place as stage manager, with bits and walk-ons would be desirable.



"You Didn't Get By for Fifteen Years. You Only Thought You Got By"

The entrance of Beulah Deane caused a little flutter for a moment. Most of the players knew her, many of them had worked with her. Some of them spoke now—those who always worked and stood in no awe of stock stars. She answered them cordially, but was careful to look away quickly before they should come over and start talking to her. It was just as well for her not to lower herself to their level. It wasn't as if she was out of a job really. She had had her own company since God knows when, and if she had had sense enough to close down last year, instead of throwing good money after bad, she would not be sitting in Wells Winton's outer office, waiting for a casting director, but in his inner sanctum, interviewing actors herself. So she stood regally aloof—as aloof as one could manage in the crowded office—while Hal, her husband, who always did second business in her companies and whom no one even noticed, edged through the crowd to announce to Winton's secretary that Beulah Deane was present.

But Miss White—to whom one actor out of work was as good as another actor out of work, and they were all bums—was not impressed by the arrival of Beulah Deane.

"Mr. Haley isn't here yet," she told him laconically, going on with her work of addressing more little cards for casting that would be done later in the week. Hal edged himself back through the actors who had unwillingly parted to admit him, not wishing to allow anyone to get in front of them.

"Haley isn't in yet, hon." Hal said it placatingly, hoping Beulah wouldn't start complaining, as she always did when anyone kept her waiting. But Beulah made no complaint at that moment, having noticed with satisfaction that there were other leading women present. She was not the only one out of a job. Jeanne McDonald and Pauline Devereaux and Irene Forrest, that fresh kid out of a dramatic school who had made such a hit last year in Idora Park. The managers had a nerve, making a lead out of a kid who didn't know a right-cross from a down-center. She had been in the business five years before she got a chance at leads. Twenty-three was young then for a leading woman. She had played leads for fourteen years, the last five of which she had owned her own company. If she took good care of herself like she always had, she could go on for years yet. No one would dream she was thirty-seven. Still, she thought she would have her hair cut in a wind-blown bob like Irene Forrest was wearing. It was not so becoming to Forrest, but she herself had just the type of face for it—elfin. For the line of parts she was best in—Ming Toy and Kiki and The Brat—it would suit her perfectly.

A juvenile who had worked for Beulah one year rose to offer her his seat. She took it, knowing it was offered in the hope of playing with her this year. She wouldn't think of engaging him again. He was too popular. It didn't do for any of the players to be as popular as the leading woman. Of course, he wasn't anywhere near as popular as she, but anyway, you had to be careful. He looked as though he was about to speak to her, so she talked to Hal, who sat on the arm of her chair, of the indignity of being forced to wait so long.

Hal, who always felt uncomfortable when Beulah talked like that, apologized for Mr. Haley:

"Well, you know how it is, hon. You couldn't always get in just in time when you were casting. You had to keep people waiting."

He meant this to be soothing, but it worked oppositely. It made her bitter again. She went on complaining about

the injustice of not being able to cast her own company, taking it for granted that the company Haley was going to cast would be hers. She had worked for him years ago and he had been crazy about her work. There was no reason why he should not engage her.

Hal did not reply to her complaints. He had complaints himself which he would like to have expressed, if he had dared. If Beulah had listened to him, she would not be going to work for somebody else. If she had stuck to the parts that were suited to her age, like the leads in Meet the Wife and Rain and Shanghai Gesture, where a girl could be anywheres from twenty to thirty-five, instead of insistin' on playin' ingénues like The Patsy and Kiki, she mighta fooled her audiences for a long time about her age. But try and tell Beulah anything. The more he tried to tell her, the younger the parts she wanted to play. A man can't come right out and tell his own wife she was gettin' old, especially when they were like Beulah and kidded themselves along. He had had to keep his mouth shut and see their money go, playing to a deficit every week, when Lynn, only a few miles away, was packing them in. He couldn't complain about his money goin', for to Beulah it was not their money but her money. The eighty-five dollars he had earned all the years they were working for other managers, before Beulah began to slip, did not make up a great part of their savings, when she was earning two and two-fifty and sometimes as high as two-seventy-five. They could not even live on his salary—not the way Beulah had to live.

"When I Join Your Company, Haley, It Won't be as Second Fiddle to an Amateur"

Of course, he couldn't blame her for livin' well—a stock leading woman has to keep up appearances. The people in the town expect it. But the money they could have saved if he had been able to talk sense to Beulah! With their own company and Beulah playing—well, if not the ingénue lead, the best seconds, they could have turned money over.

Now look at them. Only a few hundred dollars in the bank and havin' to look for work like all the others. He loved Beulah, but sometimes, when she was hard to reason with, he thought he might have done better for himself if he had been alone. He was as clever in his way as she was. Not handsome enough or perhaps not the build for a leading man, but he could have commanded a better salary as second business if he had not been wished on managers like he had. They had all made him feel like they were doing him a favor by taking him into the company, when he could have had just as good or better jobs on his own.

By being Beulah's husband he was ignored in the company. The other actors knew the difference in their salaries and had contempt for him, thinkin' he had married Beulah so he could always work. And the papers didn't know he was alive.

Before he had gone in the same company with her, he had always pulled down good notices—if not the best. He had earned sixty-five and seventy dollars right along then, and those were the days when actors were not paid so well either. Many was the time he had wanted to ask Beulah for his eighty-five dollars, after they had taken their own company and she had not bothered to pay his salary. But mosta the time, during the last few seasons, they had just about managed to break even, so he hadn't had the heart. Now he wished he had.

Mr. Haley came in just as Beulah rose indignantly, with the declaration that she did not intend to wait any longer, that her time was too valuable. She subsided when she saw Haley, who had known her since she started in the business and would probably sign her up without even interviewing Jeanne McDonald or Pauline Devereaux. She started toward him with her hand extended, but he was too busy to give her more than a friendly nod as he passed. However, that was to be expected. He couldn't stop and talk over old times with all these people waiting. But she was sure he would see her first.

Inside the office of Wells Winton, Haley got down to business immediately. He had one day to cast an entire company, and it was after eleven.

"Here's the list, Charlie. Who do you want to see first?"

Winton laid the long list that began with leading women and wound up with assistant stage managers on the desk before Haley. Haley read the first names off, "Jeanne McDonald, Pauline Devereaux, Beulah Deane, Irene Forrest ——"

"I think Irene Forrest is your best bet, Charlie. She made a sensation last year in the Idora Park Company. She's young and cute in ingénue leads, plenty of money, dresses like a million dollars ——"

"I guess she's pretty good all right," Haley conceded, "but they say she raises Cain and is a great trouble maker. I had my hands full with one of them last year."

"I've got another girl out there that ought to be a good bet—Lillian Hendricks, the girl who made a hit last year in Three o'Clock. She wants to get stock experience."

Haley was unenthusiastic: "I wouldn't take a chance on anybody that hadn't had some stock. You can't tell about these production people. They can't always get by in stock. And they ritz the other actors. I don't like that. Actors won't work for a lead that puts on airs. They try to kill her as much as they can. I'd rather have somebody who knows the business."

"Well, I've got Beulah Deane and Pauline Devereaux and Jeanne McDonald, all leading women."

"Beulah's too old, and Devereaux is a terrible study. Jeanne McDonald might do. I hear she did good business in Montreal last year. Send her in."

Beulah was offended when her name was not called first. She did not try to hide it, but tossed her head angrily, her eyes flashing. But no one was watching her, as all eyes were on the door that would open up presently to admit someone else. When Jeanne McDonald came out and Winton called Pauline Devereaux, she rose indignantly, ready to depart. Hal had to reason with her, telling her that Haley knew her better than the others and could keep her waiting longer. This pacified her for a few moments, but when Pauline Devereaux gave way to a girl from Three o'Clock, who, in turn, gave way to Irene Forrest, Beulah paid no attention to Hal and expressed herself in no uncertain terms to Winton. Some of the actors snickered, and those who had worked for Beulah turned to whisper to the next one. Winton, who had benefited by commissions from Beulah's companies for years, tactfully apologized, explaining that she had sat off in a corner and he hadn't seen her. She accepted the explanation eagerly, satisfied that her importance was restored. Hal felt a wave of resentful pity. Poor Beulah!

Inside, Haley was well pleased with himself.

"I think I'll settle on the little Forrest girl, Wells," he said smilingly. "She's certainly got the goods, and she'll work for less than the others. And she talked like a sensible girl to me. You know you can't always believe all these actors say. So let's get down to second men. Who've you got here?"

Winton leaned over Haley confidentially, speaking guardedly:

"Listen, Charlie. Beulah Deane is out there, and raising the devil because you didn't see her first. I kidded her about her sitting off in a corner where I couldn't see her,

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She Would Never Even Go Out the Front to Dodge the Kids. That Was How Much She Thought of Her Work

THE WEDDING GIFT

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

"No One, Without Being Forever on Guard, is a Match for the Police," He Said. "Be Armed! You are Not Going to See Me for Some Time"

THE learned professions are learned in recognizing at a glance the identicals of their calling. Science is the organization of observed facts. A doctor, in the tropics, gets to know all the earmarks of fever and very shortly becomes learned in a narrow groove. Then, there is the magnificent Doctor Blank who does nothing but cut out appendixes; he can do it with his eyes shut, at 5 per cent of his victim's annual income. And the information clerk in the depot waiting room—people stand in line all day to ask him this or that. But all the questions fall into three or four categories—he doesn't even need to look up from his racing chart to answer them.

People are always doing the same thing, in herds. When they count change for a newspaper at a news stand they always drop their right glove. My friend Charlie, who has a stand under the L stairs, has a bushel of right-hand gloves to give away—if you happen to be left-handed, which so few of us are. People lose—or find—the same thing, in the same way, at the same place, at the same time, at the same age; just as they get born, sick or buried at a predetermined rate, time, and place. Actuary tables are form charts that are die cast. Of one hundred healthy men at twenty-five years of age, four will be wealthy at sixty-five, one will be very rich, thirty-six will be dead, five will be self-supporting by labor, and fifty-four will be dependent. A business mounting into billions is founded on that table.

At a certain beanery in Forty-second Street three hundred and seventy-nine out of four hundred and fifty customers will choose blueberry pie, instead of apple or lemon, in August. Everybody buys rubbers on the day of the first snow in December. In the forthcoming twelve months automobiles will kill almost as many as we lost in action in the great war—the actual ratio is about thirty to thirty-five. In twelve thousand years Christmas will fall on the first day of summer—these things are inevitable.

Crooks steal the same thing in the same way, hide it in the same place, and tell the same story to the judge. Of all learned professions, that of felony is the most dependable for the actuary. If one had a mind to give advice to expectant felons, say on graduation day, when they were about to embark on the practice of their profession, the natural thing would be to tell them the pitfalls. But it wouldn't help them. They would all choose the same way to avoid the pitfalls, and merely add another column to the statistics of probability.

"There are oddments and remainders in every category, of course," said Oliver Armiston, "to vary the monotony of human endeavor."

"There are exceptions to every rule," admitted Parr, the police deputy.

"Including the rule of exceptions," said Oliver. "I should think they would get discouraged—the crooks, I mean. It's like bucking a fake faro bank."

"It's like young love," said Parr. "They all think they have found something new that nobody else ever thought of."

"Do any of them get away with it?"

"Love?" said Parr. "No." The old man-hunter chuckled. "Oh, a few of us—but we are the exceptions."

"Some felons, I suspect, retire as successful men," said Oliver. "You fellows make an awful noise about the ones you catch. How about the ones that get away? How many smugglers slip through the fingers of the police? It's only when an absconding cashier bets on the wrong card that you discover him. Some of these cashiers must bet on the right card, and live happy ever after. How about second-story men? Every little while you pick up one who has been fooling everybody—even his wife—for years, making a good thing out of it."

"Yes, every little while we pick them up," agreed Parr complacently. It was his experience they all went up the river sooner or later—sometimes he had to wait a little while.

"What of murder? How many go unsuspected?" asked Oliver.

"I've had them telephone me," said Parr. "They were piqued because they weren't suspected or pursued. The egotism of crime is beyond belief. One thing all murderers overlook—dead men have habits." Parr shot a swift look at Oliver. "Let me illustrate," said he. "There are a certain number of drowned people picked up every day. They don't know it, of course, when they push off, but they are going to be picked up at certain spots. The tide and current and the harbor traffic take care of that. When we pick them up outside of those certain few spots, we ask why. There is always a reason. Usually it is murder. The murderer didn't know that a drowned man has a route, like a man going home from work. A man going home may take the long way around occasionally, but not often. Neither does our dead man. When he does, we ask why."

He picked up his telephone. They were sitting in Armiston's study, the *point d'appui* of many a famous murder reconnaissance, and this wire went straight into his office.

"What about that Box Inlet drowning. More!?" the deputy inquired over the phone, and waited, eying Oliver oddly. He gave heed again, his little eyes beaming. He set down the wire.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed. "Hot off the griddle! We picked up a poor devil that came home the long way around this morning. We asked the usual question. It is a murder!" he said, his teeth snapping shut. "See what a tangled web we weave. . . . In the first place, the body is found on a beach as if it had been washed in by the tide with the wind behind it. The wind wasn't behind the tide last night, or yesterday, or for the past week. So much for that. But there is more. There happens to be a sand bar just offshore, and eddy currents, and nothing is ever washed up at that point. I wonder why this murderer picked that one spot. As if this evidence wasn't enough, there wasn't any salt in the sleeve on the arm that was out of water. The body had never been completely immersed in salt water. Salt is going to take this fellow to the chair."

"Was there water in the lungs?" asked Armiston.

"In the blood in the left side of the heart, yes," said Parr. "That's where we look—not in the lungs."

"He was drowned, then?"

"Yes. But not in salt water!" said Parr. He smiled. "He was drowned in fresh water and carried to the beach. See how these things work out. The percentage is always in favor of the bank." He chuckled. "Every little while they get away, but not for long. The first thing we look at is the left side of the heart. It is filled with blood aerated by the lungs, and if the man was drowned, this blood is diluted. If the blood isn't diluted, the man was dead before being put in the water! Simple enough. If the blood contains too much salt, he was drowned in salt water. If it contains less salt than normal, he was drowned in fresh water. There is no mystery about detecting crime. We get that way—we can't help it." Parr rubbed his chin, his eyes twinkling. This was one of those pat cases, and he loved to display his virtuosity to his friend Armiston, the extinct author of crime thrillers, whom the deputy now came to for help on such mysteries as did not yield to his usually effective nut-cracker methods. "That fellow," went on Parr, "had only five hundred and seventy-eight miles of water front patroled by our harbor squad to pick from. However, we don't insist that all our murderers be good harbor engineers, especially at a time when they are in a big hurry."

The deputy smiled grimly at the old bronze Buddha toasting his shins by the fire.

"Aren't you a little sanguine?" said Oliver.

"Sanguinary," said Parr. "I'm going to have this fellow by the heels before the week is out."

"You haven't identified your dead man yet."

Parr picked up the phone again.

"Morel," he commanded, "here is a want ad for the World, Times, and Telegram.

"Wanted, for moving-picture work, a left-handed violinist; dark, slight, medium height; should make up well as Hungarian or gypsy; no previous stage experience required. Steady employment for right man."

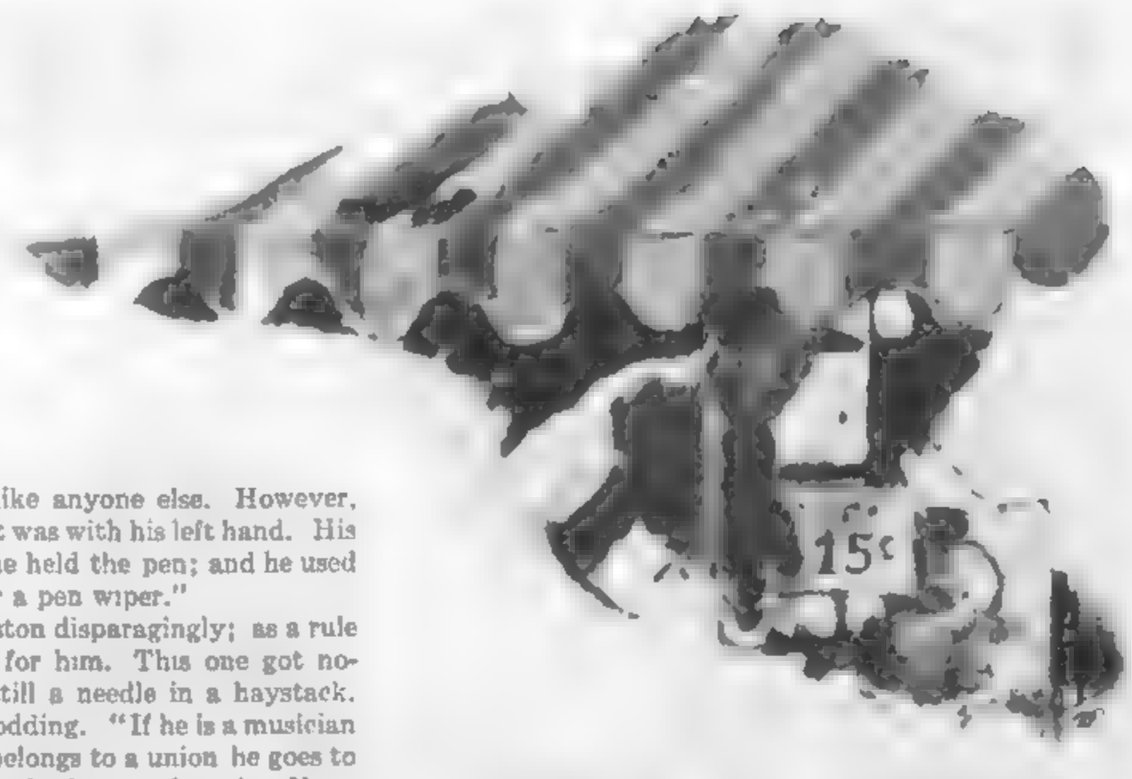
Parr said to Oliver, "Did you ever see a left-handed violinist?"

Armiston tried to visualize the string choirs of his favorite symphony orchestras, to see if he could find a left-handed player among them. Doubtless there were left-handed violinists—even left-handed violins. But he had never seen one, to remember.

"This fellow was a violinist," said the deputy. "His finger tips show that. But he bowed with the right hand, like anyone else. However, when he took a pen in hand, it was with his left hand. His fingers are ink-spotted where he held the pen; and he used the inside of his right cuff for a pen wiper."

"Even so," remarked Armiston disparagingly; as a rule drownings had little interest for him. This one got nowhere. Parr's solution was still a needle in a haystack.

"Even so," grunted Parr, nodding. "If he is a musician he belongs to a union. If he belongs to a union he goes to East Eighty-sixth Street when he is out of work. Have you never been up there on a sunshiny afternoon? It's quite a sight—art walking the streets for bread and butter. They walk up and down in the block between Second and Third avenues. We keep them moving. Agents prowl among them, recruiting for the big and little orchestras If they can't pay the union scale they don't say so, out and out. They wipe their fevered brows with three fingers, four fingers—three dollars, four dollars. Tomorrow dozens of poor devils who have been out of work all summer will read my ad, and say 'If I was only left-handed!' They will say: 'So-and-so is left-handed. He ought to know about this.' We'll run down the left-handers. Some of them will be missing. Among the missing will be some we can't account for. Not many. I've got eighteen thousand cops to help me. That's one thing the average murderer doesn't take into account. I can cover a lot of territory, with eighteen thousand cops going from door to door asking questions It doesn't take brains, it takes shoe leather. We drag in the friends and foes of these few missing left-handed violinists, and take them down to view the corpus delicti. One of them identifies him. There you are! The mystery is 99 per cent solved before the ink is dry on the station-house blotter. . . . How? Because, in this instance, the murderer did not know that drowned men have routes like milkmen. This fellow was off his beat. If we had found him a hundred yards north or south, we wouldn't have gone to the trouble of having a quantitative analysis made of the salt in solution in his left ventricle. What do we find? Not enough salt. There is only one possible conclusion—the man was drowned in fresh water and carried there. Rather clumsy, eh?



"I Spotted Them Before I Stepped Out, So I Would Know What to Look For"

"Can't you see this satisfied murderer hovering behind shutters?" went on the deputy. "He reads every paper, every line, fine type and all. He'll find a paragraph: 'Unknown man washed up by the tide at Box Inlet; nothing about him to reveal identity.' He'll chuckle. He has attended to that—he took care there should be nothing. Nothing, Oliver, except the horny finger tips of a journeyman fiddler and a right sleeve used as a pen wiper."

"Maybe the pen wiper was planted to throw off you intelligentzia of the police," said Oliver.

"We will soon settle that," said Parr. "My professors, I believe, can tell a left-handed man by examining his brain. Would you say he wasn't a musician by profession?"

"No," said Oliver grudgingly. "I grant you that."

The telephone rang at Parr's elbow. He took it down and listened.

"What's that?" he demanded sharply; he didn't say it like a man who hadn't heard, but as a man dumfounded. He commanded. "Come up here!" and hung up.

"We have an identification," he said, staring at Oliver as if he didn't like him.

"As a left-handed violinist, of course," said Oliver.

"No," said Parr. "As Barron Wilkes, the Bull's-Head Bank defaulter."

Oliver caught his breath for a second. Up to this moment the conversation had been merely one of the man hunter's idle little demonstrations of taking rabbits out of a hat with his sleeves rolled up. Now it became something else. This Barron Wilkes had walked off with the mobile cash of the Bull's-Head Bank. It was a gigantic robbery, executed with such ludicrous ease

Continued on Page 186,

Pelt Produced the Telltale Blade, Unwrapped it, and Laid it Before His Chief

LOVE COMES BUT ONCE

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

TIM MURPHY was going big, and he knew it. This cousin of Jenny's, this Anne Kerns from over in Ohio, was the nicest girl he had met in a long time—the most understanding, the most sympathetic. When Tim told her about Mary Ellen, she knew just what he meant. It is a misfortune to be twenty-three and the sole owner of a perfectly good secret sorrow, and no confidant to share it. Tim knew there wasn't any use telling any of the Hilltown girls about his great passion, his lost love. He had tried them all, and the only answer he was likely to get was an impatient:

"Are you still mooning over Mary Ellen? Come to the dance, Tim. And don't cry on my shoulder. This is my best dress."

But here was a girl who would listen, who didn't know all about it beforehand. And the dark mystery of the river, the soft swish of the current along the side of the canoe, induced confidences.

"Not that I'm the sort of fellow who would fall in love with a married girl," Tim assured Jenny's cousin. "I wouldn't do that. But I was always crazy about Mary Ellen. It seemed to me that she was meant for me. She had a little way about her. I always wanted her for my girl, but I never had much luck, until just toward the last, before she became engaged to Doctor Lockerbie and married him. I almost won her. It's hard, after you've loved a girl all your life, to have her cast you aside for an older, richer man."

Anne murmured sympathetically. Tim wasn't deliberately misleading. He had never been Mary Ellen's acknowledged lover, to be accurate. And though it was true that Doctor Lockerbie was older than Tim, he was still young and vigorous for all of that. It's not difficult to be older than twenty-three or richer than a boy whose chief possessions are a canoe and a motorbike and some nifty white linen plus-fours. If Anne thought that Tim had been betrayed by his true love, who had married a dodderer for his money, it wasn't that Tim actually said so.

"Sometimes I think," said Jenny's cousin sadly, "that we only truly live when we are suffering."

Tim sighed. "I've certainly lived, then," he replied, and dipped his paddle again. "I'm not the kind of fellow that can change. I'm loyal. When I set my heart on a friend or a girl, I can't get over it, like that! I can't just snap my fingers and forget. I'll probably care for her always and she won't even know it."

"Life's easier for the shallow people who can forget," said the young girl in the other end of the canoe, and Tim reflected that she had a lot of sense.

"Aren't the stars wonderful tonight?" she asked softly.

Tim looked at them and felt the old longing and lifting which he had always associated with his love for Mary Ellen. The river lay like a black mirror. The lights of the town shone through the trees that guarded it. The moon rose like the first moon that had ever rolled up the wall of the sky. Tim's gaze came back to Jenny's cousin.

She was bigger than most of the girls Tim knew—a tall girl, full-bodied, and slow in all her movements. Her head lay back against a pillow and the column of her throat was perfectly round and smooth. She had long dark hair, parted in the middle of a mild brow, and combed down in a soft scallop on either round cheek. Her skin was creamy, her eyes very dark, set wide, and guarded by stubby thick lashes. She had a wide, soft mouth, just a little sad, and her bare arms were plump and smooth.

Tim remembered something unaccountably. It was a thing he had read in school. Oh, yes, it was in The Mill on the Floss, when Stephen had stooped and kissed Maggie's bare arm. Tim recalled how that had stirred him, had seemed the only living moment in a book unbearably filled with relatives and long, dull conversations. Tim, at sixteen, toiling through Eliot's Mill on the Floss, as correlative reading in Junior English, had suddenly felt the stir and power of adult passion, and had been shame-faced.

"I'm Sorry, Tim," She Said Softly. "Is It That Bad? She's All Right. Truly She Is"

Why that picture out of an old book came back to him now, as he looked at Anne's beautiful arms, he did not know, nor why his heart swelled and hurt. It was talking of Mary Ellen that did it, perhaps. He should not talk about her and make himself unhappy again. He saw how the stars faded a little with the rising of the moon, how the paddle made a bright glitter on the black water. The rhythmic pulse of the music at the river pavilion came faintly and softly here on the water, and the call of young voices like fresh far sounds. Tim was dumb with longings. It seemed sometimes as if those who were around him must be different from himself, in that everyone else seemed steady and casual and matter-of-fact, when he was consumed with feelings he did not comprehend. But for a long time now all this emotion had been a part of his great sorrow—his unrequited love for Mary Ellen.

"Do you suppose we're staying away too long?" she said, and her voice was faint—a disturbing voice. Tim obediently turned the canoe back toward the beach. He thrust it against the current with long powerful strokes, and when Anne said "How strong you are!" he almost bent the paddle between his hands. He brought the canoe up onto the shallow beach, stepped out, and drew it up high and helped Anne out. She swayed a little and came into his arms as naturally as breathing. Tim kissed her. It was, at first, little more than conventional politeness. A girl's feelings might be hurt if a boy didn't try, at least. But when his lips touched Anne's, it seemed to Tim that he had never kissed a girl before. She was so sound and sweet, and for all she was a good armful, there seemed something weak and gentle about her that caused Tim to kiss her more ardently than he had intended.

"Don't," she whispered, and there was again the faint, disturbing quality in her voice; "if you love someone else, you shouldn't. It isn't fair." The thought of his power, of the fact that she might care for him and be hurt because he loved another, filled Tim with a strange strength and authority. She was the kindest, gentlest girl he had ever known. He wouldn't hurt her not for all the world. He wouldn't entangle her.

They walked in silence up the narrow path and went onto the dance floor. In a moment she was in his arms again, but now convention threw its cloak over them and made everything correct. They danced together with inspired pleasure. Nick Folson cut in, and Tim found Jenny and danced with her. Jenny promptly pumped him about how he liked her cousin.

"She's a terrible vamp," she warned Tim. "Back where she lives all the boys are wild over her. But she doesn't care much for boys. Though she likes you. First thing she said to me this afternoon was, 'Who's the boy with the blue eyes?' And she meant you!"

"She's a wonderful girl," said Tim. "If I could care for a girl, I think I could care for her."

Jenny sighed. "For a boy as nice as you are, you have the most terrible line I ever heard, Tim Murphy. If I hadn't actually grown up right with you, I don't believe I'd bother speaking to you. Listen, stupid. If you can't like Anne, you're the missing link. Why, everyone likes her—girls and fellows—and that's some recommendation."

"You don't understand," said Tim, "Anne does though."

Jenny groaned and gave up. She shook her head sadly as she watched Tim going back to Anne again, and Tim heard her say to Lulu, in a voice intended for his ears: "He's sunk, poor guy, and doesn't know it."

But if Jenny was insensitive to Tim's emotions, he was equally indifferent to any truth there might be in her comment. It was not to be expected that Tim would pay attention to Jenny. He had been fighting with her for twenty years.

Anne had her brother's car. He had loaned it to her while he was in summer camp with the state militia, and had driven her to Hilltown in it. It was a good small roadster, but it had a defective starter and had to be cranked about half of the time. Tim spun the engine expertly and jumped in beside Anne, and they drove off; Nick's coupé, with Jenny and Johnny and Lulu in it, ahead of them on the road. This was no time for speed, and Tim allowed the car to dawdle. The road lay above the river, with the bridge between them and town. The moon was clear of the trees, and the sky was a deep translucent blue. Far off, Tim heard what he thought at first was an airplane engine—a deep roar—but in a moment he glimpsed the lights of a car with the cut-out open coming from town at great speed. The lights vanished on a turn and came into sight again, and the car bore down on them at a speed of sixty-five or seventy miles an hour—dangerous travel on a winding gravel road. Instinctively Tim drew out of the road, and only just in time, for a long blue sedan thundered by them without swerving a hairbreadth for their lights. Tim and Anne made simultaneous exclamations. Tim looked back over his shoulder after the car, which disappeared around a bend.

"Criminy, but those fellows are in a hurry," he said uncertainly. Anne was crowding closer to him.

"It was a blue car," she said breathlessly, and named the make. "There were two men in it. I just caught a glimpse of faces." And then, shuddering a little, her hands around Tim's arm, she added, "I've seen them speeding like that on the paved road—big cars, and men who drove

hard, but these fellows will wreck themselves on this pike."

"They're more likely to wreck someone else," said Tim, who was a little red with resentment. He didn't like being crowded off the road. "Well, we gave them plenty of room," he added, as if this were a weakness on his part.

"There's only one way to do with ruthless men like that, Tim," said Anne gently, "and that is to let them have the road and go on. No use getting killed, just to satisfy a desire to be contrary."

"I don't know about that," said Tim. "Sometimes I think I'd just as soon get killed. I can't say it exactly, only—well, Anne, if we all get out of the way, and out of our cars and our banks and stores, just like they tell us to these ruthless men, as you call them—where'll we be? Then they're better men than we. They deserve to win."

"Oh, Tim, how can you say that? Murderers, bandits, gangsters? Better men? Never! They just have the advantage, or what seems like an advantage, in that they don't care for other people. We can't be like that. We have to wait and win out in the end against them."

"Sure. I guess you're right," said Tim uncertainly, and then: "It's all good theory, but when you've got a girl with you, and someone like that says, 'Get off the road or I'll wreck you'—and you get off, it—well, it takes something away from you, Anne. You feel like you would if you let some man say something he shouldn't in front of your girl. Don't you see what I mean?"

They slowed down and stopped before Jenny's house. A great tree stood conveniently at the curb, and the shade was thick beneath it.

"I see what you mean, Tim," Anne answered in her exceedingly sympathetic voice, "but you shouldn't feel that way. I wouldn't consider it any kindness for you to stay in the road and wreck the car and allow both of us to get killed. I don't know that I'd call that being taken care of." She smiled at him. Her hands were still linked loosely about his arm, and he squeezed her fingers against his side.

"You're awfully sweet, Anne," he said, and added a little ruefully: "Well, I stepped aside for them, didn't I? They got by all right."

She was silent, looking up at him. Tim rubbed his hands around on the steering wheel.

"My father knew Jesse James when he was a boy. He lived in the Southwest, in Missouri and Arkansas. He's seen him many times. He was a fugitive from justice for several years before he was shot. He came down to the town where my father lived one time, and the hotel keeper was an old friend of his and let him stop over, incognito, so to speak. There was a young fellow there—an express agent. His name was Tim, same as mine. He was crazy about horses, and he took a great fancy to Jesse James' horse and wanted to buy it. Jesse put him off at first, and then, to get rid of him, named an outrageous price. The expressman went home disappointed, but in the night he made up his mind he'd buy the horse if it wrecked him. He was so in love with it. So he went to the hotel in the morning and found that the stranger was gone. He rode after him into the Ozark Mountains, more and more determined to have the horse. Finally he saw James, way off, and he spurred his own mare and set for him on a dead run, and at last he began to catch up with him, and he waved his hat and hollered, 'Stop!' Jesse James took out his gun and shot back over this young fellow's head, and called, 'Go back, young man!' and the expressman didn't know what to make of it, but he went back, and when he got to the hotel he told the old colonel how funny the other man had acted, and the old colonel yells, 'Don't you know who that was? That was Jesse James. There's a price on his head. It's a wonder he didn't kill you, a-riding upon him like that and trying to stop him on the highway.' Well, the fellow's bones just turned to water in him and he nearly fell down."

Anne was silent, and after a moment Tim said sheepishly:

"I guess there isn't much point to that; only, I was thinking about those old bandits and what they were up against. They had to get away on horseback. They had to fight their way out. Everything wasn't insured, like it is now, against theft and fire and tornado and flood. Men went out with their guns in their hands and fought for their banks and their express deliveries and their women folks. The bandit was no better than those we have now, but he had to be braver. He couldn't just walk in and wave a gun and see everybody lay right down and let him have it. I'd like to see some of us stiffen up to these fellows like our grandfathers did. I've an idea that one loud boo would scare them to death!"

"I guess maybe I'd be afraid of them," said Anne. "I guess I'd never say boo to anything. I can see how you figure, Tim, and I think you're right. With my mind, I think it, but I'd be absolutely scared to death of one of them. The very thought of a man that doesn't care is frightening. Why, he seems like a monster."

"He is one," said Tim. "That's the truth of it. And normal men are called upon to destroy him."

"What does—this girl you used to go with—Mary Ellen—what does she think about such things, Tim?" asked Anne slowly.

"I don't know," he said. "I never talked about such things with her. I guess I never talked about such things with anyone before, Anne. Mary Ellen just sort of tied me up in knots. I stood around waiting for her to notice me. Well, I'll be saying good night to you." He got out of the car and helped her to alight. "Do you want me to put the car away?"

"No. Uncle said just to leave it in the street. It's a clear night."

Tim squired her to the Kerns front door.

"Well, good night," he said uncertainly, and then he kissed her awkwardly. But it was not like on the beach. Anne made no response.

In the morning Tim came down the stairs of his mother's house at a pace developed to perfection by himself—a sort of rhythmic fall from top to bottom, his heels just catching the edge of each stair. Mrs. Murphy, in the kitchen, did not even look up at the cascade of sound. Tim was the youngest of six boys and the last left at home. Mrs. Murphy had long ago ceased to worry about anything like furniture or floors.

"Mom," said Tim, going out into the kitchen and catching his mother about the waist and swinging her around heartily—"mom, can I have a party?"

"A party now? What kind of a party?" said Mrs. Murphy, returning to the griddle.

Mr. Murphy looked up from his breakfast, which he was eating at the kitchen table.

"Oh," said Tim, sitting down and filling his own plate with fresh buckwheat cakes and covering them with maple sirup, "just a party. I thought—well, we haven't had a party around here since Dan got married. I wanted to ask Jenny and Nick, Lulu and Johnny, Irene and Simon—just the regular crowd, mom, and"—very casually—"we could ask Jenny's cousin. She's visiting here now. She's a nice girl. What do you think? I'll turn the ice-cream freezer and I'll help with the house. I can wax the floors Saturday and polish them. What say? Okay?"

"It'll seem queer to have a party and not have Mary Ellen," said Mrs. Murphy regretfully. She did not know how much she was responsible for what Lulu, the highbrow, called Tim's fixation. Tim moved restlessly.

"Well, gee, mom, we can't ask her without asking Doctor Lockerbie, and he won't want to come with a bunch of our age. And what would we do for a fellow for her? Anyhow, she goes with that older crowd."

"I suppose you're right, Tim. When do you want to have it?"

"How about Saturday night? This is Thuraday. Plenty of time to tell everybody."

"All right, Tim. How many will you have?"

"Oh, twelve or fourteen, I expect."

"That means thirty or forty, what with the extras that you'll see or think of, and the friends they'll bring. Well,

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The Moon Rose Like the First Moon That Had Ever Rolled Up the Wall of the Sky. Tim's Case Came Back to Jenny's Cousin

TREASURE HOUSE

By Boyden Sparkes

IT WAS Col. Hiram Bearss who told me to do it. Hiking Hiram he is called in the places where Marine Corps garrisons are stationed—in China, Haiti, Nicaragua, the Philippines and between the decks of many battleships. The name is part of legend of hard-boiled grit concerning the column of half-starved marines he led on a march through the bosque of Samar back in 1902. He was Hiking Hiram, too, in the Twenty-sixth Division up at the Front in France in 1918. Now Colonel Bearss is retired from the marines and has become the commanding officer of a compact military force which garrisons a certain financial fortress in Liberty Street, a few blocks from the New York Stock Exchange

"Just go over and ask him a question," dared the colonel after luncheon. "Ask him how to get to Central Park or the Aquarium. Ask him the time—anything you please—and see what happens." The colonel's glee at the prospect was like that of a small boy who invites an acquaintance to test the police training of a shepherd dog by reaching for something the animal has been ordered to watch.

This guard he pointed out stood across the street and halfway down the block of a canyon so narrow that the sun casts its light there boldly for less than an hour on the brightest days. He seemed a pleasant enough young fellow and in no way sinister except for his weapon and a slash of scar that furrowed his face from cheekbone to nostril. The uniform he wore was blue, less gaudy than the one he had learned to wear on the decks of gray ships. It was cut with a roll collar after the pattern of officers' clothing, and the bandoleer that traced a black mark up his flat back and across a bulging chest supported a belt four inches wide that was fat with cartridges

"What time is it?" I asked the question suddenly as I planted myself between him and the arched doorway beyond the opposite curb where his eyes were fixed. In a fraction of time so narrow that a split-second watch could not measure it, the man accosted slapped his hand against his side as if he had been stricken suddenly with a sharp pain in the region of his vermiform appendix. But it was not his appendix for which he grabbed. Instead his fingers had closed about the hard, black rubber butt of his revolver in a holster secured by a pivot to the cartridge belt. Instantly the barrel of this gun might swing upward. I was, in the manner of the olden West, as good as covered.

Don't Ask Me Another

THAT guard never did answer my question properly. Instead he informed me curtly that I might see a jeweler's sidewalk clock if I walked to the corner. His tone implied that there would be other advantages to me if I walked there promptly. So I hastened to rejoin this young fellow's grinning boss and learned shortly thereafter that when any of these sentries of the New York Federal Reserve Bank is accosted he instantly seizes upon the handle of his gun.

That young fellow in Liberty Street is not disposed to answer questions, but a companion in arms, posted under the vaulted ceiling of the Federal Reserve Bank lobby, keeps a vigil behind the inclosure of a bullet-proof counter labeled Information. If you address yourself to him you will discover that he is served by a shelf lower and wider than that upon which you rest your elbows. Beside one of his hands is a telephone instrument in which receiver and mouthpiece are combined; beside the other is a sub-machine gun as ready for action in his hands as the gun of a duck hunter in a blind. When you speak to him, however, he graciously ignores the machine gun and merely slaps his hand to the revolver at his belt. Elsewhere in the lobby, watching the people who pour in and out past the iron-studded doors, are other guards. In case of alarm or in response to certain secret signals, they would close and bolt the massive doors. Another kind of intelligence keeps watch with them, at both front and rear entrances of the bank. There are two of them, and their names are Cooney and Collins, a famous partnership that began when the pick of the New York Police Department detectives were called Central Office Men. Together they have peered through masks at criminals herded before them in 10,000 line-ups. They watch for familiar faces in the stream of humanity which drifts ceaselessly, throughout the day, in and out of the doors of this wholesale bank, which is an important institution in the lives of all of us.

Colonel Bearss and his men guard from assault the greatest single deposit of treasure in the world. In the largest unit of the Federal Reserve System they are the only armed guards. It is a gigantic business, one with a daily turnover ranging from one to two billion dollars, flowing in operations so smoothly performed that their tremendous aggregate causes no disturbance in the credit situation. So recently did this giant servant of our commerce come into existence that its full strength is yet to be tested. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the largest of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, and which carries on about one-third of the entire business of the system, first opened its doors fifteen years ago, on November 16, 1914. The war was developing then, but neither then nor afterward did it create any situation for which this system could not provide sound currency in adequate amounts.

Handling Nickels in the Cash Department of the New York Federal Reserve Bank

Baling Currency With Steel Bands and an Electric Welding Machine

Wholesale Banks

WITH the creation of a bank as large as the New York Federal Reserve, and its kindred institutions in other cities, there are created new problems of management. Here is a plant in the very heart of downtown New York which contains a mass of treasure greater by far than that which tempted generations of pirates to risk their necks under black flags. Into the treasure vaults of these banks, in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Atlanta, Richmond, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas and San Francisco, have been brought the once-scattered gold reserves of the member banks. These members represent a major part of the banking force of the nation. This change in the method of handling their reserves has been described as analogous to the pooling of a community's back-yard wells into a single reservoir. Nowadays, when the needs of factories, agriculture and other enterprises of the land require currency and credit in unusual volume or when there is other great need, the member banks of this system borrow what is required from one of these twelve money reservoirs.

The Federal Reserve Banks are truly wholesale banks, and the biggest is the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Yet, in spite of its size it remains a bank. It has to apply the same tests in extending credit that obtain in lesser institutions. It has to use selected but nevertheless ordinary human beings to perform its myriad chores. The problems of its officers are the problems of other bankers, except that they are magnified. One is even tempted to say that like other monsters it has found it necessary for comfort and preservation to develop a thicker skin than is worn by smaller creatures. Here in a building that rises fourteen stories above street level, but conceals five of its most important ones deep in the rock strata of Manhattan Island, are about 2500 men and women with typewriters, adding machines, automatic scales, money counters, swift elevators and other labor-saving devices. Among them they share a comprehension

Looking Down Maiden Lane to the Federal Reserve Bank

and a skill which keep billions of dollars moving into and out of their plant, changing ownership in a variety of patterns, and never improperly.

The magnification of the usual bank problems is responsible for some curious things. One of these is the sheer bulk of the treasure handled. An average of thirty tons of coin and five tons of paper money is cleared or received at the bank each day of the week. It takes, of course, just as much energy to handle this freight of money as if it were a similar weight of coal or bricks.

Armored trucks—from fifty to seventy of them every day—deliver or cart away these thirty-odd tons of money. The loading and unloading are performed at a platform within a chamber as stoutly fortified as if it were the vaulted entrance of a medieval castle. On the chance that some day a band of robbers may rush that inclosure, a long steel box has been hung from the wall above the platform against which the visiting trucks are backed. Within that steel box, when the work of shifting treasure is proceeding, there are concealed a number of machine gunners. Narrow slots in the side and carefully measured holes in the floor are a guaranty that the hidden marksmen will be free to spoil the plans of any invaders. Tons of gold, tons of silver, tons of paper tokens of wealth, are loaded and unloaded there day after day—a stream of wealth that totals into a meaningless figure.

The Loading Platform in the Federal Reserve Bank. Behind the Steel Box on the Wall are Concealed Machine Gunners

The Real Key to the City

EACH day the millions of New Yorkers who ride in Subways and on Elevated lines must have nickels before they can pass the turnstiles that interpose a barrier between their homes and their offices. Those who ride on the surface cars also must have nickels to be dropped into the pay-as-you-enter collection boxes. The patrons of the automatic restaurants must have nickels before they eat, and so must all those who telephone from pay stations. Sometimes there is an empty ceremony at City Hall at which a distinguished guest is presented with a key to the city—a foolish key which unlocks nothing. The real key is a five-cent piece.

In forty-four-pound sacks, each of which contains 4000 nickels, this immensely valuable instrument of metropolitan life crosses the loading platform of the Federal Reserve Bank in a never-ending flood. The daily average is about 500 bags, each of which contains $200 in nickels; but some days the number exceeds 625 bags, which means 27,500 pounds of dead weight to be shifted by brawny laborers under the eyes of the machine gunners. The cartage of such a weight is a problem. As the Federal Reserve Bank is the only institution in New York equipped to count and pack these coins by machines, they are not deposited in banks carrying the funds of companies operating their business with nickels. Instead these companies send daily collections directly to the Federal Reserve Bank. There they are counted and their value, in dollars, is credited to the Federal Reserve account of the member bank of which the company in question is a depositor. When they have been counted, and worn and mutilated coins have been removed, these nickels are hurried back to duty. The traffic in nickels at the Federal Reserve Bank each day means in dollars between $100,000 and $125,000. It is a trivial item in dollars; a much bigger one in terms of labor.

A similar problem is involved with a daily freight of pennies. Two million pennies are worth only $20,000, but a bag worth fifty dollars weighs thirty-three pounds and the daily average that is shifted across the Federal Reserve Bank loading platform is 400 bags. These coins consummate the trades whereby New Yorkers acquire their newspapers, get peanuts and chewing gum from vending machines and discover, with delight or chagrin, any change in their weight.

Dimes, quarters and half dollars are loaded and unloaded at that busy platform at the rate of an average of seven tons a day, each fifty-three-pound bag representing $1000 worth. Bus lines, vending machines and the ordinary change-making of all forms of commerce require these tons of silver, and the additional tons which pass the night in cash registers, in trouser pockets, on tops of dressers and other informal depositories. Before the Federal Reserve Banks came into existence the banks of the country were ceaselessly engaged in bartering supplies of these coins. Sometimes communities were hindered by unaccountable coin famines; but with the creation of the wholesale banks this and other more serious forms of money shortages seem to have been provided against

In New York there is almost no use of silver dollars, and a few bags a day represents the entire traffic in these coins at the Federal Reserve Bank. The dollar bill takes its place. About half of the number of pieces of paper money that are handled on the loading platform are dollar bills; 20 per cent are five-dollar notes and an equal amount are ten-dollar notes. The remaining 10 per cent of the bulk of paper money are twenty-dollar notes and larger ones. In value, of course, these most important pieces of money represent a much higher percentage of the currency volume. But to the men who have to lift the paper money in and out of the armored trucks the one-dollar bills stand for that which makes them most weary at the end of the day. They have to handle about two and a half or three tons of dollar bills every day, and a total of from five to six tons of paper currency. A $1000 bundle of one-dollar bills weighs about three pounds; a $1,000,000 bundle of $1000 notes weighs the same; but $1,000,000 in one-dollar bills weighs about a ton and a half. Within the bank, currency is moved about in wheeled trunks which hold 125 bundles each.

Money to Throw Away

THE most important thing done with the money brought into the Federal Reserve Bank is to count it. Counting machines enable skillful girls, who could count at most about 12,000 bills by hand, to count as many as 35,000. As they feed money into the six bins of a machine, the girl attendants also sort it into bundles of gold and silver certificates, National Bank notes, and the twelve issues of Federal Reserve notes. In addition, the workers must weed out the wilted, greasy bills which are unfit for further service. Other workers punch holes through this condemned money and then chop it in half, lengthwise of the bills. The severed halves, to prevent fraudulent articulation, are placed in separate bags, which are dispatched, each half on a different day, to the Treasury at Washington for a recount, after which the destruction is completed. In June the New York bank canceled $50,000,000 worth of worn bills.

When sorted and counted, the fit money, in denominations of five dollars or more, is bound by welded metal straps into bundles so tightly made that no single bill could be extracted. An entire floor of the big building is devoted to this work, and as the money moves along, as steadily as in any factory

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The Tellers' Windows in the Main Banking Room, Showing the Old-Fashioned Guards, Now Replaced by Marines

IMPROMPTU

By HAROLD MacGRATH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

With Terrifying Clearness He Saw His Position. He Hadn't One Chance in a Million—Not One!

VI

THERE followed a space of time of which Elsie had no recollection. When she opened her eyes she was not sure of the visions presented to her. Faces out of some mummers' show, pale and almost featureless; slowly they took shape and distinction. The butler, Descamps, Morgan, MacFarlane and Van Cleve; her gaze slowly traveled from face to face. Van Cleve dropped to his knees and offered her a glass of water mixed with aromatic spirits of ammonia. She drank and became fully conscious. She was in the library.

"Is he ——" She could not complete the question.

"Yes, my child," said Van Cleve most distressedly. "A most terrible thing has happened. But you are a brave girl."

"Dead!"

"Yes."

"How?"

"The fire poker. Someone struck him with it. The music kept us from hearing the sound of his fall. Evidently he did not see the man who struck him. When I rushed down after your scream, the piano had started to play the Fantasie for the third time. Rather ghastly."

Elsie sat up, pushing back her hair, then holding her head between her hands. "Where is Mr. Berks?" she asked, quite certain what the answer would be.

"He is gone. His bag and most of his clothes are in his room. But his car is gone."

"Horrible!" she whispered. "Horrible!"

Van Cleve thought he knew what she meant. Double horror. The death of her uncle and the disappearance of the young man whom she had selected from them all as her companion for the evening. The double shock—the tragedy of death and the tragedy of disillusion.

"Henry!"

"Yes, Miss Elsie."

"The police!"

"He cut the wire after he had telephoned, Miss Elsie," said the butler, twisting his locked fingers.

"Splice it!"

"I fixed it," interposed Morgan. "The police will be here within two hours. They have Berks' description and the car's. All the highways and railroads will be covered. He will not go far."

"The safe door is open. Nothing but papers in it, Miss Elsie"—from the butler.

Van Cleve, who had, by his seniority in years, taken charge, stared at the butler curiously. There was a phase of agitation which did not seem to apply to the tragedy but to some outside fact. Terror as well as misery was evident in his eyes.

"The safe?" cried Elsie, struggling to her feet. "You mean the jewels are gone? But no! Only uncle and I knew the secret of the safe. Robbery was only attempted; it did not succeed."

"Nothing has been touched," said Van Cleve. "There should be plenty of finger prints. My theory is that your uncle came down to look at the Rajah for the last time. He had opened the safe and was struck down then."

"Who turned on the lights?" asked Morgan.

"They were on when I came down the stairs," answered Elsie.

"Then he should have seen his assailant."

"But the gems, Miss Hetherstone—are you sure they are where you put them?"

"Oh, yes! But just now! . . . All I had in the world!" She rocked her body.

"I don't believe it would be wise for you to see him at this moment, Miss Hetherstone," Van Cleve advised. "Better wait till you are steadier. He did not suffer any. Bad business for us, gentlemen. Have you your passports? I have mine. We shall need them."

Descamps and MacFarlane signified that they had theirs.

"That will help," said Van Cleve. "Police get queer notions in their heads. Fortunately you, Mr. Morgan, will not need a passport."

"On the contrary," replied Morgan, "I wish I had a passport. Aside from the letter establishing my identity, I have practically nothing."

"But we can all vouch for you," returned Van Cleve.

"Please, please!" cried Elsie, her palms going to her ears.

Van Cleve gestured helplessly. Still, he could not blame her for disregarding their personal safety. To him the affair was not only a horror but a disaster. It was as if the Blue Rajah had vanished. The will would have to be probated in law before the diamond would come into the girl's possession. He would have to return to Amsterdam empty-handed. Hood—even though he had come to his death so tragically—was not a friend, scarcely an acquaintance. He was terribly sorry for this lovely girl, and he would help her in whatever way he could, but, all the same, he had lost a fat commission.

Elsie dropped her hands from her ears. "I wish to see him. I am strong now. Please!"

Gravely they followed her into the living room. Strong she was; for she knelt at once before the silent body and reverently kissed the white forehead. There was a gray bruise on the temple, down which a threadlike trickle of blood was drying. As Van Cleve reached out to assist her to her feet she waved aside his hand and got up. Her face was like marble and her eyes were like sapphires in the sun.

"If he had come through the window, taking his chances, and surprised my uncle at the safe! But he accepted the hospitality of the house; he won our respect and admiration only to disarm us. I know of nothing more horrible. But he has done murder for nothing. I even told him that

there was a trick compartment in the safe. Oh, you will find the Blue Rajah in the case. If you gentlemen will step back into the library I will produce the diamond," she said "You must go with them, Henry."

Three minutes later she called to them. She extended her palm. On it lay the Rajah, full of magic fires.

"You see?"—bitterly. "At present I have no lawful right to dispose of it. But if I had my will it would go into the bottom of the well. To me he was the dearest, kindest man I knew, for all his queer hobby."

Without knowing why he did so, Van Cleve swerved his glance from the stone to the butler's face The man looked like a cadaver. His queer bald forehead was beaded with sweat. Why?

"May I look at the stone?" asked Van Cleve.

"Why?"

"I've a queer notion that it is not the Rajah."

"What?"—came from four throats simultaneously.

"It is just a notion. I may be wrong."

Elsie passed the stone to him, and he beckoned all that they should follow him into the library. There he drew down the lid of a small secretary, got out a piece of white writing paper, placed the gem on it, and sat down. Out of a pocket he drew an object which, to Henry, the butler, resembled a clip of cartridges for a rifle. The object was, in fact, a series of powerful microscopes. Van Cleve began to study the stone from all angles. The others were grouped about him, tense and almost breathless. Except Elsie, who stared at the piano somberly

At length Van Cleve leaned back. "Perfect! As perfect a piece of work as I ever saw! Even to the chipped end my father polished. But it isn't the Blue Rajah."

"But it must be!" cried Elsie. "I took it out of the safe and I put it back. It was never out of my sight!"

"I am sorry. But wait till Mr. Morgan examines it."

Morgan promptly took the chair and the micros. When he was through he shook his head. "Mr. Van Cleve is right. Remarkable paste."

"It flashed through my head a moment ago," explained Van Cleve. "Do you remember when Berks had it, and the sudden pain that struck his side? Legerdemain—trick of the hand. Palmed the imitation for the genuine. Why should we distrust him? A great musician, the Order of Leopold in his buttonhole, steady eyes? I have heard rumors derogatory to his honesty, and I had begun to disbelieve them." Van Cleve shrugged. "There is nothing further to do. We must await the police. But, Miss Hetherstone, hadn't you better go to your room till they come?"

"No. I need no rest." Elsie stepped over to the French window and threw it wide open.

"The stone?" hesitantly from Morgan.

"Since it isn't the Rajah, it is not necessary to replace it."

What a woman! thought Van Cleve. That red-brown head, the strength of the face and the courage of the heart! Berks might go far, but not far enough. Ate—no longer Diana—hate.

"Henry!"

"Yes, Miss Elsie."

"Get some sherry and crackers and ice water." She did not stir from the window.

The men sat down where they would, anxious and distressed. All knew that they would be questioned severely. They might even be detained, at a serious loss of time and money. When the butler returned he set down the tray with a clatter. He filled a glass with ice water and presented it to Elsie. She drew a small chair to the window, sat down with her face to the night and sipped the water.

"Anything more, Miss Elsie?"

"Yes. Sit down somewhere. You must not leave the room again till the state police arrive."

Henry found a chair in the obscurest corner and mopped his face.

Van Cleve could not keep his eyes off the man. Terror. But terror of what?

VII

"HOW long have you been in the family, Henry?" Van Cleve asked kindly.

"More than twenty years, sir."

Van Cleve relapsed into silence. He could hear the clock ticking in the living room, the lights of which had now been turned out. From out the forest rim came the melancholy hoot of an owl. To Van Cleve, to come to a wilderness like this had been a tonic and an exhilarant. Through the afternoon and evening he had enjoyed himself thoroughly. Now it was become more God-forsaken than any other place he had ever known.

There was danger, too - real danger. Their alibis would be without corroboration In the eyes of the police anyone of them might have done the thing. They weren't house guests in the social sense. They were not Hood's friends. They had come up here to buy a diamond. The stone was gone and Hood lay dead in the next room.

The girl, there. She never stirred. No doubt her ear was straining to catch the first sound of the police automobile. A kind of military police, so Van Cleve had been given to understand, recruited largely from the vast army which had returned from France. Van Cleve had an almost intolerable craving to smoke, but the straight back of the girl persuaded him that the odor of tobacco would be distasteful to her. An hour passed and more. From time to time Van Cleve saw the flutter of the butler's handkerchief.

"I hear a car!" Elsie cried, standing.

Ten minutes later four troopers of the state police entered the house. Brisk, stalwart, personable young fellows they were. The sergeant in charge conducted the examination. Hood had died from a violent blow on the left temple. Death had evidently been instantaneous. The character of the blow precluded any free flow of blood. The fire poker weighed about ten pounds. Person or persons unknown.

"But he is known!" cried Elsie.

"A suspect, miss. He is guilty only after a jury has convicted him I can tell better when you give me the story You haven't touched anything -particularly the body?"

"No," replied Van Cleve. "We have been scrupulously careful."

The sergeant cast his glance about During the war he had been in the Intelligence and had good background for

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Three Minutes Later She Called to Them. She Extended Her Palm. On It Lay the Rajah, Full of Magic Fires

RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

"Well, Eddie," He Said, "if the Guy Who Wrote This Book Knew Anythin' About Politics, He Wouldn't Have Wrote This Book. He Would be in Politics"

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IT WAS three months before I met Brennan. During that time I learned a whole lot. After the first few days, although Dan grew thinner and seemed to lose some of his fire, he managed to hide his feelings completely. Where women and young people were concerned, he seemed very kind and very tolerant. But when he got into the political racket and talked with men he was the same old Dan as before.

During that three months we got the Dan Rafferty Voters League incorporated and I was elected treasurer.

The only direct reference Dan ever made to the loss of his wife was after we got our certificate of incorporation. Then he said:

"I got some good plans for the future, Eddie. But right now I'll need a little time to think things over an' pull myself together. Till I get ready, you just work along with me. We'll see what we can do to get some sugar in the treasury." So I did that.

The way Dan broke Freddy Creedon and kept him broke made Dan stronger than ever in the district. But it did more than that. It broke up the Blues entirely, and though Dan never would give Creedon a break, he winked at me as he let all Creedon's henchmen climb onto our band wagon. But it did even more than that. It strengthened Dan throughout the whole city, because ours had always been what they called a pivotal district. Any candidate who lost in our district was pretty certain to lose in other districts. The way Dan broke Creedon and drove him out served notice on everybody that it was a waste of time and money to come into our district to fight him. This gave Dan tremendous power.

And not only that—it made his name known all over the state, because every politician knew that Mike Brennan made the Ways and Means Committee because Dan Rafferty fixed the appointment. This showed that Dan had power not alone in his own party but in both the principal parties.

During that three months before we really started operations politically, I met every member of both branches of the legislature from our part of the state, and there was not a city officeholder of any importance I did not call by his first name. I was not so smart then as I am now, and I am not so very smart now. But whenever I was in doubt, I mentioned Dan's name and it passed for brains.

Jim, the Contractor

The River Trust Company probably benefited most by Dan's new powers. There was not a foundry, a factory, a mill or a good-sized store in the district that did not carry a heavy balance in Dan's bank. Pretty soon Dan was elected chairman of the board, after refusing to take the presidency.

There were a lot of reports that used to come to Dan's desk from the bank, and I always looked them over very carefully and tried to understand them. After a time I noticed that Dan was interested only in two of them. He would analyze at great length the operation of the loan committee, of which he was chairman, and he got regularly each day a list of the balances carried by the bigger companies. Once he said to me:

"Eddie, I don't know much about handlin' money an' I don't need to. I can hire a thousand men who can figger a nickel or a dime from here to Honolulu an' return. The big job in life ain't handlin' money—it's gettin' the money to handle. You want to be a specialist in that line. It's the same in politics. Never get yourself out on a limb so that you got to ask voters to do somethin' for you. You can hire a thousand men to do that too."

You can see that I had a pretty good instructor. Being anxious to make good, I did not bother Dan very much asking questions. I had a pretty free swing at the bank, so I went down there, found out who carried the biggest balances and then went right to them and put the bee on them for contributions, just as I had with my old boss. If I got too much of an argument, I would refer again to conduits and fire escapes, but as a usual thing the references did not have to be very broad.

I got to a point where I could walk in to a boss, pull out one of the drawers of his desk and put my feet in it and laugh and joke with him, finally telling him that Dan was having difficulty keeping the downtown organization from raising assessments or preventing the fire department from passing injurious regulations. Then I would say that Dan wanted the advice of the big men of the district, such as the guy I was talking to, on the easiest way to raise funds to maintain sound government there in the district. Doing that, I got used to big words and cute phrases that sounded highbrow.

Before the three months was up I had gone on a flat salary of one hundred dollars a week and we had in the treasury eighteen thousand dollars. All the would-be politicians in town were breaking their necks to get my friendship and approval, feeling that if I said the word to Dan, it would carry a lot of weight. Anybody we wanted elected got away to a great start, because we always played cozy with the fellows who worked in the mills and foundries and they believed us where they would not believe the political orators that the opposition sent around as a matter of policy. Any time that we wanted to kill a candidate, we just spread the word around that if he won, business would be bad, because Dan would be afraid of the laws that might be passed, and therefore, as a banker, would not lend money to the mills and the plants where the boys worked. In that way business would be shot to pieces, because bosses would not have money for operations, and it wouldn't be long before half the district would be out of work in consequence.

The bosses were ready enough to agree with us, because Dan played with them. Although he made them pay some, they knew that was the best way out. With any of them that were prone to complain too much we had still another angle. That was Dan's insurance business. Dan had a way of getting adjustments on workmen's compensation that made the workers his friends for life. He also got quick adjustments for the bosses on liability and fire claims. But just as soon as they got nasty about anything, Dan would manufacture some kind of a flyer to put on their policy which either sent the premium way up in the air or decreased the company's liability under the policy so that the protection given was not satisfactory.

The Honorable Mike Brennan

Of course there would be a howl over that, and then Dan would come in, like the good Samaritan, and fix things up for them provided they got back in line politically.

I worked that deal myself once. There was a poultry butcher who ran a market in our district for years. He made a fortune out of it. He was very ignorant and I have seen his wife, who was just as ignorant, slaughtering chickens in the back room of their store. She was a big fat woman and she used to pin her skirt up over her petticoat and stand out in the slaughter room with a great big tub of steaming water beside her and the floor all around her littered with feathers. I have gone back there more than once to talk with her and

have seen her stand there in that atmosphere, her forehead covered with perspiration, her clothes all stuck up with feathers and her dirty hands loaded with diamonds.

In spite of their money, they were pretty close-fisted and would not kick in for the Dan Rafferty Voters League. One day I got desperate over this and made up my mind that I would get money out of them if I had to use a pair of platinum ice tongs. I found out that the River Trust Company carried a mortgage on their building and also that Dan had written their insurance. I went into the back room and stood around blowing feathers off my nose while I talked with the wife.

They were foreign people, and every time I got down to asking for money she forgot all her English. Every few minutes her husband would duck his head in from the store outside and speak to her in some foreign lingo, and I knew that I was cooking them plenty, but I suspected that I also was being cooked some. Then I played the ace, and just as soon as I spoke, all her English came back to her

"Well," I said, "some people have luck enough, or work hard enough, to gather together a lot of buildin's an' diamonds, an' yet they haven't brains enough to give them a headache. You're that kind. Through the bank Dan loaned you the money to buy this buildin' an' you made a small fortune on that. Also he wrote your insurance an' protected you there for the lowest possible cost. He's been your friend an' you won't be his. You can't expect that to go on forever.

"The reason I'm down here is because the bank wants a ten-thousand-dollar payment on their mortgage on account of the new fire regulations that are goin' through if Dan can't stop them. Just as soon as the insurance company heard of this, they got right after Dan with a rider for your policy. They claimed they didn't know you were boilin' these chickens in this back room an' had all these open gas fires around. They said they'd rather cancel the policy entirely an' not carry any insurance. But if Dan wanted to keep the policy in force they'd have to double the premium."

If you ever have heard a fat woman covered with chicken feathers and diamonds moan, you know what I mean. No chicken she ever hit in the neck squawked as loud as she did. Her husband heard the commotion and came to the back room. I just stood around and laughed to myself while they went through some foreign alphabet with gestures. But I left them with five hundred dollars in greasy cash and a promise of five hundred more in thirty days. When I turned the money over to Dan and explained how I got it, Dan laughed for the first time since that day when his wife died. He laughed, too, until his big vest shook, just like it used to, and then it seemed to me that Dan was coming back to himself.

The eighteen thousand dollars that we put in the treasury that way also served to make me a business man for the first time. That came about through a contractor in our district who was friendly with Dan. He had laid some sewers down in Fourth Street and the way he put the pavement back was unsatisfactory to the people of the district.

About a month after his paving was done, half the street sunk in like an old used bed spring. Some of the papers criticized it and mentioned graft, but like all those things, nothing much happened to the contractor. The street got so bad that something had to be done about it and Dan and the contractor met in his office. I was there with them.

"Any street is apt to sink in, Dan, no matter how good a job you do laying it," the contractor maintained, "if it's laid over a sewer. We gave them the best sewer job they have had in this town in twenty-five years. But a pipe line like that is bound to sweat a little bit, and that dampens the earth around it and makes it more compact. It just settles down like a building or anything else. There isn't any way to change it unless you want to keep the street closed for sixty or ninety days before the pavement is laid. We fulfilled our contract to the letter."

"Well," Dan said, "let 'em howl for a while, Jim. You know how those things go. I'll put the squeeze on the Board of Aldermen in a short time to make them repave that street. You put in a bid for the contract an' make it high. Then Eddie an' me here will form a little corporation an' put in a bid under our name. I'll see that we get the contract an' you can do the work."

So that was what happened.

When I Left, Nellie Thanked Me for the Good Time She'd Had and We Shook Hands, and I Held Her Hand Again Just Like I Did in the Bus

We formed a corporation and I was elected president. I felt pretty big that day. I took fifteen thousand dollars out of the treasury of the Dan Rafferty Voters League and deposited it in the River Trust Company to the credit of the East Side Contracting Corporation. Then Dan fixed it up so that I was able to borrow fifty thousand dollars from the River Trust Company, and that gave us quite a big working capital.

After that, Dan wrote a bond through an indemnity company guaranteeing my bid to the city. Not only that he was decent enough to give me half the commission he got for the writing of the bond. Then we put in our bid for the paving job.

Dan and I went down around to City Hall and met some of the aldermen. We were just all good fellows together and went over to a speak-easy near the City Hall and had a few drinks. All the conversation was political and everybody wanted something. We all promised a lot of things we did not have to give, but it seemed to work out all right and we got the contract.

The day the award was announced in the papers, Jim, the contractor, came around to the office with a set of estimates as to what it would actually cost him to lay the street. He was wearing a big smile when he entered, but even I was surprised at the way Dan wiped that off his face

"I don't think we can get away with the original scheme, Jim," he told the contractor. "I had a tough time getting this award through the Board of Aldermen an' they are gonna check up on us mighty close. I'm a little afraid to let your name get mixed up with the job. I'm afraid it would cause scandal."

"Well, how do you figure to work it?" Jim asked.

"Well," Dan rumbled, "Eddie here is a very successful young fellow in the district an' he's been able to get himself unexpected capital. As long as he's got the corporation, the contract an' the money to work with, he feels like he ought to be able to go ahead on his own hook."

I could not see just what Dan was working for, but I knew him well enough to take my cue, so I said, "That's it exactly."

Jim was pretty sore. "Then you stand to figure me out of the picture completely, don't you?"

"Well," Dan said, "at that, it ain't a very big contract."

"The devil it ain't!" Jim growled. "On the set of figures you put in, you can clean up seventy-five thousand dollars for yourself. I don't like this racket, Dan. You told me to put in the high figure just to build up your own bid. I trusted you and did it. Now you're cutting me cold."

"What difference does it make whether you trust me or not?" Dan laughed at him. "I can have any bid you make thrown out. I don't want to start trouble over this, Jim, but business is business. The situation has changed since we made the original deal. Then we talked a fifty-fifty split on profits. Now I can't see anything but seventy-five-twenty-five—an' that is provided you do the work. You know me well enough to know I want to be fair."

"You act like it!" Jim snapped.

"Well, wouldn't I be a grand sucker not to get the dough that's there for me?" Dan demanded. "Didn't I cover you up on this plaster-of-Paris street you laid? Didn't you make the grand clean-up on the sewer contract I got for you?"

"And didn't I pay you well for both of them?" Jim roared.

"Not half so well as you're gonna pay me for this one," Dan snapped.

"What do you think I formed this corporation for?" I asked Jim

"Aw, you go to the devil!" he growled at me.

"I'll tell the cockeyed world!" I answered

"Take it or leave it, Jim—on a split of seventy-five-twenty-five," Dan said, his big fist banging the desk. "An' besides that, all the equipment you use on the job has got to carry the name of the East Side Contracting Corporation."

"What can I do but take it?" Jim wanted to know. "I've got to take it."

"You're lucky to get it, too," Dan answered. "An' now let's figger a minute. Hey!" he hollered. In answer to that summons, the scaly little guy from the outer office came in and Dan said, "Get me a paper an' some pencils."

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AMERICA'S CHANCE IN OPERA

By Geraldine Farrar

As Told to Mary F. Watkins

OUR national gifts are, as a matter of fact, eminently conducive to the development of a singing artist. We are a young country, full of zest and eagerness, and contemptuous of obstacles. We are vigorous physically, and we are a mixed race which should contain in its mingled blood streams the elements of essential temperament. We are of hardy, indefatigable stock, and the comeliness of our girls and young men has long been a matter of comment among observing foreigners. As a nation, too, we are not unmusical—there the blood tells again—and the formation of our throats and the freedom of our deep-breathing diaphragms are all to the good. Our two great defects are self-consciousness—which can be translated into self-esteem—and impatience. But of that more later. Our greatest assets in the end, then, are inheritance and background.

That American singers have succeeded, have climbed to the very topmost rung of the operatic ladder, is a matter of history, and in the case of the three pioneer figures, Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames and—if I may modestly include the name—Geraldine Farrar, certain influences and inherent characteristics militated in their favor and brought them not only honor in their own country but respect in the exigent musical circles of the Continent. All three came from New England. All three were hall-marked by the same determination, ambition and physical resiliency, with the added buffer of an excellent humor and philosophy between them and the rough edges of their chosen career.

Deaf to Everything But Praise

BUT New England and the native-born do not comprise our only Americans. We have Olive Fremstad, born abroad, who came as a child not yet in her teens, to grow up on the plains of our Middle West; we have Mary Garden, the inimitable singer out of Scotland, who has thrust her roots so deeply into this land that she is known everywhere in the United States as Our Mary; and of a still younger generation, we have Rosa Ponselle, the most beautiful soprano voice now before the American public, but whose immediate forbears are pure-blooded Italians only recently transplanted to Connecticut. More contemporary still is the exciting history of Marion Talley, whose brief operatic career attracted much attention and many dollars.

These singers made good by every local standard of the box office and the personal following, not to mention the foreign triumphs. But they are few enough, considered in perspective, and it is my conviction that their tribe is dying out, not for lack of numbers, certainly, but for lack of opportunity in this modern era of mass production and impersonality to blossom and to flourish. There are, to make a somewhat generalized statistical gesture once more, some five thousand vocal pupils being brought out yearly by teachers and musical institutions throughout our forty-eight states—pupils who are ready to go on. And where shall they go? That is the immediate problem.

In the first place, of course, the number is appallingly impossible under any conditions. Not all of them can be good, even considered by the most optimistic mind. There is so much more to the art of singing than merely a pretty face, a promising voice and a desire to succeed. The combination of these with intelligence, musical instinct, flair for the theater and the gift of histrionic projection is a rare thing indeed. I am a firm believer in careers and independence for women, but why, oh, why, must everyone hopelessly pursue the Muse when a dyspeptic world is crying for good cooks—when good secretaries, governesses and stenographers are in constant demand?

Teachers, of course, are largely responsible for this state of affairs. Often themselves mediocre in equipment, they encourage the mediocre. In a way, one cannot blame them. They know perfectly well that if a pupil has made up her mind that she is a singer, she will find someone to flatter her and accept her payments, so they very logically reason that it might as well be they. Families are to blame for their greedy desire to cash in on an early speculation, with no regard for a possible later and stable development, and most of all, the pupils are at fault for their own mental laziness and their desire to hear only praise. Naturally, the true star has a certain destiny and will not be denied, but the rocky road to real musical achievement is strewn with the wrecks of unfulfilled hopes and embittered failures, whereas a proper direction of their energies might have established them eventually on the pinnacle of success in business or the practical professions. Such advice, however, is not often welcomed, and is a gratuitous act which the conscientious might just as well spare themselves.

Like every other singer before the public, my mail has always been filled with requests for auditions—some remarkable voice "just needing an authoritative word to enable the possessor to forge ahead." But years ago I decided in justice to myself that acquiescing in such matters, even if humanly possible, was nearly always a grave mistake. In many cases the enthusiastic fledglings were painfully self-possessed in manner, but with pitifully small vocal resources. An admiring companion, relative or vocal pedagogue was never agreeable to any truthful observation on my part; in presenting an honest verdict the ears proved deaf to anything but praise. Generally the visitors departed with a patronizing air of ill-concealed dissatisfaction.

It is true that I had the privilege of singing in my early girlhood for Madame Nellie Melba, and that fact is often quoted in these requests as a desirable example for me to follow. But I might mention that my very wise mother used her own excellent common sense and did not follow this diva's very gracious and favorable advice for an immediate appearance. I was sixteen at the time and Madame Melba offered the suggestion that Mignon be revived for me with the Grau Company, she herself singing Filina. My mother was deeply touched, but her admirable New England caution warned her against one spectacular performance and the possible loss of the precious peach bloom. For us a career meant progressive eminence and legitimate achievement. Would that there were others so minded toward this procedure!

However, the problem is certainly a bird of quite a different feather nowadays. Girls are different, and the situation in which they find themselves when ready to embark upon the precarious career of a singer is totally foreign to my own experience. Had I a daughter whose ambitions ran toward perpetuating the family tradition, I should be strongly tempted to discourage her. If, however, among her inherited qualities were persistence, a certain pig-headed courage and an insatiable desire to find out for herself, she would probably override my pessimism and seek her artistic salvation willy-nilly. This would fill me with a sort of perilous joy, just as does the thought of all the really earnest and talented young people scattered throughout our country who may be reading this and saying, "Pooh, she is just like all retiring prima donnas; they think that the golden age passed with them! Let's pay no attention to her!"

And certainly youth should be encouraged and also heeded. It is the time of vigor and energy which does not have to be husbanded or apportioned, of spontaneous effort without the weary proddings of will, and thus it is the logical hour for the biggest endeavor. There are a freshness and a luster in the first appearances of young artists which is irretrievably lost in the sophisticated later years. Our boys and girls are right, if they know what they want, to go after it intensively, but I should say to them all, just as I would to that dear and hypothetical daughter, that the way is longer than they think, and the goal neither so certain nor so valuable as in those years not so long ago when I was struggling up the ladder. Standards are changing.

In "Zaza"

Miss Farrar in the First Berlin "Manon"

Second-Year Prima Donnas

TO THE would-be singer who searches until she finds a teacher who says, "I will guarantee to prepare you for prima-donna rôles in two years," the painstaking thoroughness and stern application which were enforced in the studio of my own great and incomparable mentor, Lilli Lehmann, would be regarded as intolerable drudgery. But let me repeat and emphasize my belief that there is no surer approach to greatness on the lyric stage than through some such experience in the older and more meticulous theaters of a race sophisticated and grounded in the traditions of art. I am told, however, that since the war economic conditions over there are not as favorable to the advancement of American singers, for with the stringency of the general

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THE PERFECT GOLDFISH

Ward McAllister—Social Ringmaster

Mr. Ward McAllister as the Count De La Nolle, Lover of Marguerite of Valois

By Arthur Train

AT ABOUT the time that the grandfathers of the present generation were dying in the bloody cornfields of Maryland and Virginia there emerged above the dull level of New York social life a remarkable young man no less conspicuous in his own way than Commodore Vanderbilt, Jubilee Jim Fisk or Phineas T. Barnum and, for a period, quite as much of a household word. This was the great Ward McAllister, self-styled Autocrat of Drawing-Rooms, creator of the Four Hundred, and, later, of the One Hundred and Fifty. Ringmaster of the Social Circus would have been a more apt title.

A quarter century after the Civil War he published a remarkable book which he called Society as I Have Found It. Now, although McAllister was a silly fellow, he took himself and his mission so seriously that there was something dignified and almost magnificent about him. Yet the fact that this rather second-rate gentleman did for many years exert such an undoubted influence is worthy of consideration. He was indeed a remarkable man and, now that he is dead, we should not be loath to acknowledge that he performed a great public service for which the American nation owes him a debt. That service was to make Society so ridiculous that it never really recovered.

The photograph in the front of his book is that of a tall, distinctly good-looking and intelligent man of fifty-five or sixty, with regular features, high forehead, mustache and imperial. His was the era of Louis Napoleon. A rather impressive fellow, one would say, although the cutaway in which he is dressed appears to be not too well fitting. Aping the Parisian boulevardier, with his hat cocked slightly on one side and his cane thrust head down in his coat pocket and standing rigidly in air, he strutted down Fifth Avenue and through life with a serene and imperturbable egotism that had a certain quality of greatness. He did not question his own title to social fame and power and could conceive of no one else doing so; for he had that intense moral earnestness necessary for any leader in whatever cause, be it that of a Savonarola or that of a chef cooking hams.

For McAllister did know how to cook a ham, and for that esoteric knowledge, transmitted in his book, we also owe him gratitude:

> A boiled Yorkshire ham, to cook which properly it must be simmered for six or seven hours until you can turn the bone; then lay it aside twelve hours to cool; then put it in an oven and constantly baste it with a pint of cider. It must be served hot, even after being cut. The oftener it is placed in the oven and heated, the better it becomes. Thus cooked, they have been by one of my friends hermetically sealed in a tin case and sent to several distinguished men in England, who have found them a great delicacy.

Thanks, Mr. McAllister!

McAllister, on his own statement, came of a distinguished Southern family of French Huguenot extraction, his mother being the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, a descendant of Charlotte Corday, and the belle first of Charleston and afterward of Savannah. Mr. McAllister himself drifted in early manhood to New York, where he resided in Tenth Street "with an old maiden lady, my relative and godmother, whom I always felt would endow me with all her worldly goods, but who, I regret to say, preferred the Presbyterian Church and the Georgia Historical Society to myself. As the supposed heir of my saving godmother, the portals of New York society were easily open to me, and I well remember my first fancy ball, given by Mrs. John C. Stevens in her residence in College Place. A company of soldiers were called in to drill on the waxed floors to perfect them for dancing. A legacy of a thousand dollars I expended in a fancy dress, which I flattered myself was the handsomest and richest at the ball." The next great social event which he recalls was another "great fancy ball" given by the Schermerhorns in their house on the corner of Great Jones Street and Lafayette Place.

The Career of Ward McAllister; or, "Society as It Found Me Out"

On the Beach at Newport, 1869

Ten Millions or Nothing

BUT the apostasy of his godmother left young Mr. McAllister without the wherewithal to buy further costumes, and, "disgusted with bookkeeping," he decided to take up law as an easy road to wealth, and to join his brother in San Francisco. Since this was in the year 1850 during the Gold Rush, his decision may have been fundamentally sound, for his brother's motto was "Ten millions or nothing." Ward, to his disgust, found on his arrival that eggs—without which it was quite impossible for him to begin the day—cost two dollars apiece, a fowl eight dollars, a turkey

(Continued on Page 161)

OVER THE RIVER

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Frieda, it seemed, Had Tried to Take Some of Rajah's Hay—a Thing to Which She Had Been Accustomed for Years

AFTER a time the general agent threw down his pencil. "There's only one slight defect with this route," he said "The whole thing's lousy."

That brought a grunt from the boss bull man, who had been looking over his shoulder. It was early May; the Grand Amalgamated Circus had little more than begun its season upon a route carefully and secretly concocted in winter quarters, when floods in the Mississippi Valley had necessitated a change. So the general agent had hurried back to the show for a rush conference and now the making of a new route was on. Shortly after its beginning, the boss bull man had been called into the treasury wagon, where sat the heads of the show. The bull boss didn't know exactly why he was there, but he certainly was interested

"I don't see nothing wrong with that route," he suggested. "That's a swell bunch of burgs. Island City, for instance. We showed there in '19 and packed 'em to the ring banks. There ain't been a show there since. We ought to panic 'em in that burg."

The general agent looked up.

"Yeh," he said. "But '19's different from this year. That time we went in and out on the K. L. & W. This time we'll have to load out on the Ohio Valley."

"That's across the river," said the boss bull man. Then he grinned and jerked at his cap. "Say, I remember all about that town now. That's the burg with the suspension bridge."

"Yeh," said the general agent. "That's why we brought you in here."

"Oh, I see," said the bull man, and a strange feeling of importance warmed his features. This was a matter of moment; nothing on a circus is so carefully guarded as its route; only the members of the executive staff know where the show is going until a few weeks before it gets there. When a departmental boss gets in on a route conference it affects his pride. The boss bull man glowed appreciatively and addressed the general manager.

"It's that suspension bridge that's got you stopped," he said. Then, with a grandiloquent gesture: "Go ahead and plan your route. Me and Mom'll handle that there suspension bridge."

The general manager grunted. Island City was one of those towns that circuses, as a rule, leave strictly alone. That was why the general agent wanted to make it; he knew it meant turn-away business. But it might mean difficulties also.

Island City lies in the middle of the Ohio River, on the northern handle of West Virginia, with flats extending toward the Virginia side, over which run steel bridges and a railroad. But on the Ohio side it rises to sheer bluffs, too high for steel spans. So, for more than a thousand feet, high above the swirling waters of the Ohio, there extends a suspension bridge, built to connect ordinary commerce with another railroad on the other side. It is no flimsy thing, this bridge; it is stalwart and heavily cabled, safe enough for all the traffic, draft or motor, that cares to traverse it. But it is a suspension bridge, nevertheless, with a span of one thousand and ten feet, and when anything stretches for more than a thousand feet, tied only at each end, the middle of it may develop an extreme sway under a heavily concentrated load, such as a herd of elephants. More, elephants do not like an unsound footing. There were eighteen members of the Grand Amalgamated herd; the thought of what might happen in case of a panic two hundred feet above the Ohio River had been disconcerting.

"Here's our layout," explained the general manager: "We can't make Island City and come out the same way we went in; that's a five-hundred-mile run each way and no decent town to play to. But if we can load out on the Ohio side, gilly our stuff over, you know, we've just got time to get under canvas for the opening of the June Festival at Columbus. That'd be a clean-up as well as Island City. The contract at Columbus calls for cancellation if we're not there on the dot. But there's that suspension bridge at Island City and the question of the bulls."

"Don't you worry none about the bulls," said the boss elephant man. The fact that he was talking before the highest triumvirate of the Grand Amalgamated's staff had made him feel strangely light-headed and giddy. "Old Mom'll lead them bulls over all right. Say, she's got that herd in the hollow of her hand."

"Yeh, but how about Old Mom herself?" asked the Old Man from the side of his cigar. "She's kind of touchy about a weak footing."

The boss bull man yanked at his cap.

"Just what I'm comin' to," he said. "Old Mom's been over that bridge. At night too; blacker'n pitch. Don't you remember—that Elks' benefit on the Ohio side in '19, when we donated her for an act?"

"I guess that settles it then," said the Old Man. Then, as he nodded his decision: "Keep your trap shut; we won't announce this route for about two weeks."

That added to the importance of it; the boss bull man went back to the elephant line with a feeling he never before had known. He and Old Mom, he realized, meant more to this circus than he had thought The Grand Amalgamated Circus was about to enter upon a route that would make circus history. Other shows couldn't take that route, he saw now, because they didn't have an elephant like Old Mom to lead their herd and a boss bull man like himself to lead Old Mom. The wrinkled amiable old leader received much more hay than was her customary portion after that, and every possible dainty. The extra attentions caused the menagerie superintendent to halt one day and caustically remark:

"Better pet 'em while you can. You'll be cussing 'em soon enough."

"What for?" asked the boss bull man belligerently. As if to discern a possible reason, he eyed the entire herd: Old Mom, the towering Rajah beside her; Frieda, her handmaiden for every herd queen possesses at least one female elephant upon whom she can depend for assistance in time of trouble—Moko, Soko, Joko and Poko, the four twins, as the banners called them; and then the rest of the herd, even down to the diminutive, ten-year-old Billy Sunday. "I don't see nothing wrong with that bunch of bulls," he said

"Had the route card yet? Some sap's billed us into Island City."

The boss bull man jerked back his shoulders.

"Tell me some news," he announced. "I was in on that when they framed it up."

The menagerie superintendent looked hard at him then, as if he had not heard correctly

"My Gawd!" he said finally, and walked away.

The boss bull man's anger held him up for a few moments. Then a queer feeling, like one has just after being missed by a taxicab, began at the base of his spine and moved slowly upward, tingling along his backbone. It wasn't a thrill; it wasn't a premonition. It was just realization. Enthusiasm has a way of cooling, and the fact that the menagerie superintendent might be a bit piqued because he had been left out of that conference didn't help much. Then, ten days before the show was to reach Island City, the menagerie superintendent walked in with a telegram, which he held somewhat too idly at his side as he talked of generalities to the boss bull man.

"Everything look all right for Island City?" he asked at last.

"Oh, sure!" said the boss bull man with a little too much bluster. His apprehensions were for himself alone; no one else knew the one-sided conversations that had gone on in the Number One Bull Car after the elephants had been loaded at night and there was no one to interfere. Then, Old Mom's wrinkled trunk held tight in his arms, the boss bull man had told her that she'd have to handle this gang of bulls over a certain suspension bridge or —— They'd been together thirty years, the boss bull man and Old Mom. If things didn't go right at Island City, there'd be someone else in command of the Grand Amalgamated's herd. Of course the bull boss could get himself another job; he wasn't worried about that. But a job is just a job; here there was a basis of affection born in the association of more than a quarter of a century. Old Mom and he were partners; together they had faced storm and panic, fire and flood and disaster, the boss bull man as dependent upon Old Mom as that sagacious elephant had been dependent upon him for the guidance, for the confidence and leadership, which had pulled the show out of the hole more than once. But those were private matters

and private fears. Certainly, they were not for the ears of the menagerie superintendent. So the bull boss forced a nonchalant expression and continued:

"Say, Island City ain't going to be nothing. Old Mom'll take 'em over!"

"Providing," said the menagerie superintendent casually, "she'll go herself."

"Her?" asked the boss bull man, and turned to consider the placid Old Mom, waving a wisp of hay in her wrinkled trunk before pushing it into her pink cavern of a mouth. "Say, she'll waltz over that bridge. Ain't she done it before?"

"She sure has," agreed the menagerie superintendent. "I remember that trip well. But I've just been wondering. That was in '19. She'd never busted through a bridge then, had she?" It was said very innocently. "I've just been wondering. You know, just a year after that she went through that wooden causeway at Astoria. Seems to me she's been a little skittish about anything weak ever since of course, it may be just a notion. But remember the time you had putting her er that old viaduct at Kansas City?"

"Say, I almost didn't go on that viadock myself!" snapped the boss bull man. But there was a tinge of greenness beneath his eyes and perceptible white around his lips. "Give her credit for sense!" Then, in an attempt to change the subject: "What's the telegram?"

"Oh, this?" said the menagerie boss abstractedly. "The G. M. told me to hand it to you."

Then he walked on, leaving the boss bull man to stare at the yellow sheet of paper and its prophetic message:

PHOEBE AND PUNKS CLOSING HIPPODROME TODAY TO GIVE TIME TO BREAK IN CIRCUS ROUTINE FOR COLUMBUS EXHIBIT STOP SHIPPING ENTIRE ACT SPECIAL CAR EXPRESS JOIN YOU LOGANSVILLE TUESDAY PROVIDING BULLS CAN HANDLE O K AT ISLAND CITY WITH REST OF HERD OVER BRIDGE STOP RUSH ANSWER SHERMAN HOUSE. ED C WARREN GEN AGT

After the words had stopped dancing, the boss bull man shied through the marquee and onward to where the general manager was sitting on the steps of the treasury wagon.

"What'd you wire the general agent?" he asked

"Told him to send 'em along," came the answer. "Couldn't find you, so I took it up with the menagerie superintendent. He said to send 'em along."

"Oh, he did, did he?" snapped the boss bull man. "Yeh, and I guess he'll take 'em over that suspension bridge!"

"That's what I talked to him about," answered the general manager. "He said there wouldn't be any trouble in getting 'em over; that if you couldn't handle 'em, he'd take the herd over all right."

So that was it! The boss bull man yanked at his cap until it all but obscured his eyes.

"Say, listen," he announced. "I'll take Phœbe and her punks and a dozen more like 'em over that bridge. I don't need no menagerie superintendent to help me. I guess I can run my department!"

Then he stumbled away, muttering under his breath. He'd get 'em over, if he had to carry 'em! But there was a false tone to his confidence. This was something on which he had not counted. Phœbe and her punks—ten baby elephants and a doting old she bull in command that squealed her displeasure at the slightest punishment of any of her wards—this elephantine crew might mean complications. In the first place, they had not been under canvas for more than a year; ever since, in fact, the Old Man had bought them from another circus and sent them forth upon a vaudeville contract until such time as he should need them—such a time, for instance, as the Columbus engagement. More, Phœbe and Mom had never met; both were leaders—one of an entire herd and the other of a crew of youngsters more important to her than all the rest of the pachydermic world put together. The boss bull man looked into the future and groaned; three days later he groaned again. Old Mom and old Phœbe had met—and displayed immediate dislike.

"Stick Phœbe at the other end of the line," said the head bull man mournfully to one of his assistants after the entire morning had been consumed in angry chirrupings, insulting trumpet notes and once a rattling of chains which summoned a dozen assistants to halt impending battle. A moment later he amended the order: "Yeh, and take that round-headed sap with her!"

For another complication had entered. Rajah, pictured on the billboards as the biggest elephant in the world, had watched Phœbe led away, and now was displaying displeasure.

There had been several exchanges of trunk rubbings during the morning—when old Phœbe wasn't quarreling with Old Mom. And Phœbe had found that she could reach over and take some of Rajah's hay if she wanted it—without objection. That Rajah was a philanderer apparently meant nothing to her; she had liked him from the start, and he apparently had liked her. The boss bull man yanked at his cap and jammed his hands into his hip pockets. He looked at Rajah and he looked also at the next elephant, a rounded, pudgy female who already was beginning to roll her eyes in the beginnings of pachydermic anxiety.

"Take him down," he commanded. "And take Frieda with him. Or she'll squeal her head off."

For Frieda, until today, rounded and matronly and chummy, had looked upon Rajah as her own property; they had been stake mates for three years. The assistants went forward to their task, while the boss bull man moved suddenly forward and unhitched the chain which bound Old Mom. He knew a certain rickety bridge on the way to the cars; this was the lull after matinee, and there was time for experimentation.

An hour later he was back, cussing under his breath as he pushed Old Mom into line, and listening with but little attention while an assistant told him that there'd been a bit of a scrap shortly after he'd left. Frieda, it seemed, had tried to take some of Rajah's hay—a thing to which she had been accustomed for years. But this time Rajah had whacked her.

"He stands for it, though, when Phœbe takes it," said the assistant. "And he lets them punks run between his legs as if he liked it."

The boss bull man pressed his lips and looked down the line to where three hulking elephants stood, surrounded by lesser ones. The babies were running loose, cavorting beneath the placid, doting old Phœbe who had mothered them and taught them ever since they had arrived in this country from India, by way of Germany. Nor had they stopped with using old Phœbe as a play base; now they were extending their activities to the legs and trunk and tail of Rajah, who, somewhat surprised and white-eyed, seemed pleased withal. But just then a blast of dust shot outward from the next picket stake and the boss bull man ran forward.

"Grab Frieda!" he shouted. "Hook her up, quick! She'll start lammin' them punks in a minute!"

After that there was considerable shouting and trumpeting and elephantine blasting. At last Frieda stood in still another position, this time in the center of the bull line, with three assistants to whang her with their bull hooks when she became too vociferous.

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From the Rear Came a Tremendous Trumpet Blast. It Was Old Phœbe, Starting Forward to the Protection of Her Young

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The Proposed International Bank

SINCE the report of the international committee on reparations settlement became public, special attention has been drawn to the proposed bank for international settlements. In particular in the financial press abroad, the proposal has been given painstaking consideration, since the subject is obviously of great importance to the European countries. The proposed bank is not designed simply for the period of payment of annuities in settlement of reparations obligations, but is projected to enjoy an indeterminate existence. It would not be merely an institution dealing with settlements growing out of the late war, but would have far wider functions. The board of directors would be drawn from the central banks of the seven reparations countries, with limited representation to other countries and, in particular, explicit provisions for representation by the United States, official or unofficial, as this country should elect. Shareholders, as such, would have no voice in management. It is not designed to limit the holding of shares to nationals of the countries whose banks of issue or other agencies participate in management. The functions of the proposed bank fall under three headings.

Primarily, the bank would function as clearing house and transfer agent for reparations payments. Replacing the agent-general of the Dawes Plan, this function would acquire an added importance with the lapse of payments in kind. Through such a clearing house the international transfers would be made with the widest use of balances and the least use of gold. Competition between debtor countries and others for bills of exchange would be moderated. At the time when, several weeks ago, it seemed possible that, failing ratification of the debt-funding agreement by France, cash payment by France to the United States of four hundred million dollars would be demanded, the possible effect of such a transaction in disturbance of the financial equilibrium was appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not open to question that a clearing house for international annuities is desirable. For this reason it is naturally taken for granted that the various annual debt payments among the several creditor countries would also be transferred through the proposed bank.

Second, the proposed bank would represent a sort of super-international central bank, with a scope of action "scarcely different in its exercise from the use of central bank credit by banks and bankers." Apparently there is no provision for an international rediscount rate, nor would a system of currency be set up with reserves. Instead, the bank would deal with foreign exchanges, maintain a stock of gold, would endeavor to effectuate economy in the monetary use of gold, reduce transshipment of gold and thus avoid the risk and cost of such movement. European commentators tend to imply that out of these functions of the proposed bank would proceed influences operating in the direction of stabilization of the price level. Indeed, international coöperation in the use of gold and in stabilization of the price level is hailed by many as the most important objective of the international bank. We take it, however, that precisely this possibility will be viewed with profound concern by many Americans, who would be reluctant to see American control of American gold reserves in any way, directly or indirectly, subordinated to control by an international bank.

Third, beyond this the international bank would exercise the customary functions of a bank. It would have capital, reserves, surplus, deposits, loan and discount powers; and a scheme of allocation of the bank's profits is provided. One of the uses of profits would be to make payments on behalf of Germany to the creditor countries over the interval of the last twenty-two years of annuity payments. The bank would function as an investment bank; it would employ funds in enterprises wherever desirable, even in backward countries. In short, it would correspond to a reservoir of export capital, possibly in partial replacement of, and in competition with, export of capital by nationals of any country—for example, the United States. The danger of political interference is clearly recognized, and it is provided that the bank shall not interfere with the functions of existing institutions. At the same time, the possibility of abuse is recognized, since it is laid down that the proposed bank shall not "exercise a predominant influence over business interests in any country."

The proposal therefore provides, with definitions and reservations, for a super-transfer agent, a super-clearing house, and a superbank of investment. We do not wish to question the proposal on account of the "super" elements; nor do we feel that the United States would be necessarily on the defensive, whether represented on the bank or not. Whether such a bank would always be used in the interests of international amity may be questioned; the millennium has not yet arrived. So important is the proposal that it deserves on the part of Americans an objective analysis uncolored by prejudice.

Loose-End Government

IN ONE of the installments of his autobiography former Gov. Alfred E. Smith makes an interesting if rather fine distinction in regard to the apathy shown by voters which is so generally deplored. In graphic language he describes the interest taken in elections in earlier days and plainly shows his regret at its decline. But he adds that he is talking about interest in the election itself, and not in the issues and candidates. He then—rather grudgingly, it seems—indicates that in his opinion there has been an increase in interest in the actual issues.

It is certain that numerous recent special elections do not bear out Mr. Smith's point of view. We are not talking about the presidential contest of last autumn, which represents, as it were, the capstone of government and not the underlying structure. On July sixteenth two proposed constitutional amendments came before the voters of Texas. One provided for an increase in the governor's salary from $4000 a year to $10,000 a year, which seems reasonable enough. The other amendment proposed an increase in the number of supreme-court justices. Both proposals were defeated by a large majority, but the last available figures showed that hardly 10 per cent of the voters exercised their suffrage. In the case of a recent city election there were sixty measures on the ballot, a condition that so bewildered voters as to keep them away from the polls. But two simple amendments can hardly be enough to confuse the citizen. His indifference must be based on other grounds.

Another significant case was the special election in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, on June twenty-fifth last. After years of study and popular education on the part of a commission, a metropolitan or federated charter for the one hundred and twenty-odd cities, boroughs and townships in the county was ready for submission to the people. It appealed to those who wanted a Greater Pittsburgh and yet left a large measure of local self-government to the smaller places. But whatever its merits or defects, the proposal brought to the polls only 132,000 voters, although 380,000 cast their ballots in the last presidential election.

The American people, it is true, are very reluctant to change forms of government. There is a feeling of sacredness about the boundaries and units of government; a feeling that what was good enough for the elders is good enough for us; a reluctance to consolidate offices, combine like or similar functions of local government, reorganize town and county governments and unite them. But even this attitude does not quite clear up the matter, for if there were real fear at the proposed reforms, one might expect a larger negative vote to turn out.

In any case, we have a government at loose ends because in local and state matters it does not rest upon a sufficiently broad foundation of suffrage. It is not tied firmly enough to real majorities. It does not fit in with the basic conceptions of democracy. It is true that institutions have a way of adjusting themselves to unfavorable conditions. Through what is known as the lobby, public opinion makes itself felt in part, even if voters stay away from the polls. Trade associations, labor unions, farmers' organizations, women's clubs and church federations provide instruments by means of which group interests register in the actual framing of legislation and the conduct of executive departments.

There is hardly an individual who does not belong to one of these groups. We all have some sort of representation of our vocational or avocational interests at the state and national capitals. But it would be absurd to say that this new order of group representation, lacking as it does any official or organic connection with the constitutional system of government, can take the place of the individual in democracy. What good does it do an individual to be so represented at the state capital, if a vital amendment to the state constitution has failed to pass because only a fraction of the voters turned out? We cannot see how a system of government based solely—as ours is—upon the votes of individuals can be other than at loose ends when so many individuals abdicate. Superstructures are useless unless they rest upon a foundation. A government, no matter how efficient, cannot stand upon thin air.

The British Textile Strike

THE strike of the British cotton workers was due basically to the inability of the industry to combine a high wage scale with a low labor cost. The strike itself was a protest against an announced wage reduction. In the background stands the loss of cotton markets due to the development of textile industries in Japan and India, growing out of the war. The position of the overextended textile plant has been aggravated by changes in styles and the increasing use of rayon and silk. The exports of cotton goods are important to Great Britain as a whole, as well as to the region of Lancashire. There seems to be grounds for the general inference that there are elements of obsolescence in the British textile industry, affecting both management and workers. The items of overhead, upkeep and depreciation are too conspicuous in the cost of the finished product. Management is not sufficiently adaptable. Rationalization is resisted. On the other side, there is sullen resistance, not to be wondered at when one contrasts the wage scale with the cost of living. Reorganization is on both sides admitted as necessary, but the psychology of reorganization, the mobile and adaptive forces, seem lacking. The strike was not an emergency; merely one more stage in a long-drawn controversy. Coal mining and textiles are the weak points in the industrial set-up of Great Britain.

THE BUSINESS BOGEYMAN

By Gilbert Seldes

FOR nearly ten years the writers of America have devoted themselves passionately to the American business man, and now that the writers are in trouble, it seems only fair that the International Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs should return the courtesy. Not that courtesy exactly describes the American novelist's attitude toward the man of business. In the last decade every man who aspired to write the great American novel took a swing at the business man as a matter of course, and it was hard to tell the difference between a novel and a prize fight, because the novels were so "slashing" and "vicious" and "stinging" and landed such "terrific blows" on the shrinking body of the real-estate broker and the manufacturer and the bond salesman. Still, the writers of fiction kept the business man in the limelight.

Now it seems to be all over, and the question for the combined intelligence of all the mercantile and industrial leaders is: "Why have the American authors lost their punch?" Or, more specifically, "Why have they stopped punching the business man?" Whole weeks have passed without a cynical account of the morals of a wringer manufacturer or the table manners of a promoter. After years in which the authors proved their vitality by landing with both fists and both knees on the prostrate form of the typical American banker and gadget manufacturer, they now turn to such effeminate subjects as mystery murders, Chicago rackets, and war.

This is sheer weakness! Because if the American novelist is dropping the attack on the business man, what is the world coming to?

There used to be a carefully supported tradition that artists and women could not understand business and that business men could not understand artists and women. For several generations we have met the American captain of industry dragging through the Louvre and sighing for a good calendar picture or tossing aside the latest—and best—novel in favor of a wheel-and-pulley catalogue. Assuming that the type is true to form, we cannot expect a committee of business men investigating the decline and fall of the American novelist to be interested in literary quality. They will, instead, go right to the point and inquire whether the attack on themselves succeeded or failed, and if it failed, why.

The possibility exists that the American novelist gave up his ten-year war against the business man because he conquered his enemy.

If that is true, we have witnessed one of the greatest reforms of recorded history. The business man, merely by reading a few tons of printed matter, has changed from the low, arrogant fellow, mean-minded and distasteful in all his ways, the crude vulgarian whom we have all met in fiction—into a combination of Galahad, Plato, Shelley, Bernard Shaw and Casanova. A number of personal publicity men would like us to believe that this is so; but the safer assumption is that the business man is more or less what he always has been.

And that's the catch. The real question is whether the fiction writer has ever delivered a faithful account of the business man or has, instead, rigged up a lifelike dummy. My suspicion is that the American novelist has for a long time been shadow boxing—mistaking his own shadow for the business-man bogeyman—and when that grew tiresome, has wired up a dummy so that it looked as real as the real thing and made the proper motions, and took punishment without ever hitting back. Because there was always one decided difference between the business novel and a prize fight: In the fictional attack on the business man, one side did all the punching and—by a coincidence—it was the same side which did all the talking and made all the rules and took all the gate receipts.

The trouble with the business man in fiction is that he was never a man. The fictional figure which represented the business man was dressed in correct clothes and shaved with the latest razor and was appropriately bald in spots and used the most highly publicized tonics—the surface was right in every detail and the whole world recognized the surface. But there was no one underneath. The figure

(Continued on Page 147)

The Defect of All the Angry Novels Was That They Overreached Themselves

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Reporter: "What Were Your Sensations?"

Little Girl Friend: "Do You Really Like These Things to Play With?"
Boy: "No, But Father is a Veteran of the World War—Grandfather, of the Spanish War—and Great-Grandfather, of the Civil War—So What Can I Do?"

Tea—or Something

THE large lady with the tortoise-shell nose glasses, from which hung a black ribbon which mingled with the assortment of beads, scarf and collar at her neck, had been sitting silent, methodically drinking tea and eating sandwiches.

Now she set her cup down, sighed, and turned to the frail lady with the blue eyes, dress and hat to match.

"You know the enormous big telescope they're putting up out West," said the large lady. "I've been reading all about it, and really it's so fascinating. Astrology is so fascinating, don't you think?"

The frail lady looked startled, but recovered immediately, opened her eyes very large and blue, and said: "Oh, yes—yes, indeed. Have you ever had your horoscope read? I did once, and it was marvelous! All about the planets and which is your lucky star, you know? I had this friend who knew a lot about it. It was really uncanny. The way she read my character by the way the stars had grouped themselves at my birth, it really ——"

"Oh, but, my dear, I don't mean that kind at all. This was very scientific. It ——"

"But this was, terribly scientific; it was all figured out in a book, you know: If Mercury is in the ascendant

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A NICKEL IS ALL THE CHANGE I HAVE, DEAR — YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT
I'M GOING TO CHURCH AND I NEED SOME MONEY
I'M ALWAYS BROKE AFTER SATURDAY NIGHT
I SPENT ALL I HAD ON MY PERMANENT YESTERDAY
I GUESS I BETTER GO HIDE MY BANK

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Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

ENDS OF THE EARTH

By Roy Chapman Andrews

Doctor Lee Bargaining for a Hat in the Village at Gata Road on Gilolo Island

Rural Manila, Philippine Islands

THE first town we visited in the East Indies was Menado on the northern tip of Celebes. All of us were enchanted. It was like a village from a picture book; a place for exhibition, not to live in. Great wide streets lined with magnificent trees and feather-leafed palms, perfect little houses, velvet lawns and gorgeous beds of flowers. Roads which seemed to have been newly swept. Natives in brilliant sarongs and scarlet fezzes. Everything neat and clean—"spotless town" if there ever was one. It was a fair sample of all such places in the East Indies; at least all that I saw. A wonderful spot to retire for one's old age, in which to live out the twilight of life and die in a paradise of trees and flowers.

But not a place in which to work. Oh, no, not that! I did not see any white men working. I think they do go to their offices, if such things exist, for a short time in the very early morning. But when the sun is high they retire to the coolness of shaded verandas and darkened bedrooms, there to sleep away the hours of heat. The streets are deserted save for the brown-skinned natives. About five o'clock in the afternoon the white population bestirs itself. Women—mostly extremely fat—in filmy dresses, and men in white-duck clothes, gather at the club or drive about the streets until the soft darkness of the tropic night drops like a stage curtain, shutting out the palms and flowers. But it does not send them off to bed. The night is the time in which to live; the day for sleep. Truly a lotus eater's existence.

Too Tough to Poison

WERE it not for the ubiquitous Chinese merchant precious little business would be done in these toy cities. But he is everywhere with his bland smile and ceaseless industry, ever ready to accumulate the odd guilder of which the Malay is too indolent to think. Many of them have become fabulously rich in rubber and other ventures. It was rumored that fortunes had been made in opium, but I saw no smoking. The ordinary Malay prefers the more harmless but disgusting betel nut. Wrapped in a bit of green leaf with a pinch of lime, the nut is chewed by man, woman and child. Some of the girls were exceedingly pretty, but the red-stained lips marred their beauty.

We spent only a few hours in Menado and then were off to a tiny coral island in the great gulf. I landed and shot a score of birds, all new to my collection. That night I sat in the laboratory until long after midnight skinning out the specimens. But it was wasted effort, all because of a goat!

That wretched beast was the ship's mascot. It had been on the Albatross for nine years—three full cruises. At the end of each three years it was solemnly mustered out, given a huge feed of cigarette papers, which were its especial delight, and then signed on for another cruise. A stiff white collar about the neck and a green tie were its uniform on such important occasions. The animal had the run of the entire ship. Even the captain's cabin and the officers' wardroom were not inviolate. It was bad form to be annoyed even when one found one's shoes partly eaten or a shirt minus a sleeve. Nothing was safe. The brute could tread as softly as a cat on occasion, and that was always when it was up to some particularly devilish trick.

The night when I was laboring over my birds in the laboratory, as each one was skinned I tossed it behind me into a box. At last they were done and, half asleep, I prepared to cover them lightly with wet sand for safe-keeping until morning. To my amazement, the box was empty. Even the last bird I had skinned was gone. On deck I heard just the faintest sound, and dashed out in time to see the goat disappearing toward the forecastle. He had devoured them all, and even though they were well dusted with arsenic he was not even ill!

The little island of Ternate, not far from the coast of New Guinea, was an interesting stop. I climbed the subactive volcano, a beautiful, regular cone, 5600 feet above sea level.

On the way up I felt as though I was going through a grocer's shop, for the lower slopes of the mountain are covered with pepper, nutmeg, clove and cacao trees. Long before reaching the summit I could hear the roaring of steam from the crater, over which hung a beautiful white cloud shot through with yellow streaks. I had a good look into the giant pit and then went down.

The captain was much exercised when he found that I had been to the top, for the officials had warned him not to let anyone go to the crater. Often the shifting winds suddenly swirl the sulphur cloud about the summit. If a man happened to be there he would be instantly suffocated. But I had had luck, as usual. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Everyone was madly buying paradise birds at Ternate. The price rose alarmingly upon our arrival, but still the finest birds could be had for less than five dollars. At that time, in America, they were worth forty or fifty dollars.

Not long after leaving Ternate one of the sailors appeared on deck roaring drunk. He was promptly put in the brig until he sobered up, but a few days after his release it happened again. The same performance was repeated frequently during the next month. All efforts of the officers to discover where he got the stuff were unavailing. The other bluejackets swore solemnly that they did not know and the captain became convinced that they were telling the truth. Finally men were detailed to watch the inebriate night and day. For a long time he eluded his chaperons, but finally they caught him. Can you imagine what he had been doing? Stealing into the laboratory during the night and drinking the alcohol out of a huge jar filled with snakes and lizards!

The Author in Korean Dress

On the Back Trail

AT BOURU we met with the first unfriendliness from natives. It is a large, heavily forested island only partially explored. Two of us went ashore and penetrated far inland. We found three or four Malay villages, but all had been deserted hurriedly. Fires were left smoking and food half eaten. Not a native could we see. Still, we had the uncomfortable feeling that eyes were always peering at us from the blackness of the jungle. I was sure of it. My nerves were on edge and I tried every trick of woodcraft which I knew to catch our pursuers, but in vain. Only, once or twice, I saw a bush sway unnaturally or found freshly cut vines or twigs. We expected to feel an arrow or a spear in the back every moment. Nothing happened and we pushed on while those unseen phantom figures hovered on our flanks. I liked it less and less. We knew enough about Malay habits to be very careful on the way back. The trail produced just what we had expected: Poisoned bamboo stakes with needle-sharp points, cleverly concealed in the undergrowth of the path. They were at exactly the right height and angle to catch us in the thighs. One deep gash would have doomed a man to pushing clouds for all eternity. The natives often get deer and pigs that way.

Abruptly quitting the trail, we cut through the jungle to a stream some distance on the left and worked down it in the water. Never were we without that devilish, creepy feeling of being watched by unseen eyes, until we reached the safety of the open beach.

Christmas was spent at Macassar in the Celebes. I don't think I will ever forget that day or the head I had next morning. Word was sent to the club that we would keep open ship for all the foreign residents. Cocktails were served in the wardroom and there was real ice. The hospitable Dutchmen had had neither ice nor cocktails for many moons and they came in droves all through the day. For

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(Continued from Page 32)

the honor of the ship someone had to be there to entertain each new group. The executive officer arranged us in shifts, but few of us lasted till dark. Afterward, we always referred to it as the Battle of Macassar.

The governor invited the captain, doctor and myself to a crocodile shoot next day. I did not get any crocodiles. I couldn't hit them! Not after the previous day's battle! Neither could the captain. The doctor killed a big fellow, but it was not his fault. The croc was lying on a high bank asleep. He looked like a lump of gray mud in the mangroves, but the native's sharp eyes saw him instantly. Sliding the canoe close to the bank, he whispered:

"*Bwana*, there, right above us. See, he sleep. You shoot him in head."

That was good advice and the doctor tried to follow it. But he wasn't at his best that morning and the bullet caught the croc midway of the tail. Things happened instantly. The reptile made a wild spring into the air and came back into the water in a beautiful dive. It landed on the bamboo outrigger of the canoe and kept on coming, mouth open.

"*Bwana*, shoot, shoot! He eat you!" screamed the Malay.

He would have eaten him, too; there is no doubt about that. The doctor frantically worked the bolt of his rifle and crammed a shell into the chamber just in time. Shoving the barrel right between the gaping white jaws, he pulled the trigger. The back of the croc's head suddenly disappeared, for a dumdum bullet admits of no argument when it hits bone. The doctor could touch the reptile's head where it sank down alongside the canoe. I was only a short distance away and paddled up to find the medico still sitting in the canoe wondering just what had happened. The croc didn't really mean to do any damage, I'm sure, but the bullet in his tail sort of unsettled his mental reactions. He just jumped and happened to land on the canoe. The natives seemed awfully keen to have the crocodiles killed, for I believe they do get a good many people each year. It would be a spooky death to be quietly dragged under water by an unseen force when one was fording a stream.

Like the Man Who Caught the Bear

FOR me, every day of the cruise was filled to the brim with interest and excitement. To drop off on little uninhabited coral islands which, perhaps, had been visited but a few times even by natives; to explore them and collect strange birds and animals which I had read about but never seen; to be working in the ship's laboratory, where there were always new creatures from the ocean depths—all this kept me living in a dream world. There never were enough hours to do half the things I wanted to do. There never have been enough hours since.

When we returned to the Philippines, I learned something about which I had always been curious. Why is it that sailors, at the end of a cruise, often want to raise Cain and spend every cent of the money they have worked so hard to make? I found out because that was just what I wanted to do. We had been away so long that every shop looked enticing, every girl was beautiful, all music was intoxicating. The contrast and the sudden change upset our sense of values. Moreover, we were happy to be back and we had to show it or burst. It is this that sends a sailor off on a wild orgy during his first shore leave. By the time the contrast and newness wear off, his money is gone, and he is a sadder but not a wiser man. For the chances are he will do it all over again after his next cruise.

The Head and Part of the Body of a Crocodile in the Dutch East Indies

I have had enough long absences from civilization to conduct my celebrations with a certain amount of judgment, but I must confess that the inclination is there, almost as strong as ever. It is a natural human outlet, just as a volcano explodes when too much steam has accumulated.

The Albatross left Manila in January and steamed northward, dredging on the way. She touched at the Loochoo Islands, that forgotten kingdom of the East—a kingdom once so important that Commodore Perry considered it almost as necessary to make a treaty with its ruler as with the Emperor of Japan. We saw the picturesque old Shuri Palace where the treaty had been signed.

Then northward to Formosa. Only three stops on that little-known island, for the Japanese were having such difficulty in subduing the wild head hunters that they would not allow us to go far inland. The Japanese official who came out to the ship from a tiny village on the southern tip of Formosa looked indescribably funny. His boat consisted of a washtub fastened to a bamboo raft. He sat in the tub dressed in full uniform—gold lace, white gloves, sword and all the rest. He tried to look dignified, but it just couldn't be done. When I went ashore to collect birds he insisted that I have a guard of Japanese soldiers. One cannot make much headway shooting with a detachment of soldiers trailing along behind, and I had to give it up.

At the tiny village of Lao-an we got some enormous sea turtles as large as barrels; also cakes of camphor. The place smelled so strongly of camphor that the odor was wafted to us even when the ship was well out in the bay. Lao-an is about one hundred miles south of Kilung, if I remember correctly, but the Albatross nearly went down with all hands on board before we got there.

One of the typhoons that incubate off the Philippine coast got loose and picked upon us as a likely victim. It swept up with amazing suddenness, catching us when we were halfway to Kilung. I had always wanted to experience a typhoon, but never again! In the beginning we passed a small, low-lying British gunboat. She sent a man aft, presumably to hoist her colors. I was watching through my binoculars and saw a great sea suddenly lap over her stern, sweeping the man off the deck like a straw. It was pretty awful seeing that man disappear so quickly into the boiling white waves! Neither did it help our peace of mind, for all of us had begun to realize that the gallant old Albatross might not make it. In a few hours we ourselves might feel the strangling water closing over our heads. I had often wondered how I would act in such an emergency. I can't remember exactly what my feelings were, but I don't think I was frightened. No one seemed to be. A tense calmness pervaded the whole ship. We were fighting a battle for life against the elements, and the odds were on their side. There was very little talking, for it was difficult to hear above the shrieking gale and crashing water.

Not a Bit Too Soon

WE WERE headed directly into the seas, which broke over the bow and swept the deck every time the ship dove into one of the mountainous waves. A mile away, sheer cliffs rose like a wall above a narrow beach, smothered in white foam. It was a dangerous place, but the captain did not dare head out to sea; apparently he thought that our one hope lay in beating against the rising typhoon to Kilung, only twenty miles away. Yet for a time it seemed that the safe harbor might just as well be a thousand miles distant, for we could not even hold our own against the storm. But foot by foot the old ship crept forward, sometimes losing more than she had gained, but always coming back for another attack at the smashing waves.

Just as night closed in we saw lights on our port bow. An hour later the Albatross limped into the outer harbor, battered and smashed, but game to the last. Outside, the typhoon roared past, increasing in violence every minute. Next morning, during the half-hour run to the inner harbor, the starboard engine gave way. Had that happened before we reached shelter nothing could have saved us. It was because he knew the weakness of that particular engine that the captain had not dared to ride out the storm on the high seas.

The Albatross had been so badly treated that we lay at Kilung several days making repairs; then she steamed slowly northward to Nagasaki. During my first walk through the market place of the little city I made a great discovery: Whale meat was being sold in half a dozen shops! I knew in a vague way that shore whaling was being conducted in Japan, but this tangible evidence gave

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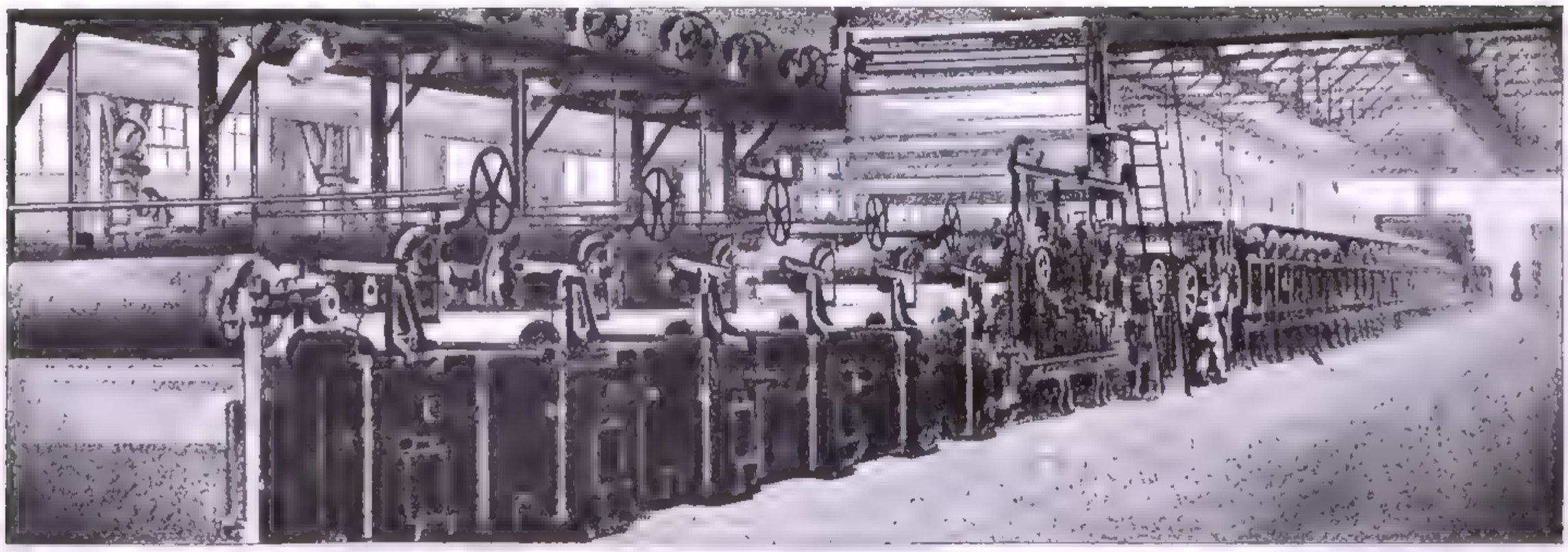
Native Canoes Off Makian in the Dutch East Indies



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THE LAST GLADIATOR

By W. O. McGEEHAN

John L. Sullivan

IN THE lobby of the new Madison Square Garden in New York there hangs a life-size chromo of the theatrical version of the Roman gladiator before a gaudily colored back drop of the Colosseum. It is captioned: The Noblest Roman; a title which has been bestowed quite prodigally in the world of professional sport. The late John L. Sullivan was one of the "noblest Romans." Mr. Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago White Sox, is a surviving "noblest Roman."

A more fitting title for this antique work of art which ornaments the entrance to the temple to Fistiana which Tex Rickard left to his own memory might be The Noblest of the Noble Romans; for the figure in the foreground is that of William A. Muldoon.

Age and tradition have dignified that chromo. The attitude of the figure indicates defiance of the mob and a contempt for all human weakness. Fifty years ago the original defied not only the Roman mob night after night, in that sterling drama, "Spartacus," but the world in general.

Under this chromo, on fight nights, groups of rat-eyed, furtive young men gather and whisper. These are the fight fans or, as they used to call them in the pre-Queensberry days, the "gentlemen of the fancy." They are not the romantic characters of Conan Doyle's Rodney Stone. Most of them look as though they might be classed in the category of the racketeers, if you do not care to use the softer term of "sporting characters."

The Old Red-Lantern Man

SUDDENLY there is a scattering of the sporting characters. They drop their cigarettes and look just a little more shifty and uneasy as an elderly gentleman walks through the lobby with a firm tread and looking around him with a piercing blue eye. This is the Noblest of the Noble Romans in the flesh, William A. Muldoon, athletic commissioner of the state of New York and known in his own domain—Olympia, at Purchase, New York—as Professor Muldoon.

As he passes briskly under the chromo, Commissioner Muldoon flashes one glance up at the Muldoon that was—Muldoon, the Solid Man. The hair of the living gladiator is white and his closely cropped mustache is white, but the frame of the elder Muldoon is quite as erect as that of the gladiator of half a century ago, and the same light of defiance blazes from his eyes.

He sniffs the smoke-laden air angrily and his expression indicates contempt for the hangers-on in the lobby. Of all human weaknesses, Muldoon despises most the addiction to tobacco. He would hold no conversation with a man smoking a cigarette. Inside, on fight nights, they may not smoke. It is not the law, but it is Muldoon's will.

When Tex Rickard designed the temple to Fistiana he installed a ventilation system which would blow away the smoke clouds. He might have saved the expense, for Muldoon, as athletic commissioner, ruled that there would be no smoking on fight nights. When Rickard demurred, he was told that if he did not enforce this personal and private ruling he would not be granted a license.

Rickard concluded that it would not be well for him to incur the wrath of Muldoon, so the Solid Man's personal and private ordinance is enforced by the Garden's special police, since the police and fire departments of New York City have no authority or jurisdiction. Neither has Muldoon, for that matter, but it is his will.

If the Muldoon of today were to peel off that well-cut dark blue suit and emerge from his dressing room in the garments of the figure in the chromo, his frame would show nothing of the ravages of time. The muscles that rippled under a pink and white skin when he strained against the stage Spartacus have not shrunk. The elder gladiator hardly is more than a few pounds heavier or lighter than the gladiator of the pasteboard arena. Muldoon is a living testimonial for his doctrine—physical fitness.

He still can rise at six in the morning and ride through his own estates twenty-five miles or more. And on his last birthday Muldoon was eighty-four. He expects to be going through his same routine at ninety-four and after that.

He preaches fiercely against the tendencies that are softening up the race. He is pessimistic as to the future in the hands of a generation that cannot and does not do a reasonable amount of road work in the mornings and cannot protect itself under the Marquess of Queensberry rules as modified by the New York State Boxing Commission, of which he is the most earnest member.

His great aversion and his great fear is the gin drinking, cigarette smoking potential mother of the coming generation. He is so concerned and so saddened over this reflection that he sometimes is consoled only by the thought that he will not see this generation. The present is bad enough. But he has done his best for it and angels could do no more.

Once, at a dinner given by Tex Rickard to the sporting fraternity, he expounded his gospel and explained his mission. He was the old "red-lantern man," he said, "who went around at night placing the red danger signals at the perilous points in the development of the nation."

Then he drifted to the subject of boxing—he becomes enraged when it is called prize fighting or by some flippant term such as "the cauliflower industry." Red lanterns had to be hung up for boxing. It had been uplifted, but it was in grave peril because of the softening effect of the large purses.

I regret to say that the sporting fraternity for the most part yawned the more openly the more earnest the "red-lantern man" became. Muldoon, the venerable gladiator, idealizes the ring. It is his notion that American manhood is to be salvaged only according to the modified Marquess of Queensberry rules or the rules for Greco-Roman wrestling, of which he himself was the most distinguished example half a century ago.

He was the mentor of John L. Sullivan, the first champion under the Marquess of Queensberry rules, and the mentor of the last American champion, Gene Tunney. It sounds ominous to say "the last American champion," but it seems that it may turn out that way. Our prize-fighting material has so deteriorated, probably because of lack of heed to the warnings of the "red-lantern man," that the catastrophe so dreaded by the sporting writers seems imminent—the passing from the United States of the world's heavyweight championship. It seems quite possible now that when they crown the next heavyweight champion the crowds at the ringside will not be able to utter that pious remark of John L. Sullivan when he was lifted from his haunches after being knocked out by James J. Corbett: "Thank God he is an American."

The Iron Duke of Fistiana

THE living gladiator has now reached such an advanced age that he has become almost a legendary figure, seeming to date back to the days when the Colosseum and not the new Madison Square Garden was young. In the sporting way he is older than the American game of baseball. He is a figure of many sides—but all with the same fetish—physical fitness. He has lived through many ages of professional sport and always played a commanding part, as he still does. The will of the Iron Duke still is felt all over the world in the prize-fight game.

He was born on an upstate farm in New York in 1845, three years before gold was discovered in California and three score years before Tex Rickard discovered vast

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William Muldoon, "the Noblest Roman of Them All," as a Gladiator

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OVER THE RIVER

Continued from Page 27

"Let her squeal!" growled the bull boss, and continued to stand, cap low over his eyes, hands jammed in his hip pockets, scowling in the direction of Old Mom. That test of the rickety bridge had failed. The wrinkled old herd leader had carefully raised one foot and tested the structure. Then she had backed up and refused to budge. At any other time the bull boss would have called it sagacity; right now, however, he was interested in nothing but implicit obedience. It was at this moment that a candy butcher halted in front of the elephant line and the boss bull man strode forward with an inspiration.

"Hey, what you doin' with that apple? Old Mom's off sweets!"

That night the bull boss stationed an assistant at the head of the picket line to warn visitors. Other elephants might have apples. They might have peanuts and popcorn and bits of candy, but not Old Mom. There was no explanation; least of all did Old Mom understand. It was not her only thorn.

Everything had been all right until Phœbe arrived with those punks. It galled Old Mom that another elephant should come into her monarchy with ideas of supremacy; naturally, rivalry had arisen, and dislike. As for Old Mom, she could only credit the fact that she was being denied her usual apples, candies and dainties because of the arrival of this new disturbing element or group of elements which kept the bull line in squealing turmoil most of the time. One morning as Phœbe passed, with her ten punks squealing and grunting about her, Old Mom flattened her ears, took careful aim, swirled her trunk and handed Phœbe a whack that sent her staggering before she could stiffen herself for rebuttal—at which time a dozen bull men intervened. That brought a bellow from Rajah, down the line, struggling to go to the aid of a new friend, while the dumpy Frieda squealed protests and the whole bull line began to trumpet and fidget. The bull boss expressed himself by taking away Mom's hay for that day and whacking her over the trunk with his bull hook, after which he went to a shady side of the menagerie and cussed.

Somewhat desperately, he had been thinking lately of suggesting to the management that the entire bull line be pulled out and routed specially into Columbus without ever going to Island City. But he was forced to give that up. In the first place, there would be the expense of a special run; secondly, Island City meant too much money. The elephant acts of the Grand Amalgamated were one of its great drawing cards; they would be as essential for every performance at Island City as they would be at Columbus. So, in his odd moments, the head bull man packed up his belongings and pawed over various souvenirs, deciding who should receive Old Mom's tooth that she'd had pulled at Akron, and the piece of ivory he'd sawed off Rajah last winter—an old showman usually makes presents of this kind when he's leaving a beloved job. But to the outside world:

"Everything's coming along fine," he told the general manager, three days before they struck Island City. They had met just in front of the main entrance. "They're rounding out fine. Rounding out fine!" he said in a much louder tone as a commingling of squeals, grunts and trumpetings came from the bull line, hidden behind the wall of canvas. "Old Mom'll have 'em just where she wants 'em by the time we hit that bridge."

The general manager wiped his forehead.

"I hope so," he said. "The menagerie superintendent doesn't seem very happy with the way things have turned out. He says Phœbe and her punks haven't been handled right. He's been talking, you know, about getting the bulls over the bridge if you couldn't, but he says now that he washes his hands of the whole mess."

"Oh, he does, does he?" asked the bull boss. "Of course he never intended to do that in the beginning. Well, I tell you something he won't wash his hands of—gettin' somebody to fill my shoes if I make a flop at the bridge. That pie-faced kid of his has been working bulls over on the Robinson show and knows all there is to know about elephants by this time; he's been there two years now. He won't wash his hands about recommending him if he gets a chance. But he won't get no chance. Because there ain't going to be no flop, and there's my job on it!"

Then he hurried back into the menagerie tent, where four men were dragging Frieda back into line and hammering down an extra stake for her, while another assistant was bathing the right eye of her placid stake mate Bosco. Frieda had become exceedingly testy of late. But all the boss bull man did about it was to walk to Old Mom and give her a kick on the shins. The bull boss had intended to lead around to something in that conversation with the general manager—the possibility of cutting the elephants out of the night show at Island City and getting them over the bridge in daylight. But that was out of the question now. Slowly, very slowly, the day went by, and two more after that. They were in Island City.

Two things struck the bull boss with premonitory force as he climbed out of his car that morning. One was the crowds—crowds everywhere—beside the railroad tracks, at the unloading runs, along the route to the circus grounds. Snack stands had been set up everywhere; the streets were thronged with automobiles which bore the marks of country mud; there were teams and farm wagons and buggies, rare these days—all these things presaged more than mere turn-away performances. They meant extra shows, one following the other, with only an interval long enough to empty the tent and fill it again. No chance now, the bull boss knew, to take the elephants out of the night performances.

That was one thing, and it was disheartening. But there was something worse—a hot, humid stickiness to the air, a lack of breeze, a weighing down of the atmosphere which the boss bull man had felt many times before in his years in the open, and had come to regard with apprehension. Anxiously he looked at the cloudless skies; they were too bright, he thought, too brilliant. Then he forgot the weather, except to wipe hurriedly at the sweat band of his hat as he ran to the circus grounds. A call had gone forth for a noon performance and, simultaneously, there had come word of another fight in the bull line. There was turmoil for the rest of the morning.

Turmoil followed in the afternoon, but this time it concerned the rush of performances, one railroaded to a conclusion only that another might start. Island City had not seen a circus for ten years; the main-show crowds did not even leave the hot, dusty lot; lingering there, instead, once they had seen the big show, to jam about the concession stands, to flood into the kid show and crowd the Ten-in-One. Everywhere was the orderly confusion that only a circus can know when it is in the throes of extra performances—performers hurrying to and from the pad room, grooms bustling about, band men dropping out from their work in ones and twos that they might rest their lips for the extra job of double, even triple, work. The noon performance passed and the 1:30 performance followed. Three o'clock brought still another show, and 4:30; at last, at six o'clock, there came a lull, with the cookhouse triangle clanging and performers hurrying from the dressing tent, still in costume, that they might eat hurriedly and return for the job of making up for two more shows that night. But the head bull man did not eat.

He looked at the sky as he rounded out under the menagerie side wall, Old Mom following somewhat wonderingly behind him. There was a showing of coppery-colored clouds in the east, and a slight touch of wind on his cheek; the head bull man long ago had come to hate coppery-colored clouds at evening. The air seemed to have become heavier too. The bull boss felt it in his lungs as he moved at a dog trot off the lot, his hook caught lightly in the trunk of the obedient Old Mom, and headed up the street leading to the bluffs and ultimately toward that thing which now meant his every aim and obstacle in life—the suspension bridge.

Ten blocks and they were there at last, to halt at the incline of the long, eerie-appearing structure, its span rising high above the murky Ohio, its cables seeming strangely thin and threadlike to the head bull man as he caught tighter at the hook and urged Old Mom forward for a practice effort. The ancient elephant chirruped and reduced her step to a grudging one, finally to halt at the threshold and run her trunk with its delicate feelers along the beginning of the platform. Again she chirruped, and raising a foot, pressed it upon the structure. Then she drew back. Ten years can do a great deal in the growth of caution. The head bull man moved out upon the bridge and reached for a pocket.

"Come on, Mom, old gal!" he coaxed and held forth his hand. It contained a shining apple. The eyes of the ancient elephant whitened. She waved her trunk slowly from side to side. She opened her mouth and her tongue rolled; it had been days since she had tasted an apple. Again the bull boss coaxed, and again. Then he sighed with heavy relief. Old Mom stood on the bridge, her piggy eyes rolling in delight; an apple was on the way to her stomach. The bull boss reached for another.

"Come on, Mom, old gal!" he pleaded. After a time they stood on the center of the bridge. And after a longer time they were on the other side. The bull boss ran for a grocery store and, leaving Old Mom to the gaze of the crowds outside, spent two dollars for everything from bananas to chewing candy. Then he took Old Mom back to the bridge.

Out he went with her and back again, where he fed her a lollypop. Out again and back again, once, twice, a dozen times, cajoling her, flattering, petting—and feeding her, once he had brought her back to the Ohio side. Then, at last, he led her to the very center of the bridge and halted. Old Mom chirruped. She waved her big ears and rolled her trunk. Finally she pulled back against the touch of his bull hook, in pleading to return to the Ohio side.

"At-a-baby!" said the bull boss, and took her back. At last it had sunk in that on the Ohio side of this flimsy-appearing structure there were candy and apples and bananas and everything else that an elephant, denied for days, could desire. The bull boss took her back and fed her gloriously. But the next time he didn't, and he whistled as he yanked at the bull hook when she demurred once more in the center of the bridge. So Old Mom wouldn't go over that bridge, eh? The bull boss chuckled as he trotted off the shaky structure with her and headed back to the lot. But as he reached the top of the hill leading to the lowlands, he halted and wiped a hand at his forehead. Those coppery clouds had massed in greater formation now. The breeze was stiffer. And down on the circus lot the stake gangs were out, driving the reserve stakes while the storm-hitch crew tightened the guy ropes. There was a white ring about the bull boss' mouth as he reached the circus grounds, just in time to shove Old Mom into formation for the opening pageant. The ring became even whiter as he went through the connection and into the big top for the performance. Semidarkness had come all in a moment. The canvas was bellying; from the distance had come the rumble of thunder.

Then there was a lightning flash, answered immediately by the circus as the engineer threw the starting switch of the lighting plant, sending the big arcs of the show lot into action. It helped but little; thunder was racing the heavens now, wind was whipping at the eaves of the canvas, causing the ruffled drop sides to slap and clatter. Soon rain was slashing and dripping through the seam lacings. The band played louder and the air calliope swung into action to swell the volume. But the drums of the heavens were heavier; roll upon roll of thunder burst forth; the canvas swayed and slapped with the reverberation of a hundred shotguns.

Outside, the show lot had become a stricken thing; horses struggling in their harness; teamsters, their slickers thrown hastily over their heads, shouting from their high seats and fingering the reins desperately as they strove to move into loading position against the dangers of scurrying crowds which dodged and ran before them. Out of the main tent came the bull boss, followed by twenty-nine elephants, suddenly timorous and whining. The general manager waited in the connection.

"Everything's off for the second show!" he shouted. "Tail up those elephants and get 'em over that bridge. We're going to play in luck if we load out even now. This lot's clay, and it's running rivers!"

"Tail 'em up! Tail 'em up!" The bull boss' command echoed down the line even before the herd was well out of the big top. "Tail 'em up there! Bring Frieda up here next to Old Mom. Slip Rajah in the middle and bring up the rear with Phœbe and her punks. Tail 'em up!"

The formation was executed in the clatter of the menagerie tent only after volunteers had been called from the rush of other work. Panic was in the eyes of the bull herd; the trumpetings of Old Mom were frequent and irascible as she bellowed her commands from the head of the line and drove back the frightened beasts which sought to cluster about her. A herd feels that there is some strange, magic formula of safety in the proximity of its queen when thunder is rolling and the quarter poles begin to dance. Time after time the head bull man and his assistants forced the hulking brutes into line, only to have them break again. But at last, squealing, heads low, each trunk extended to the tail of the beast before it, the herd was tailed up and the sweating bull boss gave the command for movement.

Forward went Old Mom, ears flat as she faced the gale, and her muscles tensed; to the bull boss she seemed strangely like a gigantic engine, exerting its every force in the giving of momentum to dead weight behind. For the steps of the elephants behind her lagged; they obeyed with protesting grudgery the prodding of the bull men, as the marching line was steadily driven into faster action. But at last it was fully in motion; past the dripping draft teams, waiting just within the flapping side walls to hitch on to the cage wagons for the haul to the loading runs; past soiled concessionaires in mud-splotched white, running about feverishly in their efforts to tear down the inside juice joints, past the cages of screaming beasts, past the jerky quarter poles and out under the streaming eaves, went the long, ponderous line, into the slash and whip of the storm and the slime of the circus lot.

Here more men joined those who marched beside the whimpering, flat-eared beasts, for here began danger. An elephant is a captive only so long as he submits; nothing else can hold him. And if this line should break on the way to the runs, if panic should come, if the constant cries of the bull men should fail or the trumpeted assurance of the faithful Old Mom relax as

she plodded along, her great head lowered against the storm—if any of these things should happen, then the money that Island City had thrown into the treasury of the Grand Amalgamated would count but little. Damages mount swiftly when an elephant runs amuck. But the greasy, wet clay of the circus lot was passed, the bent flame of the first guide torch, streaming with the wind, was reached, and the line still held. It was about this time that the bull boss became aware of a shadowy figure walking beside him. It was the menagerie superintendent.

"Don't you think you'd better put some more men back with those punks?" he asked anxiously. Another job besides that of the bull boss hung in the balance now. Those punks were the least experienced; they might be the first to break. And if they did, the blame would come to the man who had brought them to the circus. "They're squealing a good deal!" shouted the menagerie superintendent above the storm. "What do you think?"

"Go to hell!" snapped the bull boss, and, whirling, surveyed his long, shadowy charges. "Mile up there, Mom!" he shouted. "Keep goin', old gal! Hey, you, back there; prod Bosco into line! Don't let 'em swing out like that! Rajah! Pick it up there! . . . Hey, you! Give old Phœbe the hook! What's the idea of hangin' back? We've got ten blocks to go yet!"

Ten blocks they went—ten nervous, slow blocks—with the arc lights flickering eerily overhead and the rain lashing anew. At last Old Mom halted and, raising her trunk, sent forth a high-pitched, querulous note. Before her, vague and filmy in the light of the storm-dimmed beacons, set at each end and the center, stood the bridge. The bull boss swung to the side of his herd queen and reached for a pocket.

"All right, Mom!" he snapped. "All right now! Pick it up!"

The great animal hesitated. She ran forth her trunk and swept eddies of moisture from a puddle at the bridge platform. She sent forth a hoof and tested her weight. The bull boss ran a few steps before her and held forth a hand.

"Come on, Mom!" he begged. "Pick it up, old gal! How about some candy, eh? At-a-baby! Pick it up!"

For Old Mom's ears had raised and her trunk had straightened. The candy had traveled to her pink mouth and disappeared. Then she had chirruped with memory and happiness—a happiness that shut out even the slashing attack of the storm. On the other side lay Utopia. She went forward, step by step, while the bull boss coaxed and cajoled and fed her again, and while a dozen cries went up from the rear:

"Frieda! Frieda, you! Pick it up there! Tails! Tails, Frieda! Pick it up!"

"Easy, Mom!" shouted the bull boss, and halted her. For they were alone on the bridge—the bull boss and his herd queen. Frieda had failed to follow. Now a score of voices were shouting, and to the slash of the rain and whine of wind was added the sodden sound of hickory hook butts slapping against leathery skin. The whole line, once Frieda had dropped the tail of the elephant before her, had done likewise.

Patiently they tailed up the entire herd again, from the punks at the rear on to the trumpeting, fussy old Phœbe, anxious as a setting hen over her squealing brood. Then onward to Bosco and Fannie and Rajah and Major; still onward to Mamie and Pete and Jerry and Bill; only to halt that they might go back and do it over again. At last the line was stable once more, and the bull boss swung his hook to Old Mom's trunk, leading her away from the bridge. She chirruped a protest.

"Cut the squawkin'!" grouched the bull boss. "We're coming back!"

Around the block they went, the herd following, and back to the bridge again. This time Mom did not stop to test it; she knew her surroundings now. More, the other side was associated in her mind with dainties and pleasures. But on the bridge they halted. Again had come the exaspered cry:

"Frieda! Frieda, you old fool! Tail up there!"

The bull boss wiped his dripping hands and took a new grip on his hook. He whirled Old Mom about and moved her off the bridge.

"All right, old gal!" he commanded, shoving her toward Frieda. "Give the poor sap the works. Pick it up, Mom!"

That command can mean anything in elephant language. Right now it meant chastisement for a member of the herd which had rebelled, and Old Mom was in the frame of mind to give it. Once more the bull boss commanded her, and Old Mom raised her trunk. Like the crack of a tremendous blacksnake whip, she sent it curling outward, to slap damply against the unprotesting Frieda and knock her forward. Frieda whimpered and squealed. But she would not go on that bridge.

"Bring up Rajah!" commanded the bull boss, and again, with a new lieutenant behind, Old Mom essayed a march that ultimately led to the portals of the eerie, spiderlike structure. But Rajah rebelled also, and Bosco and Fannie, two other dependables. There was a queer tremble about the structure which transmitted fear through the pressure of a foot; pachydermic caution, heightened by the slimy appearance of the structure, the terror of storm and of darkness held every elephant but Old Mom at bay.

Wagons were ganging up in the semi-darkness of two blocks away. Bosses had arrived. Teamsters had left their seats to come forward, cursing the delay. At last the bull boss gave a new order, for a massing of the elephants at the bridge, out of formation.

"Maybe Old Mom can hornswoggle one of them to following her," he announced as the tremendous yet timorous creatures milled and protested about him. "All right, old gal! Try it again! Pick it up now! Let's go!"

He touched her with the hook and out on the bridge she went, trumpeting happily. This time, maybe, they were going over. But ten feet on the trembling structure they halted anew. Not a bull had followed, although hooks had sunk deep and shouting men had done their utmost to shove them forward. Back came Old Mom, somewhat grumpily. Again she was started; this time with Phœbe tailed behind her. But at the first board of the bridge Phœbe let go and Mom came back again. This was becoming unpleasant. The bull boss' supply of apples and candy had been scanty. Over the river were sweets in plenty. She started again, and once more she came back. Suddenly the bull boss shouted:

"Get them punks out of the way! Can't you see Old Mom's losin' her temper? She'll start slappin' in a minute. We'll have elephants all over town. All right, old gal! Try it again. Pick it up there!"

This time Major was tailed behind, and Major did not let go. He merely hung on and braced all four feet, trumpeting wildly. Old Mom came to a full halt. She swung about, her eyes showing white in the light of the arcs. Her ears raised and fell. Her trunk swirled and swung viciously, flattening against Major's head and sending him scrambling back, straight into the crew of punks, now huddled squealing about the flustered Phœbe. Instantly they scattered and the bull boss shouted anew:

"Hold 'em! Hold 'em there! Hey, Mom, leave Major alone! Leave him alone, I say! Pick it up there!"

And Old Mom obeyed! But what she picked up was the shrieking form of the smallest of the punks which had scampered between her legs, only to feel the curl of her trunk, as angry, petulant, she raised the squirming baby and held it high above her head. From the rear came a tremendous trumpet blast. It was old Phœbe, starting forward to the protection of her young. The bull boss took a long chance.

"Mom! Hold it! Mile up there!" He drove his hook deep and Old Mom sprang forward, still with the punk screeching in her trunk. "Hold it!" shouted the bull boss. "We're going over!"

Then, with his heart pounding, he ran beside her, prodding her, exhorting her, while Old Mom obeyed gladly. This time it was not a false start.

"Yes; They Advertised Me as a St. Bernard Last Week Before I Got Sick—and Put This New Card Over Me After I Lost My Appetite"

Twenty-five feet they went upon the bridge. Fifty feet, while a slight sway began to develop with the swiftness of their movement. The bull boss, his teeth chattering, looked over his shoulder. Into the circle of light at the bridge entrance had come a hulking, bellowing form, plunging forward now with no thought of danger, and behind her scrambled nine punks. Phœbe struck the bridge with a crash; the bull boss felt the tremor fifty feet ahead of her. On she plunged, for two steps, three and four and five, then suddenly she slowed her pace. For she, too, had felt the tremble; a gusty sigh shot over the white lips of the bull boss. Squealing and blasting, old Phœbe still came forward. But she was doing it literally on tiptoe! While in the light of the arcs just behind her was another form, that plunged and suddenly took caution—Rajah. And behind him the potty Frieda, her jealousy holding in spite of fear or storm, was moving out of line and toward the bridge. With that the chorus of bull men's voices rose to a roar. Then other elephants began to move, going grudgingly forward, yet forward, nevertheless; fourteen elephants, large and small, were before them; the barrier of the bridge had been beaten.

One thousand feet is a long distance when a river shines murkily far below, when a storm is sweeping and lightning flashing, when there are no piers, only shadowy cables, stretching on into darkness. Two hundred feet out, the bull boss commanded Old Mom to set down the squirming punk; there was no danger of turning back now. That sway had become a definite thing; even the bull boss felt it, even Old Mom felt it, and her trumpetings were frequent as, slow step after slow step, she went onward upon the dangerous journey.

Now there was no plunging. There was no trumpeting save that which came from the throat of Old Mom, a leader to every beast on the Grand Amalgamated, a savior, a being of utter supremacy. There was only the frightened blasting from many trunks, mingling with the whine of the wind as it raced through the cable lacings. There was no sound of footfall; an elephant can glide away from a jungle hunter so softly that one cannot hear the retreat. That softness of step was paramount now; it was as if they were walking on eggshells, as if they were striving to lift their own weight to free them from that uneasy, sinking sensation beneath. Nor did one deviate from the set route before him; each in line, head to rump, with never a jutting belly, they strode on, fear of what lay beneath transcending every other emotion.

"Tails!" shouted the boss bull man.

"Tails!" echoed the calls from behind him. "Frieda! Rajah! Phœbe! Hey, you punks! Tail up there!"

"Tails!" came faintly from far behind. "You, Fred! Pick it up! Fannie! Bumps! Two-bits! Tails!"

The herd obeyed, glad now of human guidance. On they went. Three hundred feet, four. Five hundred feet, and even the bull men walked on tiptoe. Six hundred, and nerves suddenly attuned to delicacy noticed that the apex of the sway had been reached and passed. Seven hundred, eight; while Old Mom's trumpet took on a new note; the light at the other end was plain now; besides, Mom knew her surroundings. Two hundred feet more the slow, funereal march continued. Then suddenly the thunder was drowned by the trumpeting of nineteen gigantic throats and the squeals of a half score babies. Higher, higher went the chorus, then subsided into contented chirrupings. For again the call had sounded:

"Tail up there! Make it lively!" Then a string of twenty-nine elephants swung into a short trot on the way to the train, and the head bull man, running beside Old Mom, jerked at his breath, then reached forward into the darkness and patted the trunk of a wrinkled old elephant.

"So we don't give away no souvenirs, eh, Mom?" he said quietly.

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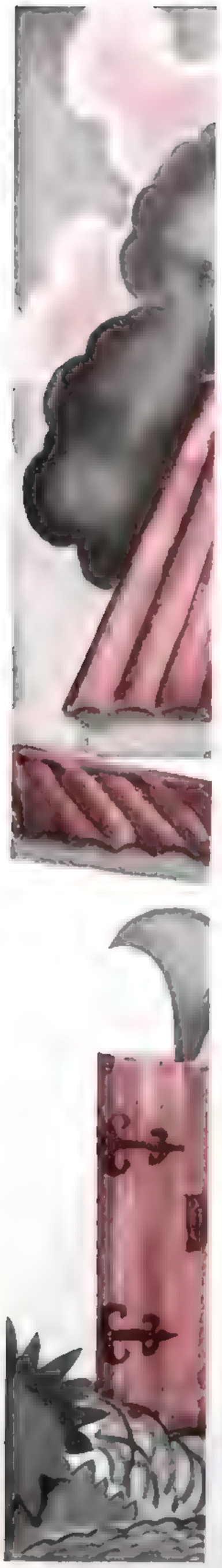

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TRAVEL NOTES

Continued from Page 7

SALEM, NEW JERSEY.

Houses again. Does good taste evolve really, and what is taste to begin with? You may have liked the right things always, and it is said you were born with good taste. However, it may be only that the right things to be admired were pointed out to you first. In that case, you never had to think or hesitate between good and bad. Only, then, what are the right things, and who can prove it? We learn to like things that we once disliked or to be scornful of things we once admired. Mission furniture, for example. Why, after all, is Mission furniture ugly? If it is, it always was. Everyone accepts the present style and thinks it good-looking. When it has passed, the critical faculty is released. Reviewing styles historically—styles in dress, in furniture, in houses and other objects—the aesthetician may say firmly this was bad or that was good. Yet at the same time he may be accepting a current style that some future critic will call bad.

Built-in Artistry

The difficulty is to say what makes an object beautiful or in what good-lookingness consists. There are those so trained in aesthetic perception that they are able to say of one object "It is a statue," and of another "This is sculpture," and the difference is immortal; yet they cannot explain it really. So we cannot say what it is we mean when we say a house is good-looking. It is a statement of feeling, evoked by the object. But then, of course, the object itself had first to be evoked out of something other people felt and knew. There are many objects, and all objects of one class are very much alike really, such as houses; and yet, one among many has this mysterious quality. For no reason you can define, it produces a sense of aesthetic delight. Is that a way of seeing or feeling that may be learned? Or is it an intuition for some meaning implicit in the object, inseparable from it, and yet never a part of its material identity?

Thoughts such as these start from glimpses of old houses in Southern New Jersey. It is not that they are old and have about them the melancholy air of dying habitations. Many old houses are ugly. But now and then is one that moves you in a deep, exquisite sense. There is no approach through analysis to an understanding of this feeling. You may think it is the doorway, the way the chimney rises, the simplicity of line and proportion. These are facts merely. You may copy them exactly and the result will be an object in all respects similar, save one. It will be without that mysterious power to move you in feeling. Why? Perhaps for the reason that although it is possible to reproduce the physical facts, it is impossible to touch the materials in the same way by the hand of craftsmanship, unconscious of anything but the naïve intention. Perhaps, also, for another reason, that the reproduced object, though it may be good-looking, presents that fact to you in a kind of self-conscious manner, because that had been all the time the fact intended.

These fine old dwellings, one of brick for the rich sea captain retired upon the town or one of swamp-cedar hearts for the farmstead, were made by masons and carpenters who carried the design in their heads and had a feeling in their hands for the materials they acted upon. They were artists in the guise of craftsmen, creating objects for use. A house was for what it was for: the form of it was somehow inherent in the life. There was no thought of making one house unlike another for the sake of difference. Repetition did not matter, since in that pattern of life was no terror of boredom. Ornamentation, even in rude character, was that grace of finish, that consequence of virtuosity, without which no artist can relinquish his form and release its power. It was, besides, the craftsman's seal and signature, and guaranteed the fundamental workmanship.

That an object thus achieved—a house, that is to say—should have esthetic value, should possess the power, even when in ruins, to stir in one a precious memory of forgotten knowledge—that was not intended. Nobody thought of it. And yet all the time it was inevitable from the harmony of unencumbered attitudes. First a thing to be for what it is for. Then the right selection of materials and a direct, truthful use of them in a spirit of fine workmanship. What results is a true form. Implicit in the form is some meaning of life's transactions in that time and place; perhaps the whole meaning, if only we could see deeply enough into that one complete symbol which is the human dwelling.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

What was it happened on a great battlefield? That is what men keep going back to see. From after images, from scraps of paper with writing on them, from a mass of fallible evidence tested by the law of probability, we reconstruct the unpremeditated spectacle, and then impose upon it plan, design and sequence. Any guide will take you to the top of an observation tower and with absent volubility make the Battle of Gettysburg as clear as a chess game. There was a tactical reason for everything. Or you may go to the cyclorama and see the pictorial illusion of it, painted on the inside of an enormous cylinder, figures life-size in the foreground, every fact of topography reproduced, and all so perfectly oriented by the compass that if a hole were broken through you would see directly there in the landscape what is represented on the canvas.

But the battle certainly is not all that happens on a battlefield. If it were possible to recover from sixty-six light years off in space the rays that would reproduce this spectacle in its original verity and then to show it on a moving-picture screen, how much more should we know about why it took place precisely here and nowhere else, why it took place at all or what a battlefield means.

What Happened at Gettysburg

There had come an impasse to reason. We know that. By reason alone there was no way to go on, and yet it was necessary to go on to a conclusion. After a long and bitter controversy, the people divided, and there were two wills abroad, one obliged to conquer the other. Rationally, people might have said: "Since reason is bankrupt, we agree to submit the issue to combat on the field of Gettysburg." Only, of course, there was yet no such thing as the field of Gettysburg. That had to happen. And, besides, to speak of a rational use of force is paradox. Force, once invoked, must be free and unlimited, else her decree will want authority. She will find her time and field, and that also must happen.

No. Each side does as it has to do. That is to say, from its resources of spirit, courage, passion, idea, industry and substance, it arms its will to the utmost and sends it forth to conquer or be conquered. The two wills meet, contend, retire, rest, stalk each other, contend again, and come at last to this unappointed place where, unaware, the fate of one is forever to be decided.

Here the tide of rebellion changed from flood to ebb. No one knew it at the time. No one knew at what instant, above the battle, the destiny of union overthrew another dual destiny that might have been, nor that this momentous thing had happened. For a long time afterward it was still not clear. Even yet we do not know what this destiny of union portends in place of any other, and until we do, we shall not know what it was that happened on the field of Gettysburg.

In the after view of great human events there is an illusion of clarity, as if the intentions and alternatives had been well defined and the way had been visible to all who walked in the conviction of right. So one may think of that total event which was the Civil War.

Yet all the time men's minds were in deep and conscious confusion. Counsels were divided. The impulse to compromise was a tide that rose and fell. In such a crisis with their own fate, it is more as if people were led by a star, and as if the star, very bright at first, had phases of dimness, even to invisibility, so that people begin to say it is no longer there. Many are following who have never seen it, and they now cry out that it was an illusion to begin with, and propose going back. Then one appears who sees it steadily when no one else can see it at all. He leads them. As the way becomes more difficult they keep asking: "Is it there? Do you see it?" He answers: "I see it. Follow me."

The Man Who Saw

Lincoln was that seer. There were moments toward the end when even he lost sight of it and went on by faith, saying: "I know it is there. Let us keep stumbling on."

Star of destiny. Destiny of union. Under it the Battle of Gettysburg was fought. One nation instead of two, with an errand in the earth to do, such as perhaps we cannot yet imagine.

Presently returning to the scene of conflagration, thinking to see what happened there, men could not recall their passions. That chemistry was gone. They had only a memory of what they did, and it was as if their acts had been outside of them, not belonging to themselves as individuals, but to something as a whole, continuous. A part of the battlefield became the property of the nation and was solemnly dedicated by Lincoln, in the inspired Gettysburg Address, to be the resting place of those whose lives there discontinued. But the field entire was of great extent. The several states and various patriotic societies, coming to mark the places where their men stood valiant unto death, left in the clover fields, in the orchards, in the barnyards, figures of bronze and stone, without otherwise disturbing the routine of village and rural life. The effect from the tower view is strange and awful. A peaceful, idyllic landscape, fair with life, upholding these unexpected mortuary forms. Above them, containing them, containing all that took place, only some of which we know, we have raised a temple unawares, with no aid of crumbling substance. A temple here that cannot fall.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The original distinction of this city derives from the fact that it is wholly given to government. London is the British capital, Paris is the French capital, Berlin is the German capital, and so on; but these places have the whole character of cities. From any one of them the seat of government might be removed and the city itself would go on as before, hardly conscious of the loss. If the seat of American Government were taken away from Washington, there would be almost nothing left—certainly no economic reason for a city to be there. The founders had the quaint wisdom to see that a Federal Government above a system of separately sovereign states would do well to establish itself on neutral ground, pontifically; wherefore, disappointing all alike the jealous cities that were anxious to be the national capital, especially Philadelphia, they took sixty square miles of land on the Potomac River and called it the District of Columbia. It is neither state nor territory. Congress governs it by a committee acting through an appointed municipal commission. There is no voting on this ground. Anyone living here who wishes to vote must keep a legal residence somewhere else.

The Capitol Building was placed on the first and best eminence, rising out of a swamp that lay there in a great bend of the Potomac; and from the fact that it faces the high ground, you may suppose the intention was that the city should go that way—the way the Capitol faced. It is said that speculation swept the high ground. For that reason or a worse one the city perversely went the other way—down to the low ground, even to the swamp, since called the Mall. And it turned out very well after all. The monumental part of the city is a panorama from a point of view at the Capitol, and the Capitol Building itself is much more impressive from any point of view in the low ground. The Washington Monument was placed on the Mall, and that was genius, because a monumental shaft rising on a flat plane is more thrilling than one set upon a hill provided only the plane has proportional area. Now the Lincoln Memorial is there—one of the fine monumental pieces we have produced. Between them is a long narrow lagoon, and as you stand at the Lincoln Memorial you may see the whole length of the Washington Monument lying flat on the surface of the water. The Mall, that was the swamp, now is the finest part of Washington, preferred for public and monumental structures.

The Capitol Building is one of the fine things in the world. Intrinsically so, without the glamour of the feeling we have for what it signifies. It is the apex symbol of the only government existing on the earth that has endured for as long as one hundred and fifty years with no benefit of king, tyrant or dictator. We have a record. It is the sign also of our strength through change. Since it has stood there the material and social conditions of human existence have changed more than during five thousand years before. When it was built, there were no railroads, no steamships, no telegraph or telephone, no electric light and power, no motor cars, no radio, no aviation, no automatic tools, no modern industry, no mass production, no steel construction, no plumbing, no movies, no modern science, no typewriters, no steel pens, no mineral oil. Life was more than nine-tenths agricultural, and there were no agricultural implements, only the ancient hand tools. Sources of power were four—man, animal, wind and water. The steam engine was in its advent.

A Shirt-Sleeved Court

What had people to think about then? They thought a great deal more than we do about imponderable things, touching the spirit, and about political institutions in principle and how they should work; and it was their way of thinking that gave the Capitol Building its great nobility, for it was their idea of government made visible.

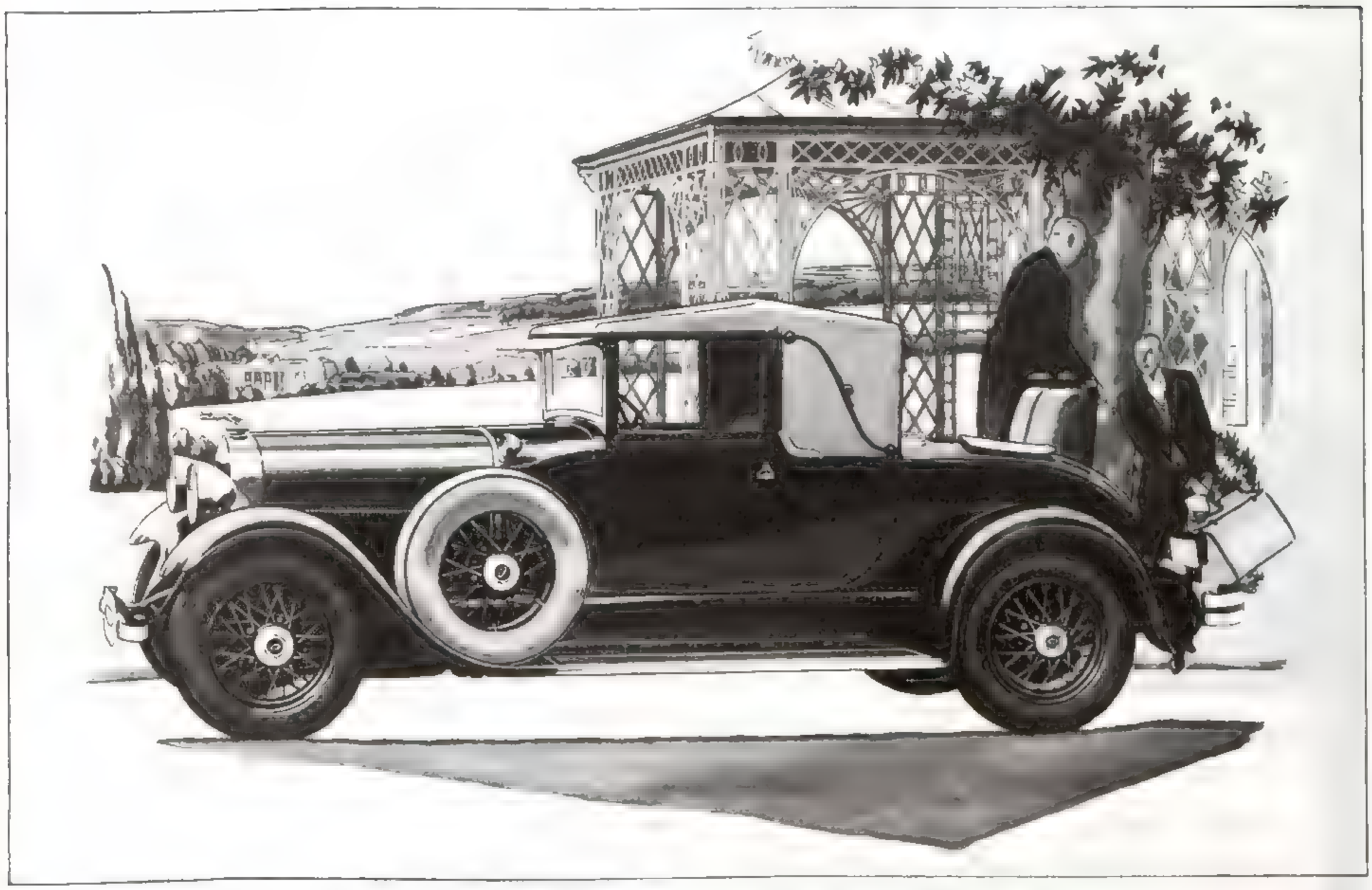
SMALLTOWN, VA.

It may take ten miles of good concrete road to support one filling station, but less than a mile is enough to support a paying little legal racket. This is to be understood. It is implicit in the facts. The pleasure of discussing it is not worth what it would cost.

The court room is a small front parlor, furnished with three kitchen chairs. The court, in its shirt sleeves, sits at a little roll-top desk in one corner. The door to the dining room is wide open, disclosing an intimate domestic situation. There sits Mrs. Justice of the Peace, one elbow on the oil cloth, seeming to read a newspaper, but really attending the show. It is evident that she has long known her own opinion of the court as such. It is evident, also, that the court has suffered from this opinion in its digestive regions and is without hope either to reverse it or appeal therefrom. The whole of its jurisdiction is toward the

(Continued on Page 46)

THE LINCOLN
IS AN UNUSUALLY SAFE MOTOR CAR



The Locke Club Roadster, a smart owner-driven car for town and country use.

SAFETY is, and always must be, one of the first considerations in any motor car. It is one of the fundamental principles of Lincoln policy.

Safety in a motor car depends upon a number of things. First, there must be strength . . . strength to resist not only the ordinary strains of motoring, but any sudden shocks. The brakes, obviously, must be dependable and powerful. The glass must be shatter-proof. Acceleration must be fast. And finally, there should be a subtle balance, a sureness of tread, which keeps the car on its feet and holds it to the road.

Among engineers, the strength of Lincoln construction is proverbial. The steel chassis frame is strong and heavy, and it is hot-riveted throughout. And in Lincoln bodies the same strength is in evidence. Beneath the luxurious coachwork they are everywhere firmly reinforced. They are proof against virtually any contingency.

The Lincoln six-brake system gives positive control of the car. The foot brakes (internal expanding) operate on all four wheels, and the momentum of the car serves in part to apply them, so that they need very little foot pressure. The hand brake is internal expanding on the rear wheels. All six brakes are fully enclosed and protected from dirt and moisture. You can always be sure of your brakes, in a Lincoln.

Shatter-proof glass, of course, is used throughout. And as for riding qualities, the hydraulic shock absorbers, the torque tube drive, the magnificent spring suspension, and the perfect balance of the whole car make it not only safe, but profoundly comfortable and luxurious.

Safety, sincerity, beauty . . . those are the attributes of the Lincoln . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."

THE LINCOLN

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

JOHN BOLES...

UNIVERSAL FEATURED PLAYER

Well known member of the BETWEEN THE ACTS CLUB

This is a speed age. Try and find 20 uninterrupted minutes for your favorite big cigar. But don't despair. You can always find 2 minutes for "BETWEEN-THE-ACTS" ...a miniature edition of the finest 15 cent Havana you ever smoked. Ten of them in the tin that fits your pocket ...and your busy day.

Smoke 10 and see... It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

P. LORILLARD CO., ESTABLISHED 1760

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outer world and begins at the dining-room doorsill. Take it not to be a sign of good humor that it permits the door to stand open, to the blemish of its dignity in the public gaze.

The woman's love of a show brings her to sit there all day long, and she is obliged to see the majesty of man when he is a court, clothed with power to upbraid and chastise those from whom the offense cometh. And she will see how becomingly they take it. Not that this will do her any good. Nevertheless, she will see it.

The motorcycle cop is sworn and recites his piece. The court gives no heed to what he says. Its cold, juristic eye oscillates between the person of the defendant and the woman in the dining room.

TO THE DEFENDANT: "You have heard the officer's statement. Have you anything to say?"

TO THE COURT: "Please, your honor, the defendant does not question your officer's statement of fact. But your officer, being truthful, will testify further that although defendant did move through the village street aforesaid in the manner alleged and in a motor vehicle; nevertheless, defendant passed no other motor vehicle moving in the same direction, nor attempted to do so. Furthermore, defendant challenges your officer to say that he observed on the part of the defendant any act or intent of reckless driving."

TO THE DEFENDANT: "The court hears that you do not question the officer's statement of facts. Well enough. The court will now advise you as to your legal rights. In cases of this kind, the law permits us to accept collateral to insure defendant's appearance for trial. You understand that. This court keeps its own mind as to the amount of collateral that is reasonable in these cases. On that point it disagrees with the municipal court and also at times with the county court. Having heard the decision of this court, you may appeal to the municipal court, but that court will require more collateral than this one deems reasonable. Moreover, you may be requested to stop overnight. It is the practice of this court to say that the defendant, if he so elects, may abandon his collateral. The case then is closed."

"By collateral your honor means money?"

"The law regards money as collateral, yes, sir."

"And what will be the amount in this court?"

"Nine dollars."

"And having deposited collateral to the amount of nine dollars in cash, with intent to abandon it, your defendant is then free to go on his way? Is that what your honor is saying?"

"That is the court's decision in this case."

Evidence After Conviction

Nine dollars are laid out on the slide of the roll-top desk, and then, to the court: "There is something the defendant would ask the court."

"Defendant has that right. What is the question?"

"In all cases it is customary for the court to know the defendant's name. That has not been required. In all cases of this kind it is customary for the officer making the arrest and for the court also to ask to see defendant's license cards. Your officer did not ask to see them. Neither has the court. Why not?"

From the dining room a sound of rustling newspaper.

TO THE DEFENDANT: "The court will see that evidence now. It was just about to ask for it."

The license cards, barely glanced at, are handed back.

"Does the court wish the officer to compare the license card with the license plate on the car outside?"

"The court thinks that will not be necessary. Good day, sir, and if we meet again, may it be under happier circumstances."

A flaccid sigh from the dining room. Then one may go on at the same speed as before

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA.

From a page of random notes under that place line:

Luncheon at Luray. When in doubt, eat ham and eggs.

"Ham and eggs and fried potatoes, please."

"Regular ham or native?"

"Native."

"Potatoes fried or home fried?"

"Home fried."

To be remembered: How to spoil good ham and eggs.

Economic resources: Military schools, scenery, legend, natural wonders in captivity, such as caves, and so on. Importance of the cave business.

Natural Bridge inside a fence.

What was the Southern legend?

Pittsburgh of the South

Glimpses: Men on horseback bossing road gangs. Working roads by hand. Negroes in superb, sculptured poses, so unself-conscious, especially the women. Negro men generally much more self-conscious than the women.

The colored race knows something the white race either never knew or has forgotten. Another world. Elaborate this. How they touch the ground when walking on it, like natural, elemental beings. A mule trotting with a cultivator in a cotton field, everybody cheering. Tobacco as in the old geography-book woodcuts.

Economic phenomena: Gas rises in price as food falls in quality.

Plumb out of gas. Meaning quite out, all out. An authentic part of speech. Dialect fiction writers did not invent it.

Blue Ridge Mountains. All mountains are a little blue. What are mountains for?

Mileage, 178.

It must have been the ham.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

"How's business?"

"Good. Business is fairly good."

"How did it happen that you got your main street wide enough to begin with?"

"Well, you might call this one luck. The next one over there will be just as wide when we get it done. That's necessity."

"How are the roads on south from here?"

"Like that floor all the way."

"There is certainly a spark running in Tennessee."

"You see it, do you?"

"Funny how that gets to happening in one state and not another. Crossing the line, you notice it. It's happening in North Carolina too. Even a little hotter there."

"They seem to be going along in North Carolina."

"This is a fine town—Chattanooga."

"It's a good town."

"What's your reservation about it? Good is a weaker word than fine."

"It's a fine town. But we ought to be going along faster."

"What's holding you back?"

"Well, neighbor, I wish you could tell me. I've been here twenty-eight years and I don't know. Something is. All I can make of it is we've got a lot of rich people here, retired like, who hate to let go of their money."

"Anyhow, it's a fine town."

"It's a good town. . . . Did you want gas?"

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

If it is seven o'clock of a summer evening as you drive into Birmingham from the north, put your dinner off, turn left out of traffic, cross the viaduct, scale the terraces to the top and look back. You will see an industrial sunset. There is no better place in the world to get that effect. The organic city lies in the bottom of an immense bronze bowl, and over it is a purple haze caused by an anxiety of matter suspended in the air. From some condition of the atmosphere, or of the matter suspended in it, the haze has a top surface. It is like looking down on a flat cloud from a high peak or from an airplane; only, the haze is penetrable. The enveloped forms are visible in a kind of luminous obscurity. A few very tall ones, such as the furnace stacks and one great tower building at the commercial core of the city, rise above the haze and appear in two conditions of light. As they plunge out of the clear upper light into the haze, they become slightly distorted, in the way partially submerged objects seem to bend at the water line. Twilight falling, the purple changes to blue-black; grids of light appear in the tower building and flames spit wickedly from the furnace stacks.

Out of it all rises an orchestration of sound. From the sorting and switching yards the fretful bell of the drudge locomotive. Then its horrendous snort as it starts the dead load; the half snort, the quarter snort, the eighth, and so on, as the load begins to roll; the derisive haw-haw rise through the scale as it gets to running. Scream of brakes. A stillness. Then the crash as two strings of freight cars come together, seize by the automatic coupler, and recoil on one another. All night long. One hundred years ago there were no such sounds in the earth or elsewhere, no such scene or ever had been, no premonition of man's power to conjure up the wild, dynamic forces of Nature and oblige them to behave in a certain way, as, for example, to move his pistons back and forth in two directions within a cylinder. Only back and forth. Not sideways. Nature with all her might could not move one of man's pistons sideways. The snort of the locomotive is from pistons moving back and forth. Having moved them so, the tortured steam escapes and makes that sound at getting free.

Birmingham is the Pittsburgh of the South. Here coal and iron occurred together. It is rare to find them together in balanced quantities, which shows how little Nature knew about what her things were for or what the man would do with them.

Over there where the flames spit out, men are making steel. The tower building in which grids of light have just appeared is for men who sit all day at desks; they talk of prices, costs, profits; they deduce from statistics and geometric curves the facts of supply and demand. Behind you on the terraces are the houses of the rich, thus rewarded for their foresight and for bringing management, enterprise and technology to bear upon opportunity and substance. All according to the profit motive, and it makes a kind of sense.

Producers and Controllers

But let your wonder act. What are those flames from the furnace stacks? They represent energy filched from the sun. Millions of years ago it was cast down; the earth caught it and hid it. Man's curiosity finds it again in the cold, inert form of coal. Now he lights it to smelt iron ore in a furnace. How cunning this animal is! He runs fluid steel out of a furnace into molds, and when it is a little set he passes it hot through shaping rolls, making it into any form he desires. These steel forms are as vital tissue. Our structure of civilization could no more exist without them than an animal body could exist without bones. Without them we could not have machines, railroads, bridges, skyscrapers. But this bone stuff for the body of our civilization must be produced in certain proportions, as it is needed, and in a great variety of shapes.

Over there at the furnaces are human beings working, as specialized cells work in the physical organism, to produce this vital material for the total social organism to which they belong. They do that and nothing else. How do they know what shapes are wanted tomorrow and in what quantities they shall be needed? They do not know. To know that is another function—one of control—performed by men at desks in the office tower. They, too,

(Continued on Page 48)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"Round up every passenger!"

An ocean liner from Bombay discharged six hundred passengers at Marseilles, Liverpool and Glasgow last April. All France, England and Scotland were aroused when the health authorities discovered too late that the passengers had been exposed to the dreaded smallpox, from which one of the crew had already died.

"Warn the newspapers—round up every passenger at once!" were the orders that went out to police and health officers everywhere.

Meanwhile the passengers had scattered all over Great Britain and France—and before the desperate hunt was ended, more than 300 cases of the terrible disease were reported and a number of persons had died.

The victims of this tragic circumstance had neglected the simple precaution that has practically wiped smallpox out of every civilized country in the world. Nearly a century and a half before, on May 14, 1796, Dr. Edward Jenner, of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, had given to the world the means of conquering smallpox by vaccination.

Before Jenner's discovery, smallpox killed one out of every fourteen persons. Today, in all countries where vaccination is rigidly enforced, the once terrifying scourge is held under control.

But let the vigilance of health authorities relax—let vaccination be generally neglected—and smallpox could again sweep the world as disastrously as it did in the long dark centuries before vaccination was discovered.

A needless risk—why take it?

Right in your own community smallpox is ready to rear its ugly head at the first sign of carelessness and neglect. Your doctor will tell you that every member of your family should be protected against smallpox.

In the laboratories of Parke, Davis & Company smallpox vaccine is prepared with the most exacting care. Your physician is convinced of its dependability because he knows that, like every other Parke-Davis product, it must pass the most rigid tests for purity and potency before it is placed at his disposal.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis Products

for your everyday needs

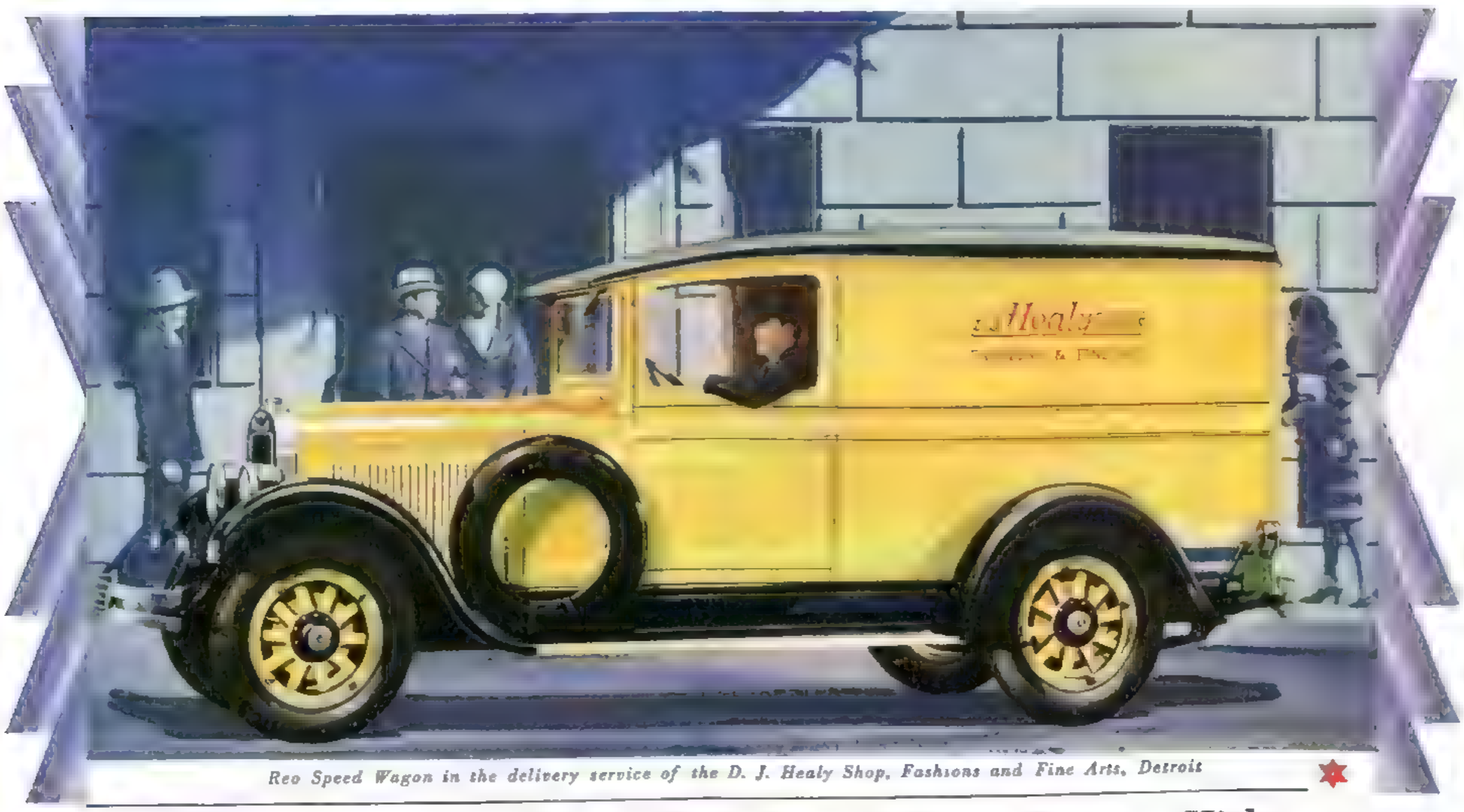
Here are a few Parke-Davis preparations for your personal use, made with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines:

Standardized Cod-liver Oil
Milk of Magnesia
Mineral Oil (Heavy)
Hydrogen Peroxide
Neko (Germicidal Soap)
Shaving Cream
Orygene Mouth Wash
Euthymol Tooth Paste

Ask your druggist for PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCTS

Delivering The Goods No Longer Enough

The Character of Your Delivery Advertises the Standing of Your Business to the World



Reo Speed Wagon in the delivery service of the D. J. Healy Shop, Fashions and Fine Arts, Detroit

In the Eyes of the World, High-Class Delivery Means a High-Class Business. Second-Class Delivery, a Second-Class Business

THE tense competition of modern business demands more than competent service of a truck. It demands *movable billboards that advertise businesses to the world.*

Any truck that doesn't do both is a bad investment.

For every two people who actually *come into your place of business*, from two to five thousand see your delivery service on the streets. Just remember this.

High-class delivery, in the Public Mind, means a high-class institution behind it. Second-class delivery means a second-class business.

High Speed, High Power Trucks That Pay for Themselves in Advertising

Cognizant of the tremendous advertising importance of High-Class Delivery Service—Service that *looks* high class and that *is* high class—Reo, world leader in high speed, high power and low upkeep commercial transportation, offers American Business a new era in the haulage field. An era combining *utility, flexibility* and almost unbelievable endurance with low upkeep and the great factor of *favorable publicity.*

Call the nearest Reo dealer. A Reo Transportation Specialist will call and discuss your transportation needs.

2 Ton Reo Speed Wagon With Dump Body

Medium and Heavy Hauling Like Men Have Never Known Before

1½ to 3 ton Speed Wagons powered by the New Reo 6-cylinder Gold Crown Engine—for passenger car performance, flexibility, speed and economy. *Chrome nickel* alloy cylinder block giving unbelievable wearing qualities. *New low expansion, longest lasting aluminum alloy pistons*—an exclusive Reo feature. 7-bearing crankshaft. 4-forward speed transmission. Wheelbase sizes from 134 to 179 inches.

A Long Life Record Probably Unequaled in the History of Commercial Transportation

—On July 1, 1928, there were 96,481 Reo Speed Wagons registered in the United States.

—This was 4,756 *more* than had been sold in the United States during the entire previous 6½ years from January 1, 1922, to July 1, 1928.

—93.2% of all the Reo Speed Wagons sold in the United States during the previous 7½ years was still in registered use July 1, 1928.

—80.3% of all the Reo Speed Wagons sold during the previous 8½ years was still in registered use on July 1, 1928.

—50.8% of all Reo trucks sold since 1913 was still in registered use on July 1, 1928.

Models For Every Need

Reo Speed Wagons are built in 14 wheelbase sizes—capacities of ½ ton, 1 ton, 1½ tons, 2 tons and 3 tons, in a wide variety of body styles. Chassis priced $895 to $2,200, f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

REO MOTOR CAR CO., *Lansing, Michigan*

★ ***Speed Wagon Tonner—1 Ton***—Four-Wheel Hydraulic Internal Expanding (2 shoe) Brakes; 6-Cylinder Engine; 7-Bearing Crankshaft; 127-inch Wheelbase. Passenger Car Speed, Pickup, Parking and Braking. Any traffic. Chassis $995, f. o. b. Lansing, Michigan.

35

SPEED REO LONG LIFE GOOD FOR 100,000 MILES **WAGON**

World Leader in High Speed, Low Upkeep, Commercial Transportation

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are like specialized cells; their part is to distribute the material to all parts of the social organism, some for bridges, some for railroads, some for structures—for any use whatever, when and as it is needed.

Birmingham, there in the purple haze, is a system of specialized cells acting in groups to produce and distribute an essential substance for and to the social organism as a whole, in a rhythmic manner. Its relation to countless other systems, each likewise consisting of specialized cells acting in groups, is that of one functioning organ to another. The people of Birmingham send forth steel and receive back food, clothing, furniture, toys, motor cars, a thousand things they need and want and do not produce for themselves. This we call exchange, trade, business. It is life. It is a new life, such as never transacted before life no longer governed by the order Nature regarding man as an animal but by an artificial order invented by man, regarding himself as a being of power.

MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI.

The highway from Birmingham to New Orleans is good—all but where it breaks suddenly into the Tombigbee swamp, not far from Eutaw. If it hasn't rained, you can get through; if it has, you go back. In any case, you cannot miss the ferry. There is at first nothing to see. A mud bank, five or six cars still shuddering in their springs, a herd of cattle, the Tombigbee River himself with his back up or down, as that happens to be. There is going to be a bridge with an approach that will clear the swamp. This is local information, cheering even to those who may never come this way again.

"Where is the ferryboat?"

"It's over there on the bank."

"That raft!"

"Such as it is."

"What's it doing over there?"

"Nothing. Boss has to eat his dinner."

"You live around here?"

"Mississippi. You'll soon be in Mississippi."

"How are the roads?"

"Bad your way for about seventeen miles. It was. I've heard they plowed it up."

"Sounds very bad."

"Anything they do to it would help it."

Ten minutes later.

"The boss takes it easy."

"He can. He says to his own self, they'll wait. He's got it right. No other way to get across. That's all the ferry there is. They're going to build a bridge here. He don't care. He'd be a fool if he had to care. What's he been doing for thirty years?"

"You mean he has been reaping this privilege for thirty years?"

"Thirty that I know of. There he is."

A Ghostly Ferry

A white man and two negro hands relate themselves to the flatboat on the far bank. Five small cars are huddled on, splashing mud and water as they take it, and when the load is all aboard, the craft appears to be level with the water. No freeboard left. The negroes push her off with poles and then they all sit down. A young engineer from Massachusetts becomes suddenly excited. "What's that? Look! How is she getting across?" He is calling attention to the fact that the boat is crossing the stream with no visible means of propulsion. All hands idle. No engine. No sail. Only a faint grating sound. Yet she comes. When she is close in, the two negroes lay hold of a wire cable that now appears to have been all the time slipping over the deck. That was what made the sound. The cable has a shore end anchored. It probably crosses the river and is anchored also on the other bank. Pulling on the cable and with some pole work extra, they run her nose on the bank, tie her up, throw down some planks, let off the five cars and beckon the first five of the waiting line to come on.

The principle of lazy navigation now is to be discovered. The cable does cross the river and is anchored on either bank, with a good deal of slack. When the boat has been poled offshore the cable is laid against two pulley blocks, one at the side and one at the end, so that the boat, hanging downstream, swings and holds at an angle to the current. The rest is sailing. The cable, in that diagonal position, slipping through two blocks across the corner of the boat, acts as the helm. The side of the boat aslant to the current is the sail. The water is the wind. And it works. The young engineer is delighted and keeps calling his wife to look, but she cannot look away from the opposite bank. It is coming closer, and that is all that can possibly interest her.

Traffic Signals But No Traffic

The native American labor-saving passion! How many inventions have derived from it. Things now so familiar in use, utility and convenience that the story of their crossroads origin is forgotten. Patent expired.

LAUREL, ALABAMA.

Jaywalking in a small town is an offense against civic pride. So is U-turning or any want of respect for the forms of traffic control. For why have they spent their municipal money on automatic lights and other such apparatus? What made you think you could make a U-turn here? Because you have a New York license? Maybe you can make a U-turn in Fifth Avenue, New York? Yes, maybe you can, but not at Forty-second Street. Let that hold you!

Here in this gentle little city traffic ceases at midnight. Its Fifth Avenue is empty. Yet the lights stay on all night, and at each change from red to green and back again there is a mighty clash of gongs.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

People make a city and give it their character. That is to begin with. Afterward it attracts those who like it for what it is, and it adopts them; and thus, by a kind of natural selection, its original character may be long perpetuated. Outwardly New Orleans is changing. As it grows it conforms, and it has been growing fast; nevertheless, for all that, it has still a free way with time. There is time for play and pageantry, time for strolling, time to be aware of the present moment and seize it as sensory experience. That may account for the way people look at one another, including you, the stranger. It is a little disconcerting at first. You realize how little accustomed one is to be looked at really in a great city. The city stare is unseeing. In New York, for example, people do not see one another as individuals, or when it happens, the impact is personal and obliges a personal adjustment, almost as if a word had passed. Here people regard one another openly, as children do, and with a kind of recognition. All creatures of the same species. Why be shy about it? The eye fills itself with its curiosity of the object and says nothing.

But if you want to know what time was before the world began to keep the modern feud with it, go to the old quarter of the town. There is not much of it. There never was. It lies along the levee and you can walk it end to end and crossways in half an hour. You won't, of course; you will keep stopping to gaze at a balcony of hand-wrought iron grille, a doorway, a street, a vista of forms, and to wonder at the fallen estate of houses that have that rare and mysterious quality of fine antiques. Some of them are negro tenements. Not all. As with old houses in the village quarter of New York, so with some of these. A few prefer them over modern apartments and rent them up by floors. Thus a group of tenants will share among them the obsolescence of a grandeur that once belonged to a single family. It took time to live that vanished life—much time of labor to prepare it, time of slaves to serve it, time then to enjoy it properly, as rich Creoles knew how to do.

Fear has touched the structural form of many things. For example, castles, the Old World burgher's house in feudal times, designed to be defended, or the ground plan of later city houses, in which you recognize the ancient fear of streets. Anything might happen in the street—brawling by night, a visitation of foreign troops or a rising of the mob by day. The rich man set his wall against it and made it thick, without windows. The door was the weakest part; it turned on mighty hinges and locked with massive bolts. Life was cloistered inside such walls and still afraid.

In that pattern many early New Orleans houses were built, not because streets were still fearful but because there was the habit of thinking they were and the architectural design had become traditional. Besides, from that design had evolved the aristocratic inner court which was too lovely to be abandoned. Push open one of those old doors. The tenants now leave them ajar; the bolts have fallen off. The view may be enchanting. The square, bricked court, a tall cool palm tree at the center, a faint lyric of trickling water, yellow sunlight falling in, and then the house, which is a hollow square, showing outwardly to the world but four blank walls and presenting inwardly to the court all its graceful features—curving stairways, balconies in tiers, arches, carved doorways and windows.

Old houses and old women are kin. Out of style, grateful, sentimental, knowing more than they can tell. Passing what may be some kind of shop, you stop to look through one of the dim windows at two live animals. They are about the same size. One is a common cat. The other—what is it? An elderly woman sitting on a bench outside the door has been watching you. She is ready to smile as you turn, and does not wait for the question.

"That's a young wild cat," she says. "The kitchen cat adopted it. You wouldn't believe how much raw meat it will eat. Want to see it? Come in." She drags the animal out of the window well and puts it in your hands. "It's friendly," she says. "We all pet it. One of the boys brought it in."

The trouble is, it's too friendly. She takes it back and throws it into the window well.

The shop is not stocked. It seems only to be furnished. Some Mexican jugs on shelves, a stuffed mongoose killing a cobra, rat damaged; a counter, and on it glass show case filled with such things as you would expect to turn out of an old trunk.

A Shop With Nothing to Sell

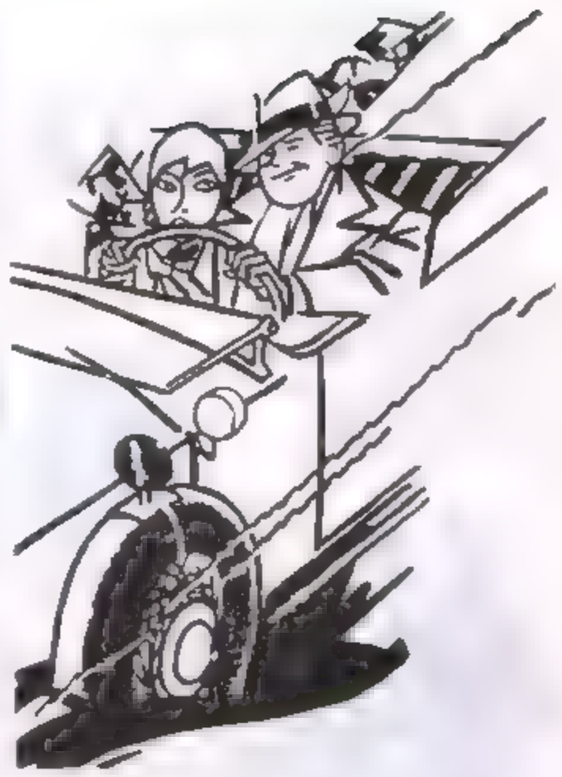
"There's nothing for sale," she says. "I just keep this place. Look around all you like."

As you look around she sits regarding you. Her place is between two desks at the front of the shop, just inside the door. One is a roll-top desk against the wall; the other is a tall walnut antique, with rows of pigeonholes stuffed with papers. There is just room between them for her chair. The tall desk entirely conceals her from the view of one entering the front door. She rests an elbow on it, in a masculine pose, idly watching as you explore the shop.

Then, won't you sit down? Do you know the city? This place you are in has a history. Once a famous restaurant. It's nothing now. A place for the boys she picks up and holds until she can send them away to sea. What a change there has been in sailors! Yes, that's her business, if it's a business. She likes it. No, she was not born in New Orleans. In Indiana. Worked on the Inter-Ocean. A telegrapher. There she married a man at another key. It was easy for telegraphers to get married. Then what?

"I've been married twice since my husband died." She says this simply.

The second man was not so good. She divorced him at her own expense. The third was a planter, rich in cane land. She thought she had come to harbor, but her sugar planter lost all his money and died of it.



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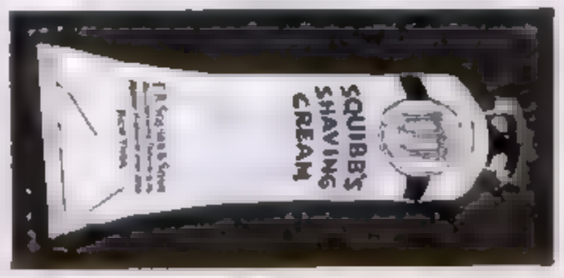

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She came to New Orleans then, to this very street, and opened a penny store. Nothing in it more than a penny. She drove the bank mad depositing pennies. That was long ago. Now she owns two-thirds of the block and pays two hundred dollars a month taxes. She is sixty-five. You compliment her on having handled her life so well.

"I've had my choice," she says. Twice she says it—once with a sigh and then with a chuckle. Her face is purple with blood veins, and she keeps passing her hand over it, downward. Another masculine gesture.

Did you ever see one of these? A grain of rice with two figures carved in it. She hands it to you on a shovel of paper and then a dusty magnifying glass to see it through. Your interest pleases her. She unlocks the roll-top desk and shows you two negro dolls in a basket. Then a facsimile of an early edition of Burns. It is inscribed to her. Maybe you know the person. Anyway she will tell you a story about him. It gets to be a story like a dream, involving itself with others that have nothing to do with it and yet must be told because they happened there, figures going out of one into another or suddenly vanishing, time nonexistent. She stops frequently, stares long at your face or at some other object in the shop, then with a truant smile goes on.

She hears someone enter and listens.

"Henry?"

No answer.

Again: "Henry?"

No answer.

A third time, with anxiety: "Henry!"

It is not Henry. It is an anæmic girl in a shawl, who lays down some money—a bill and some small pieces of silver—and goes out again without a word.

Henry is the powerful blond person who had been sitting beside her on the bench outside. He has heard her call and comes running in.

"Nothing," she says. "Who's that you are talking to out there?"

"That fellow, you know, escaped from the Foreign Legion. He's telling some wonderful stories."

"Oh, all right," she says, and Henry goes back to the bench.

She sweeps the girl's money into a drawer and slowly turns the key; for an interval she is thoughtful, holding the key in the lock.

"That Henry," she says, smiling again, "is a fine boy. He's been with me fifteen years. I picked him up. Qualified him for the masons. . . . Where was I? Oh, yes. . . . I had gone to bed. It was two o'clock. My telephone rang and I was mad. I said, 'Who is it? I'm not here at this time of night.' Well, it was the English general I told you about."

So the dream out loud, perfected fact and artful fiction, goes on and on. The wildcat's name is Hoover.

AMERICA'S CHANCE IN OPERA

(Continued from Page 24

pocketbook, *cachets* are naturally guarded for the country's own talent first. There are, however, always exceptions to existing rules, and I must still beg you, if you are really eager for operatic thorns and roses, to study a while over there, even if a professional engagement is not the assured sequel. This is, however, merely a hint in the direction of the ideal. It is not always feasible, for a number of reasons, to study abroad. However, study, and plenty of it, is obligatory—and so arises the question of a good teacher.

Passing by the caterers to the very understandable impatience of those who want results without undue exertion—the contemporary national complex—we must still be wary. No one should be deceived by a studio the walls of which are lined with signed photographs of the great. If you have no idea how easy it is to make such a collection, send a stamped and addressed envelope to a Metropolitan soprano with a brief laudatory note, inclosing a request for that lady's autograph, and see what happens! There are all sorts of charlatans in the world of music, and the field of teaching seems to be their happy hunting ground.

We hear of and read remarkable promises from those many advertisers, whose names are legion and self-assured, in musical sheets. I can well understand how difficult it is for a young singer to choose from this bewildering list of self-praised know-it-alls. Since a few of them have not hesitated to write and offer me their valuable services, I may pardonably refer to their practices with a certain mistrust. If a teacher has the good fortune to fall upon an exceptional voice or to coach with an artist, never fear but he will exploit the fact to the limit. Even doctors who have treated musically famous patients have been known to barter certain theories and experiments evolved in these instances as bona-fide marketable pedagogy.

The Sitting Tenor

All these extraneous diversions have so little to do with actual singing and serious results. Singing is not learned from books or charts or theories. It is primarily a gift of Nature, with corresponding physical reactions. So few teachers understand or appreciate the fact that the pupil must be, from the start, made aware of his own particular mechanism, and must learn to hear and to feel the various and subtle adjustments with a conscious mind. This is in itself the study of a lifetime. A great voice must have primarily a quality, or timbre, that will set it apart from the majority, and often even the best teachers ignore or fail to appreciate the importance of this fact. They are apt to go only by certain set theories, or else the pupils themselves are inflexible. If Providence endowed Caruso prodigiously, is that a reason why all singing males decide upon a slavish and raucous imitation of his very particular and natural phenomena? Most young people droop when they hear that their voices are small. Noise—volume—not quality, is the fetish of today.

Of course, we all have to learn by public experience, and I venture to say that very few opera voices withstand the onslaught of prolonged singing under constant stress, so likely to rob a tone of its bloom. Conditions of repertoire, emotion, fatigue, are very legitimate reasons why operatic performers undergo changes and sometimes disappoint their admirers. But there is no need of forcing to the breaking point those yet in the studio, urging them in the direction of a career for which their gifts do not equip them. Some voices are plainly indicated for church or oratorio, others are paired with temperamental gifts which clearly imply an operatic destiny. I would be the last to underestimate the absolute necessity for the strictest technical foundation; it is the one protective medium under any circumstances. But there should be, to my mind, a very direct discrimination in handling each voice and its problem.

The past mistress of coloratura is always going to insist upon the airy top register, and this may easily spell disaster to a short-range voice of dark color, which, if its possessor understands clever manipulation, will obtain its effects by accent. The former dramatic soprano will be more prone to advocate a heavier breath support and a fuller tone, and thus throw a top voice beyond its reasonable dimensions, so that volume often replaces sweetness. A thousand pitfalls are daily puzzles, and only the singers themselves are the final judges. It is they, in the end, who must learn their own needs. I have heard voices so meticulously and impersonally trained that upon the stage only the wooden scalework is in evidence—an unpardonable admission of the public in the workshop. We owe our audiences every detail of easy, gracious bearing that will create illusion and inspire confidence in our offerings.

A conscientious teacher, too, will emphasize many aspects and activities besides singing and urge the development of the pupil along those side lines. There are languages to master, acting values to assimilate, musical scores to memorize, and presence of mind and steadiness of nerve to encourage. I have, for example, yet to recall the perfect performance. There are always nervous comrades to encourage, crying baby Butterflys to soothe, and a hundred other unforeseen difficulties to be weathered under the audience's unconscious eye and instantly adjusted.

Amusing incidents and accidents are unavoidable, and it is often these little details which will make or mar a performance and test the caliber of an artist. A procession of such tragi-comedies moves before my own mind as I tabulate these requirements of an opera singer. None of them were mentioned in the curriculum of singing school, and yet the right degree of spirit and resource with which to meet them is in its way as important as the ability to sing a faultless scale.

Perhaps some readers may recall a certain Zaza evening when my handsome tenor friend, Giovanni Martinelli, sat glued to a couch during the entire first act. What would you have done then, if you had known, as I knew, through the quickly whispered medium of agonized warning: "*Cara Geraldina,* I cannot move; my suspenders have broken!"

The Cruel Butterfly

All the business of the scene had to be changed in a wink until curtain time. I understand that my actions that evening were pronounced shocking! In truth I am quite willing to believe that I did cause many to fidget in their chairs by my insistent amatory behavior on the arm of that poor old sofa, none too resistant. But suspenders were the leitmotif.

On another occasion, while on tour, I was given a youngster in Butterfly, guaranteed stage-wise, who straightway, in the midst of one of my most moving scenes, began to yell with all its might and to kick me in the diaphragm with all its lusty young vigor. I took heroic measures to continue my part with some semblance of veracity amid the turmoil, and was thereupon assailed by the press, egged on by the child's guardian, as inhuman and cruel. Would you hurl the offending six-year-old into the wings and continue the part with some semblance of calm and serenity, or would you let the curtain be rung down in panic and funk? That all depends on training as much as temperament. I could go on indefinitely in this vein, but what I really wish to prove is that the teacher who allows the pupil to believe that all there is to operatic singing is the ability to mold a perfect musical phrase, dressed up in a pretty costume, but skims the top of a very deep matter. The singer chained to the prompter's box might as well be out of tune. The woman who muddles herself in her draperies, or the man who stumbles on his sword, or all those who apologize for their own meager dramatic gifts with semaphoric hands and arms, may hit their high C's or not, as they will; they can never be great artists.

"Of course," you say, if you are still faithful to the idea of adopting this career for Spartans and supermen, "we realize all this, and we find it stimulating. You can't scare us in the least. How shall we get there? That is the point!"

I do not for a moment wish to imply that talent, beauty—or the skill to project beauty by artifice—temperament, and a

(Continued on Page 54)

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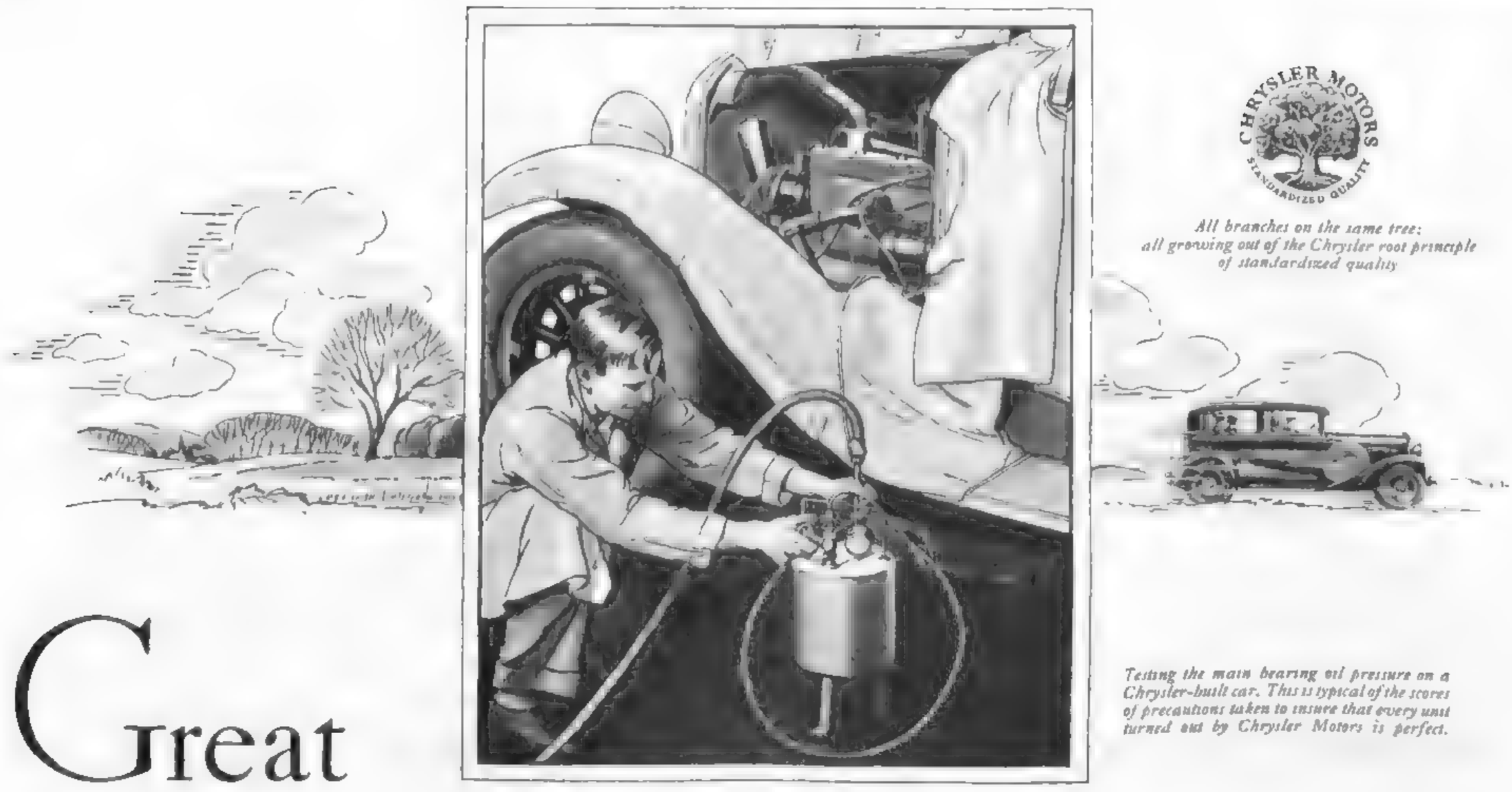

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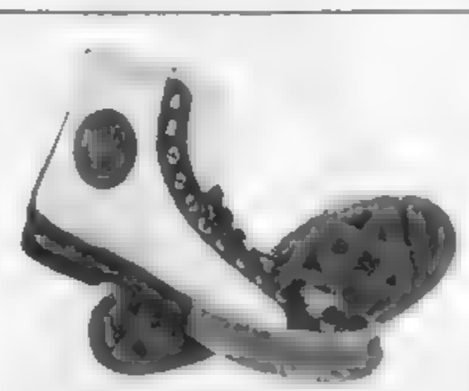

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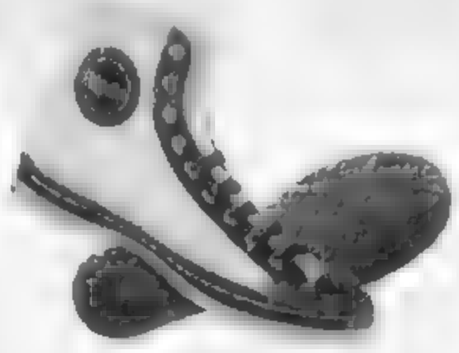

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(Continued from Page 50)

lovely voice, wedded to industry and unflagging ambition, patience and courage, will not get the possessor anywhere operatically in this new day, but I do insist that any such grueling preparatory training such as I outline is largely a labor of love. This is the era of the immediate, of effect without cause. It is the heyday of youth in art and in the professions. Many of our most spectacular—and hence most successful, by modern estimates—writers, painters, critics, dramatists and actors are still under thirty, and any art which requires a ripe maturity to give it flavor and value has little appeal. This is the problem of the opera singer and the undermining factor in the progress of this very beautiful and desirable and honorable profession. When the singer comes, at thirty-five or even at forty, to a broader understanding, through experience and unremitting study, and thus to a more complete power of projection, other gifts are already on the wane; particularly that priceless asset of physical stamina and freshness of energy. 1929 is intolerant as well as impatient, so I cannot, from my heart, encourage you to any great extent.

Let us say, however, that you have equipped yourself in all thoroughness and that your standards are still inviolable—can you withstand the pressure of the commonplace, of bad taste and false estimates which are bound to assail you on every side? Noise, not nuance, predominates the contemporary consciousness, and if by any chance you have an engagement to sing upon the air, you may be reasonably sure that all of your fine-spun and lovingly devised phrasing and expression will count for less than nothing. Volume—loudness—is the gauge of a voice today. If you refuse to concede, it will be done for you. The radio fan, displeased by your deft miniature tone painting, has a remedy at hand. He turns on the amplifier, and in spite of all you can do, he has his noise. You need not hope to compete—you with your one poor little larynx—against all the shrill clamor of this mechanical age. Eclipse is sure and swift.

Sheaves of Applause

My real advice to the would-be singer is not to buck the tide but to go with it. In spite of the irresistible glamour of the opera stage, there is another and equally potent glamour, a glamour entirely compatible with the times and even more rewarding in its material aspect—a glamour which is yours for the price of youth and a figure which tips the scales at a maximum of a hundred and ten. I allude, of course, to Hollywood and all its suburbs, east and west. With the talkies a new door has opened in the lively arts, a door at the head of such a brief flight of steps that even the most impatient may spring up two at a time and enter triumphantly. So quickly can budding gifts be molded to screen requirements that, if the present breathless pace of science continues, movietone opera will claim the major proportion of all our young aspirants, and the Metropolitan will have to build a very large and conspicuously elegant cathedral for its new house in order to attract any attention at all.

Why should any girl or young man submit to a course of training which deprives his public of his best and most zestful years, when there is a market for his wares which can be realized almost overnight? No languages to study, no emergencies to meet, no public to face personally in all the betraying weaknesses of the flesh, no traveling, no grueling tours, no colds in the head to fear like the trump of doom! It sounds like the delirious dream of an old-fashioned opera singer's heaven! Only one thing is left out of this bonanza—and that is the priceless contact with one's audience and the great and moving response of applause. This, however, can take other forms, and will no doubt be amply compensated for by the increasing facilities for telegraphic appreciation, the swiftness of which already appalls me. I have not myself sung into the mike, but my colleagues tell me that often, before they leave the studio, they are the recipients of great sheaves of telegrams from all parts of the country. Thanks and congratulations come from lighthouse keepers on some stormy and desolate shore, from rangers in their forest camps, from farmhouses, and from banquets in cities two thousand miles away. How can a mere patting of palms together, from parterre to roof in one little auditorium, hope to compete with such wide and romantic acclaim?

Of course this new art has also its seamy side; there is the hot prison of the soundproof studio, the daily routine call, the everlasting retakes. But eventually the registration of vocal and pantomimic limitations will all be nicely tabulated. The Follies girl and the pretty social favorite who nurses secret hopes for publicity, all will come into the large catalogue of mechanical asset and box-office attraction.

Misplaced Nightingales

The business is as yet in its infantile incompleteness. I may be too advanced in years and common sense when the perfected effort offers me the real satisfaction of happy comparison with the living models, but I am all interest just the same. The human throat has lately fallen into such seeming disrepute that most composers seek to shame it into obscurity anyhow, but on the sound screen voices may become popular once more—who can tell? And—comforting thought—those that try to shatter the rafters may be brought into microphonic discipline. Eventually there may be produced such sweet harmonies as do not crucify the ears, although at present that seems a trifle too optimistic. We must, however, accept the mechanical marvels of this day with what philosophy and pleasure we can. As everybody feels the imperative urge to express—and of course, to express publicly—considerable relief should be manifest by those who have hitherto financed embryonic singers, fiddlers, pianists, dancers, and so on. The homestead need not be mortgaged for five years' study abroad—dubious outcome of the hopeful's talent—or any precious time lost waiting for engagements. To see is to hear! On the spot—test, sign, work! It all sounds so delightful!

There will be snags, of course, in this new development. Age limit and weight will be matters of paramount importance, where formerly performers in the actual and often too, too solid flesh have been excused the inconsistencies of their appearance for the magic of their other endowments. It was chronicled in Handel's time that, at the inelegant apparition of a fat, ugly singer, an English peer, upon her first entrancing notes, hung spellbound until the finale brought him forward in his loge to roar with unbridled enthusiasm to the clamoring crowd, "By gad, no matter her face; she's got a belly full of nightingales!" The screen will not tolerate, however, this abdominal disposal of laryngeal charms unless that region be in concave silhouette also. Voice, face and figure must all be requisitely delicate for the successful opera performance on the silver sheet, hence in the near future some such schedule of requirements as the following will doubtless be circulated in the studios where the embryo talent is taking the half dozen lessons necessary to equip it for its career:

Coloratura sopranos—demented Lucias and betrayed Gildas—will not be permitted to exceed one hundred and ten pounds or eighteen years.

Lyric heroines—Manon, Mignon, Juliette, Marguerite, and so on—may add two years and five pounds to their stature.

Carmens, if sufficiently versed in experience and seductiveness, and bearing in mind the semi-demi-mezzo-soprano characteristics, will be permitted a margin of three more years and five more pounds—but only if the performance be really exceptional!

Gods and goddesses of the Wagnerian dynasty will face a more difficult problem. It

(Continued on Page 56)

4 FORWARD SPEEDS

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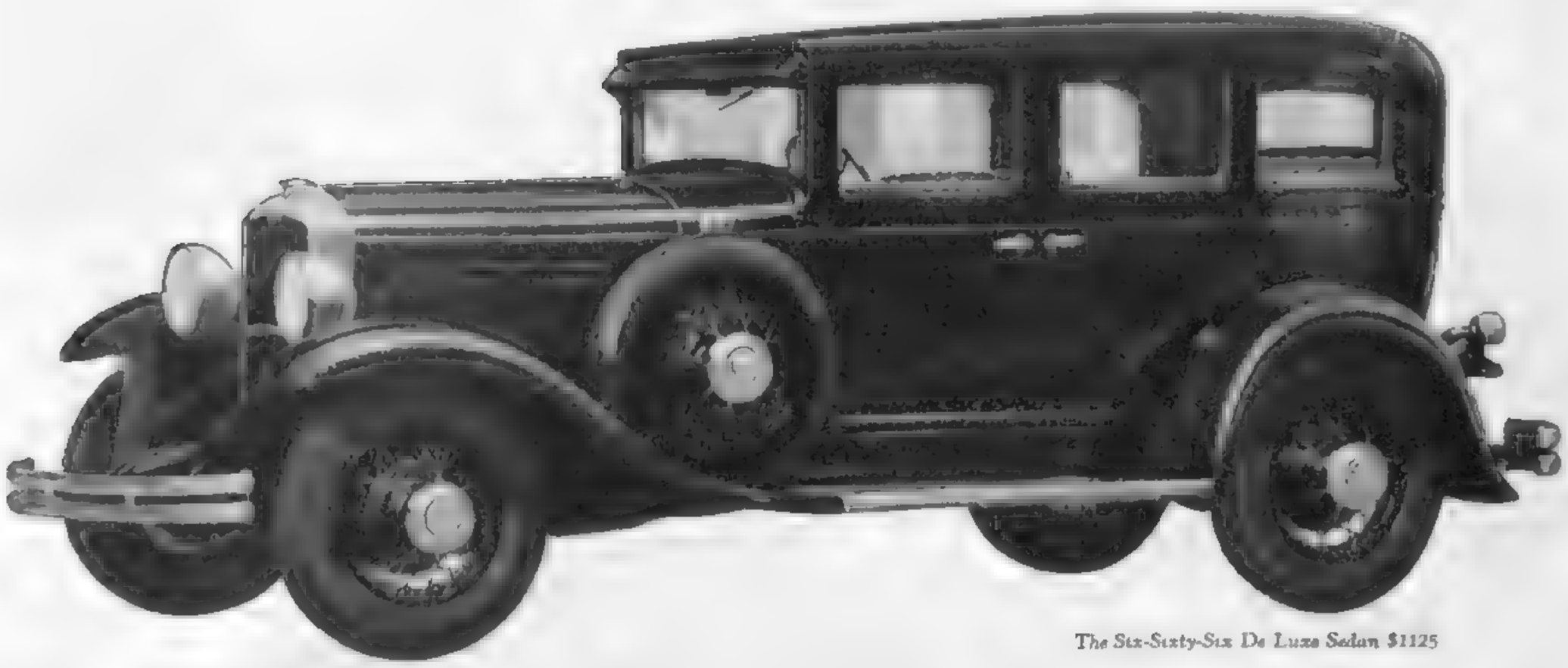

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"On the slopes of Old Baldy Mountain in northern New Mexico, I lay one night, sleepless and tired. I resorted to all the devices commonly employed to lure human beings to slumber, but all to no avail.

"When I related my experiences to an old prospector the following day, he advised me to use no more caffein, but instead to use Postum and I would have no more trouble. I did, and I slept. That night on Old Baldy was over a quarter century ago. Since then, Instant Postum has been indispensable to my equipment. And I have found it just as essential on the plains as in the high camps of the Sierras."

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There is no caffein in Postum—no artificial stimulant of any kind. You needn't fear sleeplessness—nor nervousness. You needn't fear indigestion. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted and skilfully blended. A wholesome drink, and a mighty delicious one, too! Millions prefer its rich, fine flavor above that of all other mealtime drinks.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

HAVE you ever sought for that priceless treasure, sleep — without success? One single night's experience, and you'll wish you knew the cause of your trouble! . . . have you considered caffein?

Consider it now—and take the advice that the wise old prospector gave to Mr. Wilson. Let Postum take the place of caffein as your mealtime drink. Try it for thirty days—and just *try* to keep awake after your head touches the pillow!

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Continued from Page 54

will doubtless be advisable so to synchronize the entire Niebelungen Ring that the operatic old guard can sit comfortably in their chairs backstage and perform vocally while truly exquisite sylphs and Apollos carry out the master's intentions—?—on the screen. The young Siegfried must positively have a Ted Shawn torso and manage to contrive his own natural Volsung beard. Annette Kellerman will supervise the Rhine maidens and Tom Mix train the Walküre, while Tony, of course—clever equine!—will work out his own grand finale to Götterdämmerung when he bears the glorious Brünnhilde on his back to her immolation. In the cast of Whoopee there are already some likely models for the heroine among those young ladies who sit their steeds with so much charm and poise!

If the current delay in the plans for the new Metropolitan is sufficiently extended, who knows what marvels may be unfolded in that projected temple which is to be so much bigger and better than anything we have ever seen! Everything will be magnified except the human vocal cords—over these no change in fashion has more than superficial influence. So a substitute will, of course, be found as the public capacity for louder noises in bigger places increases. I hope—as a matter of curiosity only—to live to see these things fulfilled, but I do not envy the coming generation. We who have labored through the burden and heat of many long preparatory days, who have won our spurs in battle, and who have not dared to offer our art to the world without a definite period of incubation, are in possession of one great secret. We who reach our artistic maturity only at that period which generally marks the end of a career, have one great consolation: The prima donna of the future, as the star of the movies and talkies even now, is done, finished, *passée*, at twenty-five!

After that comes the period of enjoyment of the leisure and the vast riches so phenomenally gained, in the fame of those elegant estates which they all buy as a matter of course and of publicity. At thirty even these pall, and so, what then? A few personal appearances in the big production theaters, a book of memoirs—and still they are only thirty-five! What a pitiable old age in youth!

We who have ripened on the tree and not in the hothouse are still young and vigorous when the others are on the shelf! I defy any one of those elderly stars of the late twenties to match their zest for living and their interest in life against my own, and I left the Metropolitan seven years ago, when I was forty. That act was a wrench, but it was a salutary measure which I have never regretted, because in these later, quieter years I have at last had time to indulge that carefully preserved and hoarded craving for the simpler joys of a more normal existence which the requisites of my career deferred. And because of that slow process of growth there were by-products in the line of culture and contacts which, all along the way, and perhaps more to be appreciated now than ever, colored life with a richness no flash in the pan can duplicate.

French Without a Struggle

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

IF TO belle France you plan to fare,
Well you may dread the language there.
It's cluttered up with funny verbs.
As is an omelette with fines herbes.
Its articles, the Frenchmen feel,
Must all possess some sex appeal.
On top of other troubles comes
A wild-eyed bunch of idioms.
And yet you'll find that you can do
With a familiar phrase or two.
When words your ideas fail to state,
Do like the French—gesticulate.
Just carry products of our mints
And follow out these simple hints.

Customs

When the inspectors don't unpack,
But ask you, "Haff you ze tabac?"
The proper French is, "Non, non, non!"
And then perhaps they'll let you go.
And certainly you've none at all
Of what the French tobacco call,
As you will later on be taught,
When you run out of what you've brought.

Travel

In Gallic trains a sign forbids
The opening of doors by kids.
Gardez des enfants proves worth while—
The train has port or starboard aisle.
And should the children disobey,
They might obstruct the right of way
And somewhere back toward Cherbourg be,
When you're arriving at Paree.

Dining

In restaurants, when you choose food,
Point at the menu, although rude.
Eat what they bring, omitting wails,
Though it may be a flock of snails.
And if you have a thirst and think
You'll order something up to drink,
The word for water is de l'eau.
But do you really need to know?

Sightseeing

When out to see the sights you stride,
Perhaps it's well to hire a guide
To quiz on history and such,
But first ask, "Combien?"—how much?
He'll lead you on a thorough search
And never miss a single church.
But urge him on, don't let him stop.
It gives your wife less time to shop.

Amusement

The opera's hard to understand,
But it's the same in any land.
Go see the Folies called Bergère,
So you can say that you've been there.
You need no French if you should bet
At Monte Carlo on roulette.
The croupier's most frequent news
May be translated to: "You lose!"

L'Envoi

Known for politeness are the French.
They hear you talk and never blench.
With friends at home, though, take no chance;
Leave all the French you speak in France.

People who work indoors need this health protection

says Italy's great intestinal specialist

PROFESSOR DOCTOR PAOLO ALESSANDRINI is chief physician of all the hospitals of Rome. At the University of Rome he lectures on diseases of stomach and intestines. So crowded are his days that he rises at three in the morning to write the medical articles which have made him known to doctors everywhere. He bears the distinguished title of Chevalier of the Italian Crown.

"TO check constipation and correct indigestion," Dr. Alessandrini says, "yeast has long been famous. Its laxative action is stimulating, not irritating. As the richest source of vitamin B it is particularly useful in run down states of health.

"Now the health value of fresh yeast has been doubled. When 'irradiated,' it is especially rich in vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which builds hard, straight bones and sound teeth. It should be a godsend to those who work indoors."

A flood of living yeast plants is released in your digestive tract by each cake of Fleischmann's fresh yeast to combat the poisons there.

Gently stimulating, these tiny yeast plants reawaken sluggish intestines and soften the clogging food wastes. When constipation goes, appetite and digestion quicken. Fresh new energy is released. Telltale skin eruptions disappear.

And now this famous food brings you an *added* health protection. The new "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin. Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin daily. It builds sound, straight bones and teeth. It makes your body harder, tougher. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers.

Has confining work indoors brought dull, headachy half health? Has living away from the sun made you "soft"? World-famous doctors point the way to quick, *natural* health renewal. How easy it is—just three cakes daily of fresh yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

"At the end of the day too tired to enjoy the evening"

(Above) New York, N. Y.

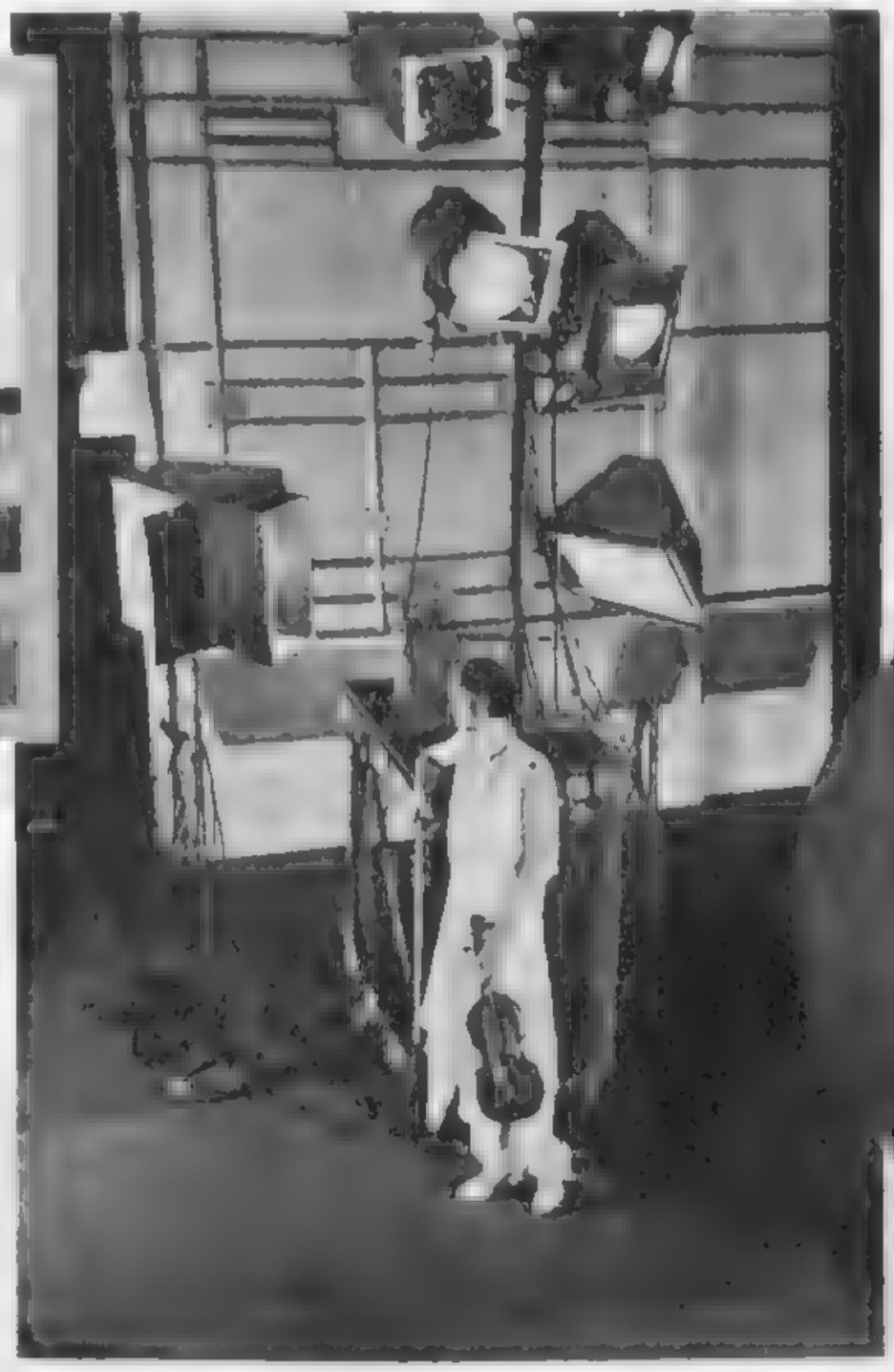
"What the great doctors have said about yeast is certainly matched by my own experience.

"For eleven years I have been auditor of one of the largest automobile sales corporations. Close confinement to my desk day after day without exercise resulted, two years ago, in 'nervous' stomach and constipation. Everything at the office upset me. Headaches would stay with me for days.

"What three cakes a day of yeast did for me hardly seems possible. But suddenly I realized my constipation had been corrected. I could eat my meals without discomfort. I laughed at office difficulties which formerly had me stumped. I was able to enjoy the evenings with my family.

"I am still eating yeast. I find it keeps me in splendid condition."

H. J. LLOYD



"Playing on the Keith circuit means indoor work and different food every day," writes Miss Helen Delvey of New Orleans. "For years I had indigestion and constipation. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast, my constipation has disappeared. My complexion has improved a hundred per cent."

"Even caring for Jean had become a burden"

"Even the best baby ties a mother down," writes Mrs. W. A. Peters of Stamford, Conn. "I became nervous and irritable—was subject to indigestion and constipation. And my skin was terrible. My doctor suggested yeast. It improved my disposition and stopped all my tiresome 'miseries.'"

Eat three cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. D-97, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

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LOVE COMES BUT ONCE

(Continued from Page 17)

I can stay at the store late Saturday night, anyhow," said Mr. Murphy sadly.

Tim knew he would be lucky if his father stayed at the store. The hardware merchant always complained tonelessly about parties, and it was practically impossible to prevent him from taking them in full charge.

Tim finished his tenth pancake, kissed his mother's cheek and gave her an affectionate pat on the back, and went downtown to open up the Murphy store, on the south side of the town square. It just happened that he went down Tenth Street, instead of Main, and so passed Jenny's house. Jenny and Anne were out in the yard, brushing some small rugs a fact which astonished Tim almost to death. He hung on the fence and whined for a job, saw that their long legs were bare beneath their skimpy cotton dresses, and that Anne's toes were pink, showing between the thongs of sandals. The girls came to the fence and chattered to him, but would not risk his beating the rugs. The rugs were too old, Jenny said, and Tim was notably violent. He invited them to his party and they accepted with affected elaborateness. As he was going off, Jenny called after him

"Did you hear about Fatty Laughlin getting held up last night? They got eighty-seven dollars from him. He was just closing the filling station. He said he thought it was the same two men that held up the river filling station last week. They had a blue sedan."

"That must have been the car that crowded us off of the road," said Tim, coming back and speaking to Anne. She nodded, looking at him soberly.

"It must have been, Tim."

"It happened just before we got in town," said Jenny. "Nick went home with Fatty. He was quaking like a nervous pudding. The little one put a revolver four inches into his ribs, he said. However," she added philosophically, "no one was hurt, and I guess the oil company can stand to lose eighty-seven dollars."

Tim shook his head. The argument irked him. He was conscious of Anne's soft, dark eyes upon him, and he looked at her with a sudden flashing grin.

"See you tonight?" he asked.

"Me?" she asked, flushing a little. "Well, you never can tell. I'll be around."

"So will I," said Tim, and went on downtown. He unlocked the store and put up the blinds, did a neat hurdle over the front counter and skipped out back to discuss the holdup, which was the morning's sensation, with the fellow who ran the pants emporium next door. And nothing in his demeanor or his bright eyes would have indicated that he concealed a broken heart.

The girls were in the store before noon. They were downtown on errands and stopped to see Tim. He was glad to show Anne the store. He was proud of it, with the glittering array of hardware, the harnesses hung from racks, the sheer masculinity of tools and workmen's supplies, sporting equipment and firearms. It was his native element. He felt free and unself-conscious, full of some wine of native ability.

"Look at the revolvers, Anne," said Jenny, and Anne looked, wide-eyed, into the show case. Tim began to take them out, but she shrank a little, watching him, and her cheeks grew pale.

"We don't sell ten a year," he explained deprecatingly. "We only carry a few, just to complete our stock and furnish the sheriff's office. There aren't more than four or five here." He drew a policeman's revolver from its case, and then another.

"But let me show you the niftiest one of all," Tim said, showing off. "Here, Anne; something nice for a flapper bandit. Just the size for filling-station robberies and drug-store holdups."

In a moment he held in the flat of his big boy's palm an automatic pistol hardly larger than that palm. The menacing barrel protruded slightly beyond his longest finger. The weapon was made of some bright dark metal, with the trigger and guard nickeled. On the butt were thin shells of walnut to protect the hand.

"Oh, Tim, put it away. Don't hold it!" implored Anne, and added: "Just think, Tim, how easily it could kill a man!" Again the faint yielding tone of her voice disturbed the boy's psyche. He put the pistol back in its case quickly.

"That's all right, Anne," he said sturdily. "It isn't loaded."

After they were gone, the oddest thought occurred to Tim Murphy. It was too bad, he reflected, that he had lost his heart to Mary Ellen so many years ago, when he was just a kid in high school. Here was a girl he could easily care for—a really swell girl! He'd never met anyone who appealed to him more. And she was lovely. She might not have the thin, bright, vital beauty Mary Ellen had, but there was a slow, invading charm about her that grew. And though she was perfectly healthy and a fine, big girl, still there was in her that gentleness and timidity which roused in Tim a very fire of all the masculine virtues courage and energy and boldness. He felt, with a clairvoyant understanding of Anne that was remarkable for his years, that if she were treated unkindly she would be absolutely helpless to do anything about it She needed a man, lively and strong, to waltz her around a little and be good to her and look after her. She'd do anything for such a man. But if she married someone who neglected her, she would suffer the neglect in a silent humbleness of spirit. The thought of Anne in such a situation was unbearable to Tim. He felt called upon to do something about it.

He had a date with her that night, and one the next. Oddly enough, they sat in the swing on Jenny's porch and talked for hours, and Tim did not even think about the conventional petting that was expected of a boy worth his salt. It was so easy to talk to Anne about the way the store made him feel and how nice it was when everything was clean and polished and shining; how he liked to sell a new range to a farm woman, and take it out and put it up, and watch her face; how the horses that won the blue ribbon for the best team of farm horses in the state had worn harness from their store; and how he had taken first prize at the county products show for his display of garden tools and accessories.

And he listened to Anne's slow voice. She told him of the school she had attended, where the girls lived like nuns. He could see the long procession of young girls in white dresses under green trees. She had just been graduated in June. She had been her class treasurer. She liked mathematics,

(Continued on Page 62)

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But how can you know that you are getting high-powered shoes? *In choosing an automobile you can at least count the cylinders.* But you aren't a shoe expert. You aren't a leather expert. How do you tell?

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 58)

she told him, and always stood high in that and in sciences. But she couldn't write themes. It was just the other way with Tim, he explained; though since he had been in the store he had had to learn to do some figuring. But they had a computing machine and a cash register. Tim learned that though she might not be able to write themes, she was full of romantic ideas and had some wild notions about boys. She thought love came but once, for instance. Tim thought so, too, but he had never known a girl who did before.

"Yes," said Tim, "love—real love—comes but once"—and the words were strangely mournful. He thought of Mary Ellen, but his regret lacked a certain conviction it had carried hitherto. For a moment the boy was smitten with panic. Anne's smooth, dark hair had a certain clean fragrance of its own. He felt how marvelous it would be to be loved. For the first time his long-held, carefully nurtured capacity for suffering was penetrated by a real sense of loss.

He got away from the store Saturday afternoon and waxed the floors and helped his mother make the final preparations. At the supper table his father announced—to Tim's relief—that he was going to play cribbage with a neighbor.

"I'll be at the store till nine o'clock. Emory will stay until ten. You'd better go down and lock up for him, son."

"All right, dad. I will. Tell him to stick around until I come."

The party had grown, as Mr. Murphy had prophesied. Tim was turning the ice-cream freezer when the guests began to arrive. Jenny and Anne came with Nick, in Anne's car. Nick immediately began a long story about Anne's starter, but no one paid any attention to him except Mrs. Murphy. All the young people in Hilltown had either been invited or had added themselves to the list—cousins, brothers, and visitors joined without ceremony. They all knew the big old house inside and out, and came to the kitchen to greet Mrs. Murphy, started the radio and phonograph going in competition, and someone played the piano as well. They were dancing in the dining room, singing in the parlor, sitting in couples on the stairs. Nick and Jenny and Johnny and Lulu began a game of croquet on the side lawn, playing with flash lights from cars.

Tim sought Anne out from among the dancers at ten o'clock.

"I've got to go close the store," Tim said. "Come with me, Anne."

"Shall we walk? The car won't start."

"We could take dad's car, but who wants a big, old sedan? We can start the roadster. It's such a grand night for it, Anne."

But the car's starter seemed jammed for good. Anne steered it and Tim got out and pushed.

"Oh, you shouldn't bother, Tim," said Anne in her soft voice, and Tim grew so strong he could have pushed the car right up a hill.

"Lean on it, Tim! Push it, big boy!"

A swarm of young men came out of the house and pushed the car right off down the street until the engine fired, and Tim drove off and left them calling after him. They took the longest way to town and came in on the square past the office of the Hilltown Crier. Mr. Hayes, the editor, was out, writing on his bulletin board, and Tim said:

"Let's see if the Spanish flyers got across." But it was only another holdup. They watched the chalked words appear:

Stone City Bank robbed of eleven-thousand-dollar quarry pay roll. Two men escaped in blue sedan after running battle with constables. Thought to have turned to the south.

Anne and Tim got back into the little roadster, whose engine chugged softly.

"I'll bet those are the same fellows that held Fatty up and nearly ran us down the other night. They're going to clean this part of the state before they leave it. Oh, boy, the nerve they've got! I'm glad they gave them a battle at Stone City, anyhow."

The square seemed strange and empty. The moon was rising above the distant river and shedding its eerie light. The stores were dark. Only the yellow light from the hardware-store windows shone out upon the walk. The sidewalks were empty, the crowd from the last movie not out yet. Just off the square there was another light, and a few cars parked by the ice-cream parlor. Tim drew the little roadster up before his father's store and pulled up the throttle so that the engine wouldn't stop.

"Isn't it a wonderful night, Tim?" said Anne.

"Look at the moon. It's later every night—and fuller."

"Where? I can't see it?" Anne giggled, and Tim leaned forward to point out the great summer moon to her, and she turned her face toward him and their lips met without volition. Abruptly Tim was a man, grown and steady. He kissed Anne as a man kisses his one girl. His arms were around her, and for a moment he forgot everything but her sweetness and nearness.

"Hey, Tim!" It was the rude voice of Emory, the old janitor who cared for the three or four stores in the block. Tim cursed him, silently, and giving Anne a little squeeze, he left her and went into the store.

Emory already had his old straw hat in hand.

"I'll be going. My old woman's sitting up for me," he said, and then, remembering: "Couple of fellers in here after guns. They had revolvers and wanted ca'tridges for them, but I couldn't fit them, so they wanted me to give them the guns in the show case, and ammunition to go with them. I wouldn't do it. They didn't have permits and I wouldn't give them a thing. They argyed that they had permits at home, or how could they have the guns they were carrying? But I told them to go get their permits and come back. They sure cussed me."

"Who were they?" asked Tim, his scalp moving.

"Strangers to me. I'm not going to sell anyone a revolver without a permit. Your father wouldn't and I won't."

"That's right, Emory. Well, so long."

"Wa'n't more'n five minutes since they wuz here."

Emory disappeared down the quiet street. Tim locked and bolted the back of the store and saw to the window fastenings. He put out the lights as he came forward, and set the spring lock on the front door. He turned back to draw the blinds of the show window against Sunday, as his father's habit was. He had to go around the front counter. As he came back, he saw a blue sedan of a potent familiarity go trailing slowly by the little car in which Anne sat waiting. A deep instinct stirred in Tim. He felt the slight prickle of hair upon his head, felt his hands suddenly damp. What commanded him, he could not say, but he obeyed unspoken instructions. He reached inside the counter and took out the small case. In a flash the flat weapon was in his hands. He knew where to find the proper box in the dark, and he filled the magazine with cartridges and closed and cocked the pistol. He stood so a moment in the dark and empty store, the heavy trim weapon in his big bony hand, and a thrill went through him and left him changed—more subtle, more dangerous. Through the open door he could see the little car, with the top down, and Anne sitting there, innocently waiting for him. With inexplicable resolution Tim did something he had never done in his life, or ever contemplated. He put the gun into his hip pocket, where it fitted against him smoothly.

He drew down the blind of the door. He spoke to Anne.

"Drive around the corner and wait for me, Anne," he said from the shadow in

(Continued on Page 66)

"When it's 7 a. m. and a four hours' hike ahead, it's Quick Quaker for mine," says John Barry, champion boy hiker of the north woods.

Two future captains of the air who are getting a right start on Quaker Oats. The proud fathers are G. W. Allen (Pilot) and Larry Fritz (Chief Pilot) of Maddux Air Lines

That rich Quaker flavor — after 2½ minutes' cooking. No rush! No bother!

No more breakfast rush! No hours of cooking needed! Your family can enjoy the world's favorite hot breakfast with 2½ minutes' preparation. Fuss, bother are ended. Quick Quaker cooks faster than toast! It's ready while you set the table.

All the rich Quaker flavor is there, the delicious creaminess that makes this the Great American Breakfast. Serve it tomorrow. Buy a box today!

Safeguard your most important 4 hours *with a Quick Quaker Oats Breakfast*

The world's favorite hot cereal now cooks faster than toast; and it gives the energy needed for your morning's work and play, according to health experts

DO you have any idea how much of your day's achievement is over by noon? A nation-wide survey in offices, in factories, in schoolrooms and homes—shows that 70% of the world's work is done in the morning

The 8 to 12 o'clock energy really runs the world. How important breakfast is, in the light of that fact! That is why nutritionists in the research departments of leading universities advise a hot cereal breakfast . . . why Quaker Oats is universally recommended for both children and adults to start the day right

Now 2½ minutes and it's ready!

And today, mothers find no reason for depriving their families of this delicious cereal—Quick Quaker Oats cooks in two-and-a-half minutes from the time the water boils . . . It's ready while you make the toast

That's because the choice plump oats selected for Quick Quaker are rolled tissue-thin . . . then processed through 14 different ovens, at a temperature of over 200°—to flaky, thorough tenderness.

The best balanced breakfast

Quaker Oats is 16% protein, the element that replaces muscular waste and builds up tissue. Oats excel wheat or rice, or even cornmeal, in protein content. Minerals, vitamins and carbohydrates are here, too. Vitamin B, which encourages the appetite and promotes growth; roughage to replace the need for laxatives.

And, best of all, Quick Quaker is so tempting, savory, delicious! It has a rich flavor unlike that of any other cereal. Serve it tomorrow morning—and you'll soon be serving it every morning

The makers of Quick Quaker Oats also make the regular Quaker Oats, as well as Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word.

Morning hours are important hours for Richard Jack and Athelda Kenyon, both scheduled to win coming swimming events for their teams. Their training diet includes Quaker Oats for breakfast

Quick Quaker Oats

Cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes

What *more* can we do to convince you *there are no finer tires than* RIVERSIDES?

THIS Fall Montgomery Ward & Co. completes its 57th year in business. Its assets today exceed $175,000,000 . . . . Annual volume of sales will approximate $300,000,000.

For the past 18 years—since 1912—we have been selling RIVERSIDE Tires. In that period we have probably sold more tires than any other organization in America dealing direct with the customer. As a result, the name RIVERSIDE is one of the best-known names in the tire industry.

We make the claim that *there are no finer tires made than RIVERSIDES* . . . . That at their prices they are the outstanding tire values in all America . . . that no other tires are made of finer materials, with finer workmanship, or built to deliver greater mileage.

To support these statements, what do we offer the buyer? The most convincing proof we know of: definite, specific *mileage guarantees*. And the best evidence anyone can ask . . . . the remarkably low, money-saving prices made possible by Montgomery Ward & Co.'s economical distribution of millions of RIVERSIDES direct to car-owners every year! . . . .

The monarch of this complete line of fine tires is the Super-Service RIVERSIDE . . . . Unconditionally guaranteed for 30,000 miles. In our opinion, *it is as fine a tire as money can buy.* Comparative tests prove that in design, materials, workmanship, appearance and performance, it has no superiors.

The ever-popular First-Quality RIVERSIDE we definitely guarantee for 16,000 miles . . . whereas road tests under all driving conditions actually show its *average* mileage to be 24,789 miles—55% *in excess of its guarantee!*

This mark of quality identifies our advertisements, our stores, and many of our exceptional merchandise offerings. Let it be your guide to quality and savings.

We pay postage on all tires and tubes
Free mounting service at all stores

Prices of Popular Sizes

30,000-Mile
Super-Service
RIVERSIDES

29 x 4.40	6-ply	$ 9.95
30 x 5.00	6-ply	14.45
30 x 5.50	6-ply	18.10
33 x 6.00	6-ply	19.85
32 x 6.50	6-ply	21.00
32 x 6.75	8-ply	26.65

16,000-Mile
First-Quality
RIVERSIDES

29 x 4.40	4-ply	$ 5.79
30 x 5.00	4-ply	8.49
30 x 5.50	4-ply	10.59
33 x 6.00	6-ply	13.65
32 x 6.50	6-ply	15.25
32 x 6.75	6-ply	17.85

10,000-Mile
WARDWEAR

30x3½ o.s. c	4-ply	$ 4.39
29 x 4.40	4-ply	4.98
30 x 5.00	4-ply	7.05
31 x 5.00	4-ply	7.25
33 x 6.00	4-ply	10.95

RIVERSIDE
Molded Circle Tubes
Guaranteed for 3 years

30 x 3½ o. s.	$1.10
29 x 4.40	1.15
30 x 5.00	1.45
33 x 6.00	2.13
32 x 6.75	2.98

All sizes of tires and tubes to fit all cars

The WARDWEAR, our lowest-priced tire, guaranteed for 10,000 miles, is in a class by itself for splendid value at extremely low cost.

After all—once a tire is on your car, mere *claims* mean nothing. That is why we place these absolute mileage guarantees on RIVERSIDES . . . . guarantees without "ifs," "ands," or conditions. In no other way can we make quality-assurance available to the buyer *before he buys.*

It is our belief that if every motorist in America realized *how good these tires really are,* even the tremendous facilities of Montgomery Ward & Co. would be taxed to the utmost to take care of the greatly increased demand.

Now, Mr. Motorist, you have read these facts about RIVERSIDE Tires. What more can we say or do? If you are convinced, you will go to our nearest store and see these remarkable tires for yourself—or the next time you need a tire, you will try a RIVERSIDE . . . . If we have not yet given you sufficient information—if there is still some question in your mind—we will be glad to answer it if you will write direct to Mr. B. R. PRALL, Manager of our Tire Department, at our Chicago headquarters. Or better still, write for our instructive new booklet,

"How to save $2 to $15 on every tire you buy"

This booklet, of interest to every motorist in America, gives complete information on how Riverside Tires are made and why they deliver such exceptional service. It will be sent to you on request.

Actual color of tube is shown on page opposite

MONTGOMERY

NINE GREAT MAIL ORDER HOUSES AND MORE

16,000-mile Guaranteed RIVERSIDE

30,000-mile Guaranteed RIVERSIDE

10,000-mile Guaranteed WARDWEAR

RIVERSIDE Molded Circle Inner Tube . . . Guaranteed for 3 Years

WARD & CO.

THAN 400 RETAIL STORES THROUGHOUT AMERICA

CHICAGO–KANSAS CITY
ST. PAUL–FORT WORTH
OAKLAND, CALIF.
PORTLAND, ORE.
DENVER–BALTIMORE
ALBANY

(Continued from Page 62)

which he stood. She looked up wonderingly, but made no answer. But when she started the car, she killed the engine, and there it stood, a suddenly vexatious bit of inanimate matter.

"Get out and walk down the street and wait for me at the ice-cream parlor. If you see the night marshal, send him back here, will you?"

She got out of the car wonderingly. "What's wrong, Tim?"

"You must leave this to me, Anne," he said firmly. "Just do as I want you to do, please, dear."

She began to walk away reluctantly, and Tim went back into the store and closed the door and let the lock click. It was only a minute or two until he could see, through the crack in the blind, the big blue sedan stopping beside Anne's little roadster. One man stayed at the wheel. The other got out and came to the door of the store. He tried the knob. Tim sent up a prayer of thanks that Anne was safely away. She should be at Miller's by now. The man outside began to work quickly, trying to unlock the door from a selection of keys. Tim reasoned that he was unarmed or he would have forced Emory. The door opened silently. Tim held himself until the fellow was well inside. He went at once, with a catlike footfall, toward the counter. He was a small man, amazingly agile, unexpectedly threatening. Tim waited until he saw the hand lifted toward the cases.

"Keep 'em up," he said stiffly. "I've got you covered." It was his evil luck that the excitement of the moment caused his voice to break and sound even more youthful than he was. He was not at all prepared for what happened. The boo did not scare the robber to death. But a spit of flame and a dull report almost did it for Tim. The boy was crouching on the side of the door away from the counter, half behind a stack of galvanized pails. He ducked and answered the shot, for the man stood clearly between him and the moonlight. And then the pile of buckets came down with a great crash. The door of the store sprang wide and Anne screamed:

"Tim! Tim!"

The bandit knocked her against the frame of the door as he ran, and his gun roared back at Tim, who aimed carefully and fired. Without knowing that he moved, Tim was in pursuit. He flung Anne behind him. He shot at the moving car. The little bandit lay in the street, and Tim saw him get up on his knees and start for the car, which began to gather speed. Tim leveled his arm and shot again. The back tire came down with a loud report, and the car swung drunkenly toward the curb. The man at the wheel was already in the street. Tim had thrust Anne unceremoniously into the store, and he pulled the door shut behind him and clung to the wall of the show window. The moon was now filling the doorway with light, and Tim could be seen. He felt and heard the crash of bullet on glass, and saw a hand coming around the end of the stalled car with a revolver in it, and he shot at the hand and missed. The weapon spat again. And then Tim saw the night marshal coming swiftly and silently across the courthouse grass. In a flash he had leaped upon Tim's adversary and the two were rolling over and over. Tim ran and kicked a gun far out of reach, and caught the little man and flung him back down on the pavement, none too gently either. His automatic clicked uselessly in his hands. The editor appeared from nowhere, and then over the town the fire bell began to ring its wild and alarming clamor.

A deputy sheriff was with them. Handcuffs glistened on the wrists of two cursing, struggling men. Mr. Hayes was shaking Tim's hand. A crowd appeared out of the very pavements, and the fire engine came foolishly around the corner. Tim broke away. He ran back to the store and found the door locked against him. He found his key with shaking fingers and opened the door and put his hand on the switch for the lights, and so stood still.

A great silence came down over the clamorous world—a silence that stilled everything—Tim's own heart, his thoughts, his very breath. For there, propped half upright among the débris was Anne, her head fallen back, her round white throat a smooth and perfect column, her parted black hair falling away from cheeks as white as milk. Her eyes were closed, her hands lying foolishly. And from her shoulder, down over the white crêpe dress, appeared a scarlet stream.

Tim, half crying, lifted her. She was a big girl, but he could have carried her a mile. In a moment someone had brought a car, and they were in Doctor Lockerbie's surgery and Anne was lying on her side, gasping from the little blue bottle that Mary Ellen was holding under her nose. Tim stood wringing his soft straw hat into a perfect mess, while Doctor Lockerbie cut the white crêpe away from her shoulder, cleaned the wound and drew it together.

"It's only a little place," he said to Tim. In a very short time—though it didn't seem short to Tim—the little place was covered with a square of gauze. There were tidy strips of adhesive. There was Mary Ellen's blue silk kimono, and Anne, resting; white, but laughing shakily.

"I don't know why I fainted. I never did in my life before," she apologized. "I wasn't really frightened."

"It must have been quite a blow, so close," said the doctor sympathetically. "A few inches more ——" But he let his conjectures go. Tim's eyes went instinctively to the round firm throat. Doctor Lockerbie was preparing a hypodermic syringe.

"You go on now, Tim," he said. "I think Anne had better have a little anti-tetanus."

Tim waited in Mary Ellen's immaculate kitchen. He could hear the doctor's smooth, encouraging voice. A great guy, Doc Lockerbie!

"You'll have to be very quiet for a few days, Miss Kerns. I don't expect a bit of trouble; it'll all be healed up in a week. But I do want you to stay in bed. I'll take you home in my car now, if you feel like walking to the curb, and I'll see you in the morning. I'll send Tim for Jenny."

"I can't go back to Tim's party?"

Doctor Lockerbie laughed a little.

"Not tonight," he said, and then he spoke to Tim from the doorway: "What are you doing in gun fights, Tim? Have the Hilltown boys started to carry automatics? Are you a gangster of some sort, or what is the big idea?"

"I just took it out of the store. I saw the car. I knew it was these sharks."

"Why didn't you let them take a couple of revolvers, if they wanted them?" said the doctor. "Twenty-five or thirty dollars' worth of firearms—even fifty ——"

"They're not going to take guns out of our store to kill people with," said Tim in a low voice. "You know this new permit law is pretty strict. I'm sorry about Anne. If she'd done what I told her to do—if she'd gone on down the street and not come running back when she heard the racket —— Darn it, they have too much advantage!"

"Tim's right. I don't know why I went back. My feet just took me," came Anne's voice.

"H'm," said Doctor Lockerbie, and Tim said nothing. Mary Ellen went out to the car. "I'll go home with you, Anne, and stay until Jenny comes."

Tim found his party all out on the street, full of the news. Tim was quite a hero. The editor had telephoned to his mother that the sheriff had identified one of the men. There was a reward of five thousand dollars from the Indiana Bankers' Association for him. They had only the ammunition in their guns, and expected to be stopped at the bridge, and were afraid to try to get out of town without more loaded weapons. The night marshal, it seemed, had been watching for them.

Tim thought his guests would never go home. They ate all the ice cream, but even their hearty appetites failed before the cakes Mrs. Murphy had baked. They talked it all over and back again.

"Imagine Anne running back like that. I thought she was a regular scaredy cat."

"Weren't you scared, Tim? Didn't your knees shake?"

"Oh, boy, five thousand iron men! Bring on your bandits!"

At last they were gone, and Tim called Jenny at midnight. She was very cross with him.

"We're just getting sound asleep, and you telephone, you big baby! Doctor Lockerbie gave Anne a powder. She's perfectly all right. I'll call you if she gets suddenly worse."

Tim was horrified.

"You don't think she might ——" he stammered, but Jenny had hung up.

Tim did not even pretend to go to sleep, but sat watching the moon. His normal male exhilaration over the adventure was dimmed by the fact that Anne's injury was his fault. If he had gone tamely and hurriedly away, and let them have it —— But he could not, even now, go back on his own instincts. If you couldn't believe a thing that came to you like that had come to him—to get the pistol, to defend the store—what could you believe? There was nothing to go on, if your own hunches were wrong. You were just a flop, that was all. Maybe something worse would have happened; a dozen things had been possible in the situation. Again his feeling that no dangerous weapon should go out of his father's store and into the hands of a crook to be used against defenseless men and women came back to him. No, he could not regret it. There had to be a right. There had to be a thing to stick to, whatever came.

He stirred. Would the morning never come? He could not bear to be parted from Anne like this. Jenny was so careless. She would go to sleep and let Anne take care of herself. What if she wanted a drink or something, and no one heard her? Tim got up and went downstairs and ate six or seven pieces of cake to steady his nerves. He went out-of-doors and down to Tenth Street, and found the Kerns house still and dark.

That was Jenny's window—not a sound came from it. Shamefaced, he went home again, and took up his vigil with a moon that hung fixed and motionless in the summer sky. He felt an oddly husbandlike vexation with Anne for not minding what he had told her. And a great thrill to think that a girl so timid would take a risk because she didn't know what was happening to him!

With the morning came the full knowledge that Anne's lot was henceforth cast in with his. So had the cycle of his life swung that it was now his great care to look after her. His love for Mary Ellen must be put behind him. There was nothing he could ever do for her again. All that was left of him belonged now to Anne.

At seven o'clock he was back at Jenny's, but no one was stirring. He went home and drank a pint of milk, ate some more cake and a muskmelon he found in the refrigerator, and went back to Kerns'. The milk had been taken in. The back door was open. In the kitchen he found Jenny in her pajamas.

"Tim Murphy!" she cried disgustedly, and then stopped and looked at him. "I'm sorry, Tim," she said softly. "Is it that bad? She's all right. Truly she is. She's been crying—seems kind of blue. But her shoulder's all right."

"Can I see her?"

"Now?"

"Please, Jenny!"

"Sure you can see her, Tim. Just go on up the back stairs. You know where my room is. If mamma comes out, tell her I sent you. Anne's awake."

Heavy, dark braids lay across a white pillow. The soft, dark eyes were marred by recent tears. Anne looked at him wanly.

"You're all right? Does your shoulder hurt?"

"Not my shoulder."

He came across and stood by the bed, his hands in his pockets, a very disrupted young man.

"Anne, I didn't sleep all night. I —oh, Anne, let's get married right away. I can buy that little house in the park. We can be comfortable. My father always said he'd give me a thousand dollars and a full partnership in the store when I got married—and this reward now —— I can't bear it, being away from you like this!"

Anne gave her head a little negative shake, and Tim said, in absolute terror, "You don't mean—you don't mean you—won't?"

"I can't, Tim," she said, and the tone was the one that disturbed him so.

"Why—why can't you, Anne? Don't you care for me? Is it because—because I didn't take care of you—didn't take you away from danger—because I was such a darn fool?"

"Don't go back on yourself, Tim," she told him. "It's not because of that. You were right about that. I'd feel as though I—as though I'd have a real man for mine, after last night. I want you to be like that—stubborn and ready to fight for what you think is right. It's something else, Tim. You ought to know."

"What is it, Anne? Tell me, Anne. What's wrong between us?"

She turned her head away and her voice was almost inaudible:

"I looked at her last night. I don't blame you for loving her. She's lots more attractive than I am. But I can't marry you, Tim. I—you ——"

She faltered into miserable silence, but kept her face averted.

Mary Ellen! She thought he loved Mary Ellen. How funny! He considered this carefully and tried to remember how he had felt about Mary Ellen, and brought deliberately to his mind the image of this old sweetheart, but it was not distinct. It would not focus. He actually, at that moment, could not remember what Mary Ellen looked like, though he had known her all his life and been in love with her at least half of it.

"I never loved Mary Ellen," he said shamelessly, and his voice was loud and firm. "Oh, kid stuff, maybe. Wanting to show off. Wanting to be romantic about myself. But last night, when I thought you were—that you were—I couldn't bear a world without you in it. I love you, Anne—you and nobody else. I never felt like this before. I couldn't ever feel this way about anyone else. There isn't any other Anne to feel like this about. This couldn't possibly come to a man more than once in a lifetime. I couldn't sleep last night, Anne, thinking maybe you might want a drink or something."

She turned her face back to him. It was rosy and radiant.

"Honest, Tim?"

"Honest!"

"You wouldn't story, when you know what it means to me?"

"I'd never tell you a lie, Anne. I love you. I couldn't."

"Well, then ——" she said, and it was fortunate for the proprieties that Jenny came up the stairs just then, with a tray holding coffee and hot toast and tinkling silver and china.

"Don't you think Anne looks better, Timmie?" she asked, rattling things at the table and pretending not to notice.

"Anne looks beautiful. And don't call me Timmie."

Jenny giggled. "And now, mister, we will most reluctantly excuse you, before my mother comes in and spanks us all. I think perhaps Anne can move down onto the swing on the screened porch this afternoon, and at that time we will be glad to consider your suit."

Tim turned at the door. "Good-by till then, Anne."

She looked at him, and her voice seemed to come to him from some far-away place called heaven:

"Good-by—till then."

Troubles that come with middle age

~ frequently the result of improper tissue

A PROMINENT SPECIALIST estimates that 65 per cent of all men and women over 40 years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

An appalling condition! Yet not surprising in view of the gross indifference of most people to the quality of toilet tissue used in their homes or at their place of work.

Not until recently has the importance of bathroom tissue to health been fully realized.

Today, however, millions of housewives (and many purchasing agents and building managers) are insisting upon the tissues that physicians and hospitals have thoroughly approved — ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf.

These three health-protecting tissues are made on special Scott-built machines . . . from hygienically processed fibres—"*thirsty fibres.*"

Crumple a sheet in your hand. Feel its unusual softness . . . its linen-like texture.

Treat a sheet of ordinary, glazed tissue this same way. You can actually feel its cutting edges—frequently sharp enough to cause a seriously inflamed condition.

Thirsty fibres are extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality thorough hygiene is impossible. This is why Scott Tissues are so much safer to use than harsh, glazed toilet tissue.

Scott Tissues are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline. The sheets tear easily and squarely at the perforations. And the rolls are closely wrapped to fit the built-in fixtures.

Never take chances again with inferior toilet tissues. You can always be sure of safety by asking for either ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

Waldorf 3 *for* 20¢ — Sani-Tissue 3 *for* 25¢ — ScotTissue 2 *for* 25¢ Prices for U. S. only

Scott Tissues

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NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty-fibre* qualities.

This GOLD SEAL

THIS IS A

CONGOLEUM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

RUG

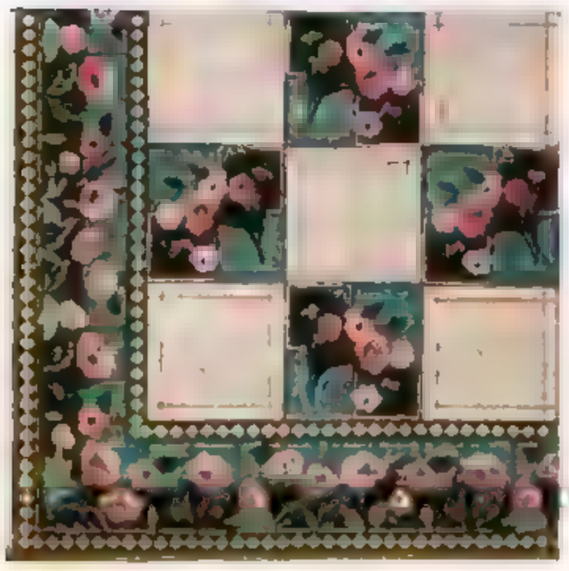
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH
WET CLOTH

GREEN kitchens are in vogue! In step with the times as always, Congoleum designers have created the lovely "PALMETTO" pattern shown above. Here is a rug with an air of sparkling cleanliness sure to delight the modern housewife's heart. It is Congoleum Rug No. 604.

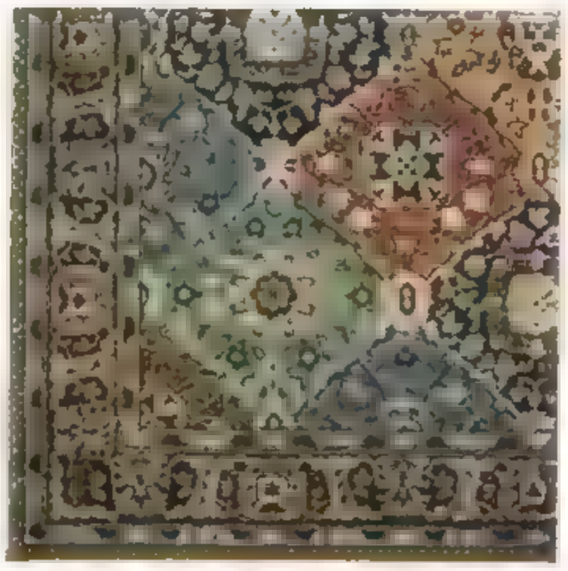
"CONCORD" . . . the quaint charm of a Colonial hooked rug is yours in this exclusive design—Congoleum Rug No. 605.

"DU BARRY" . . . as lovely as the rare Aubusson rug after which it was patterned. This master piece is to be had only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. It is No. 326.



"POPPY" . . . this charming floral design is made only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. Its bright coloring will brighten any room. It is Rug No. 609.

"PERSAN" . . . here the designer has captured the mystic charm of the East. This fascinating pattern is made only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. No. 612.



identifies the One and Only Congoleum

All during October, this large Gold Seal display card will be featured in the windows of leading stores throughout the country. Look for it! Why be content with anything less than the world's best buy in floor-coverings?

HERE are facts about modern, labor-saving floor-coverings that every woman should know . . . .

This big Gold Seal is a true friend of the American housewife. It says, "Here is the greatest beauty of design—the biggest all-round value in labor-saving floor-coverings—*the one and only genuine* Congoleum Rug."

Would you like to know Congoleum's "beauty secret"? It's simply this: Neither pains nor money is spared to secure the services of the world's foremost designers and colorists. So you can always be sure that the pattern you buy is a masterpiece of rug design.

Surpassing loveliness of design—Striking style and beauty have always been notable qualities of *genuine* Congoleum Rugs. Each design has a subtle something—a captivating touch of smartness—a delightful departure from the commonplace. That's why so many women of taste are proud to have Congoleum Rugs all through their homes. Ask your dealer to show you the many lovely patterns.

An amazing bargain—Considering their beauty Congoleum Rugs might well be expensive—*but they aren't!* Far from it. At the low prices now prevailing, you can easily afford to "do over" a number of rooms—make them glow with cheerful style and color. And you'll have the very finest labor-saving rugs—flat-lying, sanitary, easy to clean, made extra-durable by the exclusive *Multicote Process* and backed by the Gold Seal guarantee.

Caution: Don't be misled into buying a substitute for *genuine* Congoleum just because of a slight difference in price. "Cheap" merchandise is usually the most expensive in the end. Look for the big Gold Seal—pasted right on the face of the pattern. It guides you to your biggest money's worth in labor-saving floor-coverings—*the one and only* Congoleum.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Offices:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Dallas Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Detroit Atlanta Rio de Janeiro. *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.

"ORIENTALE" . . . *only in genuine Congoleum Rugs can you secure this distinctive design. No. 608.*

"BOUQUET" . . . *a charming old Colonial design in soft colorings. Exclusive with Congoleum Rug No. 324.*

"WINDSOR . . . *trees, houses, rivers, fleecy clouds, peep forth from this ingeniously designed and exclusive Congoleum Rug. No. 602.*

CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

—your biggest money's worth in modern, labor-saving floor-coverings!

Rust on your radiator?

Purgo will prevent it

THAT rust smear on the top and front of your radiator is the tell-tale sign of a dirty, rust-clogged cooling system. The water can't circulate as it should, so it boils out over the radiator.

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IMPROMPTU

(Continued from Page 21)

a case like this. And it was a case; he could sense that without two tellings. He noted that the girl alone was fully dressed. The others had been in bed or were about to turn in. But you never could tell. The butler wore his coat, but neither vest nor collar. A gorgeous-looking girl, who had good hold of herself.

"Now, let's have the story," said the sergeant kindly. "In the line of duty I shall have to ask disagreeable questions."

Van Cleve turned to Elsie: "Shall I tell it?"

"If you will be so kind."

"Just a minute," broke in the sergeant. "George, get a sheet from somewhere. We can't move the body, miss, till the coroner views it."

"I understand."

"Then we'll have to take him into town for the autopsy."

The sheet was procured.

"Suppose we go into the next room and turn out these lights?" This was done. "Now, then, what happened? Don't leave anything out because you happen to think it unimportant. Everything you can remember about the evening."

Van Cleve told the story clearly, and frequently the sergeant nodded approvingly.

"Queer place for a business deal," was the sergeant's comment.

"We were agreeable. Three of us had never been in this kind of wilderness."

"And this man Berks and the diamond are gone. Opened the safe for more loot, and Hood caught him at it."

"But no one except my uncle and myself could open the safe!" Elsie protested. "Or the secret compartment."

"Miss, there are men in New York who can open any wall safe ever made. But this Berks is the lad, all right. Sleight o' hand. Who asked to see the diamond?"

"I did," said Descamps gloomily.

"I see. How were you going to pay for the diamond after you had bid it in?"

"Certified checks," answered MacFarlane, the Englishman.

"Have you all got certified checks?" The sergeant was astonished.

"We all have letters of credit large enough to cover the cost of the stone. Quite the same as certified checks," said Van Cleve.

"All new stuff to me. I must see these letters of credit and your passports. Understand, gentlemen, this is murder. Your letters of credit and your passports will be good alibis. You've all told me where you were when the thing happened. But none of your statements can be substantiated by your neighbors. . . . You're an American, Mr. Morgan. What have you got to show?"

"A blank check, signed by the treasurer of my company."

"Not so good."

"Tomorrow you can call up my company and verify my statement. No one could get one of these special blanks except from the treasurer's office, from the treasurer himself."

"Bring them all to me, gentlemen."

They proceeded upstairs, followed by the troopers.

"What's your idea, miss?" the sergeant asked of Elsie.

"All I want you to do is to find him. He accepted the hospitality of the house. It was horrible!"

"Your uncle didn't seem to be very smart."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Coming up here in the middle of nowhere for a deal like this."

This silenced Elsie. This had been her thought too.

"Well, we'll get the bozo; don't worry. The minute he tries to sell that stone ——"

"No one will know anything about it. This man Berks will have some rich client who will not ask questions. Do you know anything about collecting gems?"

The sergeant uttered a short laugh. "Not likely."

"It's like a drug. It kind of makes you mad."

The four strange guests came down and gave the sergeant three passports, three letters of credit and a signed blank check. The sergeant went over them carefully. He gasped. Here were the representations of nearly three quarters of a million! Alibis, if ever he saw any before. He put the articles into a safe pocket.

"Merely a precautionary measure," he said. "They will be given back to you after the coroner has had a look at them. You won't have any trouble, gentlemen. It's this fellow Berks. Plain as the nose on your face. The description of Berks has been broadcasted. Telephone, telegraph and radio; crooks don't get far these days. Now, you folks sit down while I prowl about. The player piano was going?"

"Yes."

The young officer returned to the living room and turned on the lights. He stared at the fireplace. The case was all cut and dried, motive a mile high. Only one hope for this chap Berks—the middle of the Amazonian jungle. Otherwise his goose was cooked. The fire rack and the medley of instruments had fallen against the fender. He did not touch the poker which lay about four feet from the hearth. He righted the rack, as if absently. With his eye he measured the distance from the long window in the library to the fireplace in the living room, the distance between the fireplace and the wall safe.

"Two of you scout around outside for footprints. George, you stay here with me. Now, George, run upstairs, get into a room and shut the door."

George obeyed without question. When his subordinate was gone, the sergeant pushed over the rack.

"Hi, George, did you hear it?"

The trooper called down: "Yes, but not loudly."

"All right. Go back into the room. Someone turn on the player."

"No, no!" cried Elsie, horrified.

"Sorry, miss, but I must know if it is possible to hear the overturn of the rack while the music is going. We are obliged to do a lot of disagreeable things in search of the truth."

Elsie flew to the piano to guard it. "No! I could not stand it to hear the record! I couldn't!"

"Sorry, miss, but I must run it over to get the time."

"Put on some other record!" she begged.

"Duty, miss. Sorry can't oblige. It may mean a man's life."

This was the law, and she had to surrender. But when she heard the opening crescendo of the Fantasie Impromptu, she put her hands over her ears and closed her eyes, lest she see him at the piano. The agony was intolerable.

The sergeant again righted the rack and toppled it. The trooper upstairs came down. He had heard only the music.

"That's what I wanted to know. Seven minutes to play the thing. The average man can do a hundred yards in fifteen seconds. Seven minutes—plenty of time for a lot of things. Anything missing from the safe, miss?"

"Nothing"—dully.

"Telephone wire cut, window fixed for a get-away, a priceless diamond gone. Looks like rain for Mr. Berks. No one of you ever saw Berks till tonight? Humph."

"We all knew something of his reputation," said Van Cleve.

"Not so good?"

"Questionable methods, unethical."

"I see."

The sergeant was a new type of policeman. The accepted notion of a detective—silent, mysterious, pussy-footed—was totally absent. And Elsie began to lean toward him mentally. He talked, explained his actions, thereby mitigating the nerve tension of the others. This apparent frankness was premeditated. If you scared folk they shut up like clams; if you could get them into ordinary conversation, sometimes they dropped a vital bit of information.

This business looked simple, all cut and dried; but experience warned him that it wasn't. No signs of any struggle. It was the player piano that created the fog. It did not fit into the right place somehow. If Berks had entered by the French window, he couldn't possibly have got to the poker without Hood seeing him. Hood had been killed without knowing what had struck him.

However, Berks might have been hidden in the library, where the piano stood. Hood had turned on only the living-room lights. The safe was on the far side of the fireplace. Hood might have been so intent on the safe that Berks —— But the beggar had got what he had come after! He might have been sneaking out, seen his host at the safe, and the impulse had come to take all the gems. Confound the piano; it cross-trailed everything! Had it been going before or after death?

One of the troopers came in to report:

"Nothing, sergeant—that is, no footprints. This kind of ground doesn't take footprints well. Nothing in the flower beds. Milo tires on the car, though—two new ones and two old. The dust took that. Balloons. I think he was headed for the dirt trail. He'll have to turn up somewhere near Lake George. One of the guides said the rear license plate was badly bent. He remembered the number."

"Good work. Go to the phone and shoot it out. That narrows things down a bit. . . . What's that—a car coming?"

Every head was turned toward the windows, and all stood in effect like a tableau. The sergeant did not move. He still had a man outside to take care of the stranger.

The blood pounded in Elsie's ears. If it were Berks returning!

But the man who entered with the trooper was not any man she had seen before. He was rather stocky, his face rubicund like that of a man who had lived well and carelessly. But nevertheless it was a strong face, with a large-bridged nose and thin straight lips. There were signs of recent physical activities. Across his forehead was a broad piece of adhesive, one of his eyes was discolored and one of his hands was partly bandaged.

The sergeant observed that the adhesive and bandage were streaked with dust and sweat, several hours old.

"What's going on here?" the stranger demanded, somewhat truculently. "Where's Mr. Hood?"

"That'll keep," said the sergeant. "But first we'd like to know who you are." The sergeant stood between the newcomer and the quiet thing on the floor.

"Who I am? I'm Berks—Roger Berks."

VIII

BERKS! The announcement had the effect—the stunning effect—of a thunderclap out of the blue. Even the troopers were silenced by their astonishment. Van Cleve was first to recover. Yonder person was more like the man he had imaginatively built up out of hearsay. A bold fellow, not particularly hampered by ethics, and not quite a gentleman. Who, then, was the other, who looked and acted like a gentleman?

"That is not the man!" said Elsie, her voice stifled.

"You bet I'm not! I'm Berks. The other fellow was an impostor. Oh, it was neatly done. It isn't often they bamboozle me. Now, what's happened? What are the police doing here?"

"Hood was killed tonight. The weapon was the fire poker," the sergeant informed the questioner.

(Continued on Page 73)

RIDE A BIKE

"Oh, Marge – Dad *finally came through with a* Bike *for* Billy!"

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. . . . . and was Billy thrilled?—just listen to this: "Gee, sis, dad's a great sport. Yesterday, when I didn't happen to be thinking about a bike at all, he just took me down to the store and let me pick one out. Kinda smiled in dad's old way—you know—and said, 'go to it, son, I had one when I was a kid. Nothing better to make you husky than a bike. And I guess you'll have plenty of fun, too. I did.'"

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(Continued from Page 70)

"Dead? Hood?" The stranger dropped into a chair as suddenly as if someone had cuffed him behind the knees. "Dead!"

"Yes. By violence."

"Did the chap get away with the Blue Rajah?" asked the original Roger Berks.

"Yes."

"I knew it! I knew that was his game. But he didn't look like a fellow who'd kill a man with a poker."

"Who is he?" Elsie wondered when this nightmare would end.

"I don't know, miss"—dejectedly. Sounds foolish, but it's true."

"You don't know?" shouted the sergeant. "Come now. You can't expect us to believe that. What did he do to you?"

"Plenty—plenty. Kidnaped me and took my papers."

"I see. Now we're getting somewhere," declared the sergeant. "And you put up a fight."

"I did, but I didn't get far. It was two to one. But I got loose about ten and here I am."

"And here you are! From where did you escape?"

"New York."

"Who was your client, the man you were working for?" interjected Van Cleve.

"He was! That's how he fooled me," Berks replied.

The sergeant shoved back his hat. "Seems to me you're telling the middle of the story. Begin at the jump-off. The fog is too thick."

"Which one of you is Van Cleve of Amsterdam, Holland?" asked Berks, looking about.

"I am."

"You've heard of me, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"But till now you never saw me?"

"That is correct."

Berks—for all understood now that he must be Berks—brought forth a wallet and handed it to the sergeant. "Please examine the contents. There's an old passport in there. Compare the original with the descriptions."

Which the sergeant proceeded briskly to do. "Gentlemen, this is the real Berks. You were entertaining an impostor. Now, then, Berks, get along with your side of the story."

Elsie noted that the trooper did not use the conventional title. On the other hand Berks apparently did not note its absence.

"Well, about two weeks ago this fellow came to my office. He had heard that the Blue Rajah was about to be put up for sale, which was more than I had heard. Said he wanted the stone. He had heard of me. That's my business—negotiating the sale and purchase of gems on commission. Said he wanted the stone, but that if he handled the job he might bid too deep. I'd heard of the stone, but had never seen it. Here was a fat commission, if the fellow was on the level. He looked and dressed like a swell. . . . I'd like a drink of water."

Elsie shivered.

The butler got Berks his water, and Berks emptied the glass.

"That's better. Been through a lot of dust. He was staying at one of the commercial hotels in the Forties. We had dinner a couple of times. Knew a lot about gems. Said he lived in Paris. Oh, he hooked me all right. Asked me casually if I knew any of you, and, like a fool, I said no."

"Why didn't you telephone when you got free?" demanded the sergeant.

"I'll come to that," answered Berks, apparently quite pleased with the interest he had aroused. "I was to do all the corresponding and all that. I finally got a letter from Hood giving me permission to come up and make a bid. When I reported to him that everything was ready but the financial side —— Say, he took my breath away. He showed me fifteen ten-thousand-dollar bills!"

"Genuine?"

"Five of them were. I handled them; and I know real money."

"Cash," mused the sergeant. "We'll rake the banks and find out who drew fifteen bills as big as that."

Berks smiled. "He had me hypnotized. After a late breakfast he invited me to his apartment."

"In the hotel?"

"No. He was living at the hotel temporarily. He wouldn't be in town long enough to engage a cook, so he said. I went with him. Why not? He had a hundred and fifty thousand in his pocket."

"And he was going to turn it over to you?"

Berks smiled again. "That's what I thought. His apartment was in Seventy-eighth Street. Third flight up. Two lowers were vacant. I kept thinking of that roll and my commission if I got the Rajah."

Elsie hated him and the sound of his voice. She did not know why. It was one of those unreasoning sentiments. Probably this hate was aroused because he seemed to be enjoying himself.

"He opened the door of the apartment. And then the circus began. They took my letters and left me bound and gagged in a middle room."

"You got the number of the house?"

Berks gave it with a good deal of satisfaction.

"George, get headquarters in New York. Give a gist of the story. Find out who owns this apartment. Get Albany and Syracuse airports."

"Yes, sir."

"Now," said the sergeant to Berks, "what name did this fellow give you?"

"Bassett."

"Bassett?"

The others jerked their heads in the direction of the butler. He looked like a Venetian gargoyle—his forehead and cheeks marble white and his jaws—he had a heavy beard—black.

IX

THE sergeant eyed the butler as though he had taken note of him for the first time.

"What name were you expecting?" the sergeant asked with sardonic amiability.

"I—it just came out," stammered the butler.

"Oh! Ah! Come across. You were expecting some name. What was it?"

"No, sir. But everything—the confusion, the terribleness of the night —— I'm a bit hysterical."

"Did you hear the piano player?"

"Oh, yes, sir. But I thought nothing of it."

"Where were you at the time?"

"In my room, sir, preparing to go to bed."

The sergeant decided to hear the end of Berks' story before he resumed questioning the butler. "Go on, Berks."

"Well, I got free about noon. And my first thought was speed. So I got an airplane. It was just possible that I might beat out the crook. At any rate, arrive here before the bidding began, and expose him. I landed at Syracuse at about three. But it took me almost an hour to find anyone who'd risk renting a car going into the woods at night. Chap like me who didn't know the ropes."

"Syracuse. You should have been here by half past ten."

"I know it now," Berks agreed. "You can find your way in the daytime, but it's a different thing at night. By ten I found myself miles up a dirt road. It was smooth and I took it for the state road, till it began to get humpy. That's my story. This part of the map is brand-new to me."

"Do you realize that if you had telephoned, Mr. Hood would not be dead?"

"I realize it now. Maybe I wasn't thinking clear."

"What time did this pseudo Berks get here?" The sergeant put the question generally.

Elsie spoke, "I saw him fishing in our stream between five and six."

"Fishing? Well, I'll be —— I beg your pardon, miss! You say he was fishing?"

(Continued on Page 75)

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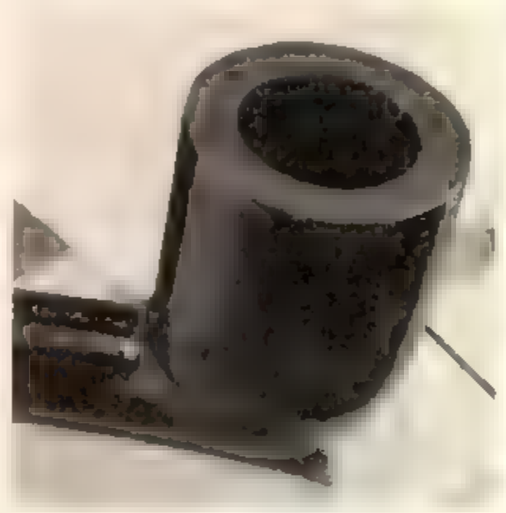

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LIGHT

(Continued from Page 73)

"Yes."

"Berks, how long did it take you to get to Syracuse from New York?"

"About four hours. It took me a long time to find a plane."

"Then this chap must have left New York by airplane. Landed at Albany. Otherwise he couldn't get here by auto and then fish before dark. Had his plane ready and lost no time. A good deal of fog. And he must have driven like the devil—yes, and known the way. Miss, did your uncle have a known enemy?"

"He couldn't have had. He was too kind and generous. May I retire? I'm dreadfully tired."

"Go to bed. I haven't any more questions to ask you. But you'll have to appear when the coroner arrives." When Elsie was gone, the sergeant approached the butler menacingly. "What name were you expecting?"

"I told you the truth, sir."

Van Cleve interposed mercifully. "We all have been badly shaken up, Mr. Officer."

"I know it, sir. But he didn't merely repeat the name—he shouted it. Exactly as if he had been expecting Jones or Smith instead of Bassett. Someone killed Hood. Everything points to the pseudo Berks. And yet, I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"Just what I mean. If he started the player it must have been before he struck Hood. And in the event of the player starting, Hood would have wanted to know why. See what I mean?"

"Sir," put in the butler, "Mr. Hood frequently came down and turned on the records when he couldn't sleep."

The sergeant struck his hands together. "Now we stand on something. The darned fog lifts. Thanks, Henry. I begin to see. Hood goes into the dark library and turns on that piece, returns and opens the wall safe. The music going, he doesn't hear Bassett, who decides to get all the loot. Good boy, Henry. But you were thinking of another name, and when the coroner comes you'll be under oath."

Van Cleve smiled inwardly. No coroner would dig anything out of Henry, the butler. But Van Cleve felt saddened with life. He had this night been profoundly disillusioned. He had given, unasked, his friendship to an amazing scoundrel.

The trooper called George came in from the telephone.

"Shoot it!" ordered the sergeant.

"The owner of that apartment house in New York is Crabtree, the eccentric millionaire. He is seventy, and cussed the police when they woke him up. The man who called himself Berks evidently broke into the place. Berks arrived in Syracuse about the time he said. Man answering Bassett's description landed at Albany a little after one o'clock. Coroner on the way. No other news."

"A smooth customer, this Bassett. Do you notice that nothing has been left to chance? Mathematics. Cash. Got those bills outside of New York, or has half a dozen men working for him. And it will be deposited in several banks. Again, bootleggers in New York carry thousands. They may have helped him out with the cash. This bird, so it seems to me, has written a play for himself, and he won't be missing any cues. What name were you expecting, Henry?"

"No name, sir. But what will they do with the body?"

The sergeant eyed Henry thoughtfully. "The coroner will come with the village undertaker, and they will take the body back. And then the autopsy will be performed."

"Just what do they do, sir?"

"Open the head, open the body; examine the brain and the heart and the lungs. It is the coroner who will say that Mr. Hood was murdered. I only gather the facts. He examines both the facts and the body. Murder, by a man named Bassett. And you have to catch your rabbit in order to cook it. A man who can palm a diamond with all you experts about can easily fix his mug so that no one will recognize him. There'll be a lot of good dicks in Grand Central and the near-by flying fields. But they'll have a mental picture of another man than the one who will walk by them."

"What about us?" asked Morgan anxiously.

"Go to bed and snooze till the coroner arrives. I'll stay in the house, boys; you clear out and stay wide-awake on the hoof," the sergeant ordered.

"I'll sleep on the lounge here," declared Berks.

"Suit yourself."

Berks settled himself comfortably, with his back to the lights, and composed himself for sleep.

The sergeant eyed him moodily and dropped his own weary body into a comfortable chair.

The butler's room was above Elsie's; and she heard him tramping, tramping, till at length she could no longer support it. There was a pole net in one corner of the room. With the butt of this she pounded the ceiling. The tramping ceased.

x

MEANTIME the activities of the young man who did not know he was being hunted for murder.

The car rolled through the green tunnels of the forest toward his objectives. It would be nine or ten in the morning before the trick would be discovered. He had plenty of time, but he was going to pretend he hadn't.

He wasn't going ahead blindly; he had been over this road in another car to familiarize himself with it. Yet only once did he recognize a tree and a plank bridge over a trout stream. By compass he was going northeast; by the dash clock he was an hour and a half from the Hood camp. An hour later he would have to go on by foot—seven or eight miles, in time to catch the milk train south.

How green the tunnel was in the glare of his headlights! He had seen two deer and any number of hare; occasionally a clearing, with a darkened farmhouse or a sawmill. They could, of course, trace his tires to the spot where he was going to dump the car.

Elsie Hetherstone. That was the way it was with life. No matter how beautifully you wrote your copy, there was an Editor with ideas of His own, to cut, add, slash. The girl had changed the color of the adventure. It had been written in sardonic shades; it had become drab and grim.

The miles dropped behind; the hour hand of the dash clock turned. From afar came the shrill pipe of a whistle. The young man stopped the car and turned off the headlights. From the rumble he took out the tin box—which held something more than tackle—and an electric torch. He listened intently and heard the murmur of a stream near by. By the aid of the torch he found it. The tackle box was really a theatrical make-up box with a mirror in the lid. For twenty minutes he worked. Not so easy as might be. At last he held the light to his face and looked into the mirror. Heavy black eyebrows, a scrubby black mustache, the deep tan of the woodsman; it would pass. Next he searched for a balsam and smeared his fine hands with the sap, then he dug his hands into the leaves and muck. A hardened son of toil.

No one at the camp had seen the clothes he wore, so they could not be described. And no one had seen the cap. The clothes he had left behind could be found in a thousand shops of ready-made clothing. The milk train as far as Albany, then a day coach to New York. But he would drop off at Yonkers and take a taxi into town.

He buried the make-up box, the reel and the barbless flies, and went back to the car. Devil of a lonesome road, but it was miles out of the bootleg range; as safe for him as the middle of Colorado.

The gully on the other side of the road was thirty feet deep, rank with undergrowth and vines. He got into the car and fiddled till he had it headed for the gully. Then he shut off the power and the lights, put his shoulder to the rear and heaved several times. With elephantine clumsiness the car went over the lip of the road, gained momentum and charged with a sounding crash to the bottom. Silence. The point was, it might be several days before the car was discovered, and perhaps several more days before it was reported. But some beggar would eventually find a mighty fine rod.

With his hands in his pockets he strode down the road, his stride the long swing of the hunter and the climber. He arrived in the little village just as the last milk cans were being put aboard the train. Biding his time, he climbed aboard a truck and squatted down in a corner, one shoulder propped by a can. He would be very stiff when he got to Albany.

At eleven o'clock that morning he was in Yonkers. He had no difficulty in finding a taxi to drive him into New York; and by noon he walked up the steps of a house in lower Park Avenue and let himself in.

It was an old house, with high-ceilinged rooms and plaster decorations around the chandelier pipes. Everything was under sheets, paintings as well as furniture. A melancholy house out of which even the human echoes had gone.

"Hi, Bud! Gerry Owen! Here's John—Chick—Murray Willard home again, and with the loot. The vendetta is over. Oh, Gerry!"

Living sounds kitchenward, and almost at once there entered into the drawing-room a young man in the middle thirties, red-headed and freckled. He held a crumpled newspaper in one hand. His name was Robert Owen, but only his checks and legal documents were signed thus. Otherwise he was known to his intimates as Bud or Gerry.

"Chick, is it you?"

"As you see, but made up a bit. It was easy—too easy. But here I am, Blue Rajah and all. There was a fly in the amber, though." Willard paused. "Hood has a niece."

"Has?"

Willard did not catch either the vehemence or the inflection. He said: "I didn't know she existed. And when I saw that she adored Hood and that he worshiped her, y' know, the whole job went stale. But how was I to know? The mysterious note I received was unsigned. It stated simply that Hood was about to offer for sale the Rajah, at his camp in the woods. There wasn't any family history in the note."

Owen stared at him.

"Suppose," went on the oblivious Willard—"suppose you stepped out of a tunnel into the Garden of Eden? It was that kind of shock, seeing that girl. No clinging-vine stuff, no flapper—a young woman. On my word, I can't quite describe her. Funny, Gerry; what? A kind of sideswipe when I'm on the way to somewhere else. You'll laugh, but she's the one—the one each man of us searches for and seldom finds. There she was, and I had lost her even as I had found her. For how the devil am I ever going to explain to her? Any hot water? This make-up is pulling my face apart."

"There's hot water in the kitchen."

The adventurer did not observe Owen's face—so pale that the freckles stood out like the spots on a snow leopard. "I say, how the deuce did Berks get loose? I gave him every sailor's knot I knew."

"He was gone when I returned."

"How about starting some bacon and eggs and coffee while I have my face lifted?"

"All right, Chick."

"I wonder," said Willard, looking about the room, "if I shall ever be content in any one place long enough to call it home?"

"I wonder, too, Chick." Owen's voice was unsteady.

Willard was lax this day; the hours of tension were gone. So he missed Owen's stark anxiety and that the latter's two hands were twisting the newspaper into dry pulp.

"Any kerosene?"

"I can get some."

(Continued on Page 78

RUGS
Bright surfaced—felt base
Up-to-date patterns
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced
Sold by leading Department and Furniture Stores

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Asphalt-slate surfaced
Varied colors
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ROOFS
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mileage

New Comfort, New Safety, New Driving Ease

...combined with excess MILEAGE

By using a fundamentally different design in carcass, tread and bead, Fisk now offers a far more durable type of tire; one built to meet the extra strains of today's faster driving.

MODERN high-speed motor cars, congested traffic on streets and highways, demand a type of tire undreamed of five years ago.

Fisk was first to see the need for radical changes in tire design to meet these changing conditions, first to realize that fundamental improvements in tire construction were required for the accelerating and braking strains of today.

By a sensational advance in tire design Fisk gives you greatly increased strength and durability without sacrificing the easy flexibility of full air-cushioned comfort. Proved sound by millions of miles of actual service, this better method of building tires is known as the Fisk *All-Cord* process.

All-Cord brings excess *mileage* because it does away with destructive friction inside the tire. There are no cross strings to generate heat in Fisk's *All-Cord* carcass —the tough cords are held securely in live resilient rubber. Extra strength is attained without bulky excess weight; maximum flexibility is combined with long life.

Because Fisk *All-Cords* are specially built to meet today's conditions, they improve the performance of any car. You can depend on these finer tires for positive traction at any speed, for safe braking when you need it most, and for luxurious riding ease that means new motoring comfort.

Your Fisk Dealer has the right Fisk *All-Cords* for your car. Why not start getting Fisk performance, Fisk *mileage*, today?

(Continued from Page 75)

"I'll need it for my hands. . . . What the devil are you doing to that newspaper?"—suddenly becoming observant.

"Chick, have you read any newspaper this morning?"

"No."

"Then you don't know?"

"Know what?"

"Thank God—thank God!" Owen wrapped his comrade in a fierce embrace.

Willard released himself roughly. "What's happened? Have they discovered the paste?"

"Hood was murdered last night at the camp. Someone struck him with the fire poker. By tonight your description will be in every newspaper and police office in the country. I warned you against the folly of this game!"

Willard stood perfectly still. He looked at his friend, eyes unbelieving. A momentary petrifaction, then he seized the newspaper and opened it. In a little while he let it fall to the floor. He sat down in the nearest chair, the sheet folding about him queerly. With terrifying clearness he saw his position. He hadn't one chance in a million—not one! The circumstantial evidence was impregnable. If he took the police with him, over step by step, explaining each step, it would only be handing his head on a platter to the district attorney. Done! Willard began to laugh.

The sound terrified Owen, who seized him by the shoulders and shook him. "Stop it, man; stop it, I say!"

The queer paroxysm died away.

"Looks kind of bad, Gerry" now quietly. "But, gad, it was funny for a moment!"

"But you didn't do it!"

"No. Why should I? If he had caught me as I was making my get-away I'd have told him who I was—the truth. What edition was that paper?"

"Ten o'clock. I went out for it only a few minutes ago."

"Berks. He got there! And he knew nothing beyond the fact that I was after that stone. And he'll believe I did it! Not a loose knot in the rope around my damfool neck!"

"Chick!" explosively.

"What?"

"The man who wrote that note to you! Luring you there, then killing Hood! Where is that note?"

"I tore it up. Gerry, we went to war together, I in the air and you in the underground. Neither of us ever reported and asked what should we do next. Well, I'm going to ask you. What shall I do, Gerry? What shall I do? I haven't a Chinaman's chance. I didn't kill Hood. But they'll send me to the chair all the same if they find me!"

XI

THE coroner's office is political. In a small town it is a dull job, but sometimes the occupant can step from this office into legislature. The verdict of his jury is not conclusive, but it may be the foundation of criminal prosecution against the person or persons charged. The performance of the autopsy is not perfunctory; it is the one thing he has to do thoroughly. Upon the coroner's findings the district attorney must always depend. When he opens the case for the state he must know absolutely that there has been murder done; else the lawyer for the defendant may push him out on the end of a limb.

Magically, then, the coroner and the town in which he acted leaped into the spotlight from one end of the continent to the other. This was not an ordinary case of one bootlegger killing another, of a killing in a roadhouse brawl. A millionaire had been the victim in his beautiful camp. Some of the greatest gem experts in the world had been visiting the camp at the time of the crime. The coroner saw brightly into the future, himself at Albany, in the halls of legislature. There was even a dim vista of the national Capitol.

The verdict of his jury—after the examination of all those who had been at the camp—was willful murder against the man who had stolen the diamond known as the Blue Rajah, who had given his name as Berks and as Bassett, in both cases assumed.

The autopsy revealed that the blow from the poker had crushed in the side of the head, death being instantaneous. It further revealed that Hood had a bad heart, due possibly to the reaction of an operation for appendicitis three years before. But with care he might have lived several years. The handle of the poker, octagonal in shape, but having no sharp edges, had crushed the skull without cutting the flesh to any noticeable degree. That there were no finger prints on the end of the poker was of minor significance, since it was widely known these days that high-type criminals wore gloves. The playing of the record on the piano had given the criminal time to kill Hood, leave by the library window, make his car and get to the main highway before the alarm. Hood was dead, the man Bassett and the diamond known as the Blue Rajah had completely vanished. The evidence was clear.

The sharp wits of the metropolitan newspapers got to work. The foreign correspondents learned that the roster of the Order of Leopold offered no help, for the reason that it did not give a man's weight, height or color or any of those identifiable marks indicated in passports. It was not possible to find the late Busoni's papers in relation to the names and nationality of his distinguished pupils. The reporters worried themselves into blind alleys. They had this much—a good-looking young man about thirty, brilliant blue eyes, a jaw verging on the so-called lantern, a great pianist, a skillful fisherman and an airman of note. The pilot who had driven the man from New York to Albany swore that his passenger knew more about air busses than he did.

The reporters naturally gave a good deal of space to the niece—her unusual beauty, her dignity, the quality of her voice. They all agreed that she seemed cold. Not the warm vivacious type of the movie queens.

For a week the story occupied the front page; then a chorus girl shot her sugar papa in a night club, and the Blue Rajah mystery was promptly relegated to the inside pages. There wasn't enough human interest in it.

Elsie decided not to close the camp till she had drafted a workable plan for the future. Another point: It seemed to her to be an admission of cowardice to run away and hide in a great city among strangers. She knew the trees here, the streams, the birds, the trails; and there was that in her that demanded isolation from the crowd.

One of the first things she did was to destroy the record of the Fantasie Impromptu. The deed had the appearance of childishness, but it was actuated by something far deeper than that—a dim, evasive clairvoyance that some night she might be drawn to the piano, irresistibly, and play the record: and see the man's face as it had been that night, mildly ecstatic as the melodies flowed out of his magical finger tips. A thought as fascinating as it was horrible.

She was lonely and bitter. She walked miles, broke new trails, but with no delight. She never went anywhere near the trout run, but wandered along the tributaries.

It was the treachery, the abysmal treachery, that kept her brooding ceaselessly. Never, never so long as she lived would she wear a jewel. She never looked at the back of one of her hands that she did not scrub it vigorously against her skirt.

The will had left her everything, aside from a few legacies. But her riches left her unstirred, indifferent. All his gifts had made the man's acts only the baser. Had he been from the underworld, had he come from anywhere else save from the circle in which she herself dwelt! Her sense of shame was at all times equal to her lust for vengeance. She had secretly given the man her friendship, not easily acquired, the moment she had seen him at the piano. Horrible—no other term seemed to have any strength. Had it been the real Berks she would have had neither shame nor desire for vengeance beyond that which the law would mete out

Affairs at the camp went on about the same. The wardens kept the poaching fishermen away, and solemnly the gaunt Henry attended to his duties.

Her plans for the future did not mature quickly. She would never return to live in any place where she and her uncle had been happy together. This much she could, with definiteness, plan. In time she would put up the camp for sale and find some place where no one knew her.

Once a day Henry would ask: "Any news, Miss Elsie?"

And each time the answer would be: "No, Henry."

So deep was she in the sea of her own speculations and brooding that she did not observe that Henry was also brooding. Once in a while she would catch him tramping the floor at night.

"I can't sleep, Miss Elsie," he explained.

"But you keep me awake!"

"I am sorry."

Now Elsie's mind had not functioned keenly in relation to the happenings of that dreadful night that is, she had not gone over the scenes and deduced from them any salient.

One night Henry was about to set the soup before her, when she happened to recall an odd incident.

"Henry, why were you so startled that night when that man Berks said the name was Bassett?"

The soup sloshed from the cup, which slid perilously near the rim of the plate. His queer face became ghastly.

"Why, what is the matter? . . . Henry, you are hiding something!" She got to her feet swiftly, her mind bell clear. "What are you hiding?"

Henry put down the soup. "Please, Miss Elsie!" he begged.

"You perjured yourself in the coroner's court! Did you see anything that night?"

"No. And that is God's truth!"

"What is it, then?" Henry began to back away. "Henry, if you do not tell me at once, I shall call in the state police!"—her eyes burning. "What have you been keeping secret from me?"

"Miss Elsie, I am half crazy! I have kept silent because I did not want to hurt you."

"Hurt me? How could you hurt me?" she demanded.

"Why not have patience? Soon or late, the police will find him."

"You know his name!" she cried. "You expected his name instead of Bassett! And that policeman understood it. But you lied in the coroner's office. I've been blind! What is his name, Henry? Oh, I will give ten thousand for his name!"

"Yes, I know it. But, Miss Elsie, if I tell it to you, your heart will break."

"It is already broken. You refuse to tell me?"—her fury rising. The reporters would not have called her cold had they seen her at this moment.

"If I tell you, you will be sorry all the rest of your life. The love which existed between you and your uncle was beautiful to all who beheld it."

"Be still! I want nothing from you but that man's name."

Henry bent his head, but he did not speak.

"Very well," she said, with passionate vehemence. And she rushed toward the hall

He tried to stop her, but failed. "Wait!"

She paused at the threshold.

"The name is Willard. The only son of Jonathan Willard. At one time, years ago, he and your uncle were bosom friends."

"I never heard of him."

"No. Mr. Hood never mentioned his name again. Shall I proceed?"

"Go on."

"Willard and his son lived in a house in lower Park Avenue."

"But why didn't you inform the police?"

"When I learned that your uncle was going to offer the Blue Rajah for sale, I sent an anonymous note to the old house. When the young man came here as Berks, I was fooled. After he had gone, then I knew who he was. I did not inform the police because I believed they would catch him without help from me."

"Why did you warn him?" The blood in her was running high.

"Because the Blue Rajah is rightfully his, Miss Elsie."

"Rightfully his?"—thunderstruck. "Are you mad?"

"Nearly. I could not bring myself to hurt you."

"You have stressed that word. What do you mean by it?"

"I have always held that there was madness in collecting these stones."

"Will you come to the point?"

"I have said Willard and your uncle were once upon a time bosom friends. The friendship ceased when your uncle took what did not belong to him."

"What proof have you of that?" asked Elsie, chilled.

"A letter the boy wrote your uncle after his father died. A wild and threatening letter, for a boy of ten. He accused your uncle of bringing his father to his deathbed by treachery, of pretending to borrow the Rajah, having a paste copy of it made and substituting it for the genuine and swearing he had lost the historical document and the bill of sale in a fire. Oh, I warned you!"

"Where did you find this letter?"—her voice steady.

"Why your uncle did not destroy it I don't know. Every morning I empty the wastebaskets. This letter was all alone in the basket. Accidentally I saw a few threatening words. Then I read it all. Mr. Willard never attempted to recover the stone. He died too soon after. And the boy had no proof that the stone was his. I warned you."

"Let me have this letter."

The butler drew it out of his pocket reluctantly and gave it to her. She read it. But from her face he could not guess what her emotions were. In the end she drew a palm across her forehead.

"Did uncle know that you knew?"

"Oh, never, Miss Elsie! Only, I couldn't destroy that boy's letter. It had all the strength of a man in it. I believe I know what happened. They met downstairs, and your uncle recognized him at last, for the boy's smile was like his father's. Your uncle seized him, and —— It is a terrible stone, Miss Elsie. Death, death, death wherever it is."

"All this may be true. But with this letter I have him—I have him!"

"Will you discharge me, Miss Elsie?"

"No."

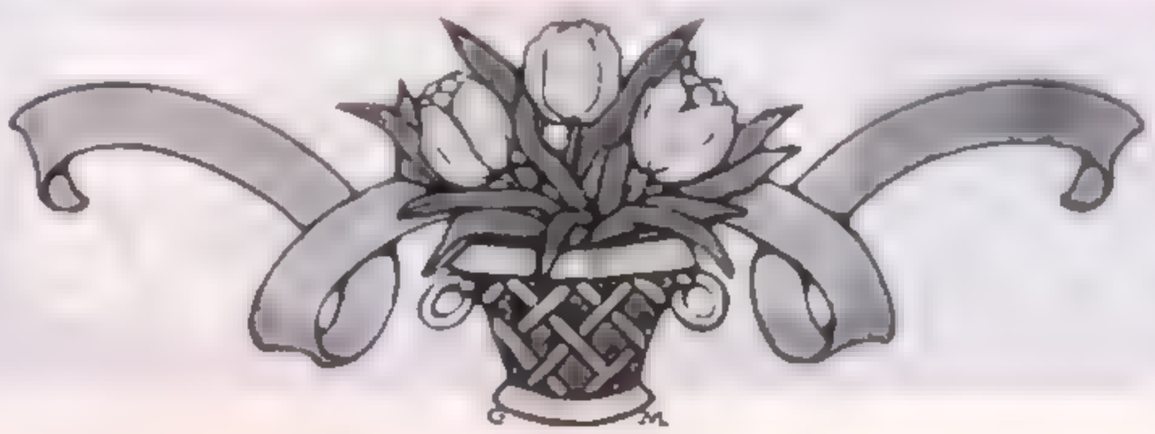
"Shall I serve the rest of the dinner?"

"No, no, no!"

She rushed to the stairs and up to her room.

That night the butler heard *her* tramping her room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



THE GOOSE STEP

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! all day long. That's the marching song of the man who wears hard heels. The *goose step,* sensible folk call it—because every *thwack!* sends its *shock!* echoing up the spine. And who but a *goose* would stand for that—fifteen to eighteen *thousand* times a day! That repeated *shock!* ruins even steel. So now they cushion automobile engines, and springs—in *rubber!* Do that for your *shoes,* and thus for your *nerves!* See that you have Goodyear Wingfoot Heels. *New live rubber. New smart style. Everlasting cushion.* On good makes of new shoes, or put on in five minutes by your shoe repairman. *Better health!* and heels guaranteed by the greatest name in rubber.

And Now a New Sole —For Toughest Wear

You will find your finest combination of foot ease, good looks, and longer, lower-priced wear in the new Goodyear Wingfoot TAN Sole—GOODYEAR GUARANTEED. On men's shoes, boys' shoes and children's school shoes made by good manufacturers, or put on quickly by your shoe repairman

GOODYEAR

WINGFOOT HEELS

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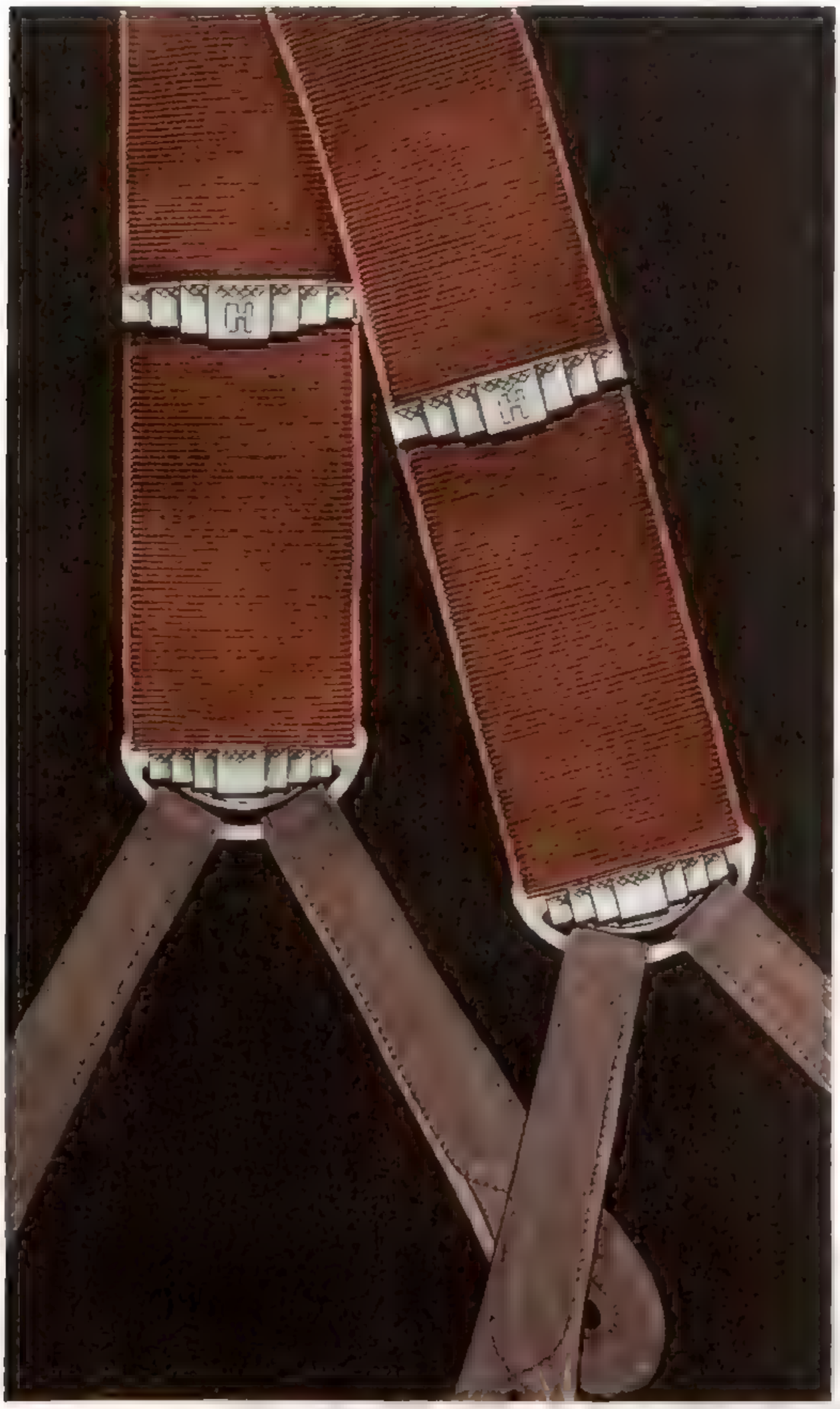
Now — BRACES

as only Hickok could make them

SMART–DISTINCTIVE–DIFFERENT



–Rich Fabrics
–Initial Buckles
–Handsome Oxford Links

The lowly suspender is no more—it has given way to the Hickok Brace. The difference is STYLE. The same miracle that was performed by Hickok in Belts has now been accomplished in Braces.

The proof is before your eyes! Note first the beautiful fabrics—there are scores of others just as smart in the Hickok line. England, France and other European countries were scoured in search of original, striking importations.

And the Buckles—instead of the common "tinny" suspender Buckle in use for years, Hickok presents a masterpiece designed and executed by the same artists and craftsmen who have made Hickok Belt Buckles world famous. And the crowning glory of Hickok originality is the initial Brace Buckle. Hickok has also created the crescent shaped Oxford Link—a work of art—a piece of jewelry—to match the Buckle and add a note of smartness and beauty to men's Braces.

Hickok Braces are offered at prices that are no higher than you would pay for others even remotely comparable. Step into any good store and step out with a pair (or better, several pairs, to match your suits) of Hickok Braces.

BELTS · GARTERS · BRACES

HICKOK

What's wrong with this sunset?

He was so serenely, fatuously happy—and she was so miserable. He never knew why he never saw her again. But *we* know. It wouldn't have happened if that favorite pipe of his had been packed with Sir Walter Raleigh. It's a mild, well-seasoned blend of choice, fragrant tobaccos. It packs well and burns perfectly, down to the last puff in the bowl. And for fragrance—well, judge for yourself, ask your tobacconist to let you take a whiff from a tin. One whiff's enough—you too, will have discovered how good a pipe can be.

If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacconist and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 17, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky

B&W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

(Continued from Page 23)

The little fellow jumped like he had been shot and came back with paper and pencils. He laid them on Dan's desk. Dan swept a space on the desk clear with one shove of his big hand, then said, "Figger what 75 per cent of seventy-five thousand dollars is."

The little old fellow started to figure, but Jim put up an awful howl. "What seventy-five thousand dollars?" he demanded. "How do you figure that way?"

Dan looked at me like an injured elephant. "Now can you beat that, Eddie?" he asked. "Here we got a lovely contract all buttoned up for ourselves, an' just out of friendship an' decency I let this guy in for 25 per cent. Now he squawks, an' I don't even figger the profit our way—I take his word for it." Then he turned on Jim. "Didn't you just set the profit at seventy-five thousand dollars—did I give you any argument?"

"No; but that was ——"

"All right, figger 75 per cent of that for our end. Then go an' lay the street an' the town pays you. What more can you ask!" Dan roared.

From that time on the Dan Rafferty Voters League, with Dan owning 100 per cent of the stock, was a going and a profitable concern. But the East Side Contracting Corporation passed out of existence that afternoon when the loan at the bank was canceled and I drew a check for thirteen thousand odd dollars payable to the Dan Rafferty Voters League and signed by the president of the East Side Contracting Corporation.

That was the way things went with Dan. One minute you were in the insurance business, then you were a banker; a little later on you were a contractor—but always you were a politician. And as a politician, Dan knew his onions.

On the strength of the clean-up we made on that contract, Dan gave five thousand dollars cash to an orphan asylum. In connection with that, he worked on the newspapers so that they carried big pictures of Dan and a nice sentimental story with a photostat picture of the check drawn on the River Trust Company, signed by the Dan Rafferty Voters League, with me as treasurer and Dan as president.

Four or five of the reporters were down in Dan's office and he slapped them on the back and served a quart of Scotch. Everybody got mellow over the beauty of the sentiment involved in this gift. Dan made a long speech about how he felt toward the defenseless little children whose future had been blighted by an inscrutable destiny and how his heart warmed toward them and the privilege of having some small part in their future.

The reporters played this up big and several of them mentioned the recent death of Mrs. Rafferty and the softening effect this tragedy had had in the life of the well-known banker and political leader. You can believe it or not, when Dan read that he cried so that the tears ran down his cheeks. And that night I took Nellie down to one of the beaches and I told her that things were going great for me and that Dan and I were going to keep the district whipped in shape so that it worked to the benefit of the common people.

"Dan is a great guy," I told Nellie, "and very, very smart."

"He is, indeed," Nellie agreed, "and he's very powerful too."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world," I said.

Nellie caught my arm and her fingers pressed the flesh there and she said, "Don't say that, Eddie."

"What?" I asked.

She said, "That."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world, you mean?" I asked. She nodded her head and I said, "All right."

We came back from the beach in a bus and we talked a lot about Dan and the boss out at the foundry, and about things that a fellow and girl will talk of when they're out alone like that. I told Nellie she had the prettiest hands I ever saw and I thought her little bent tooth was swell. She did not mind, and finally I held her hand and she sat close to me so that our shoulders rubbed together. It seemed to me that the trip from the beach was the shortest I ever took.

When we got to her house it was eleven o'clock, but I went in. Mrs. Golden was still up and she made some sandwiches and a pitcher of lemonade. The three of us sat around the kitchen table and we told Nellie's mother what we had done all day. She was a fine old lady and she thought the world of Dan.

"There ain't nobody no better," I said.

"There isn't anybody any better," Nellie corrected me.

"O. K.," I said.

Mrs. Golden looked at us kind of funny, I remember, and smiled just a little bit. But I felt kind of small for not talking right in front of Nellie. When I left, Nellie thanked me for the good time she'd had, and we shook hands, and I held her hand again just like I did in the bus. She promised to go again with me soon.

The next morning I met Mike Brennan. He was down from the capital because the legislature was not in session. He came in and shook hands with me and sat down to wait for Dan.

We had talked about fifteen minutes when all of a sudden, right out of a clear sky, he said, "What's Dan going to do with you, Eddie?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, it's evident that you an' Dan are very close. I don't mind saying to you that you impress me also as a very smart young fellow—excellent political timber—excellent."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, indeed. And I know Dan well enough to know that he has not only great respect for your judgment and your integrity but also some sound plans for your future. It couldn't be any other way, Eddie, and I rejoice with you."

"You've got a pretty good line of bull yourself," I told him, and we laughed together

"I had a feeling," he said after a time, "that I would make a fight for alderman here next election, provided Dan is in accord with my idea. And it seemed to me that if I lent the weight of my support to Dan's candidate for my place in the legislature, Dan would see the wisdom of supporting me for alderman. Have you ever considered going to the legislature, Eddie?"

At that time I was not entirely over getting thrills about myself, and I got one then. But I had sense enough to know that there was a lot more to Brennan's idea than I could see myself, so I just laughed it off and said, "Dan'll be in soon—maybe you can have a talk."

"But you would not be averse to my idea, Eddie?" Brennan insisted.

"Listen, Brennan," I told him, "I'm not the kind of a guy that goes to the legislature, an' you know it. When Dan comes in, put it up to him. He can change your mind quicker'n you ever could yourself."

The next time I saw Nellie I told her about the conversation and she seemed kind of pleased. She said, "It would be nice for you to go to the capital and represent the people, Eddie. Some of our biggest men have started as laboring men just like you did."

"Well," I said, "I'd like to go, Nellie, if it would please you."

"You do like to please me, don't you?" she asked.

"I'll tell the cockeyed—I mean, great Scott, yes!"

VII

THE first election that I went through with Dan was a mild one. No important officeholders came up for reelection except the alderman of our ward, and that was a push-over, because Dan was satisfied with him and with what he had done on the board. I know that Dan and Mike Brennan had one talk together. I guess they talked over Mike's idea of running me for the legislature and himself for alderman. Mike never mentioned it to me again and neither of us ran. From that I can make a pretty good guess that Dan did one of his quick changes with Brennan's mind.

The other party put up a candidate, but all he did was post a few pictures of himself on telegraph poles and, as I remember, he made a speech or two. But everybody knew it was just a gesture. He had no chance to win.

Of course he knew that, so he spent only about three hundred dollars in his campaign, and as a reward for that the leaders of the other party got him appointed to a job in the revenue department. So he came out all right. But in view of that situation the election was very quiet, and Dan's candidates for supervisor, member of assembly and alderman went through without a hitch.

However, the election gave me a chance to learn a lot about how such things were done. It also strengthened me with the boys, because Dan left it to me to appoint the election inspectors and poll clerks in the different booths in our district. There were about sixty of these, and, as I remember, they got from four to nine dollars for the day's work. Naturally, I appointed fellows who were kind of leaders in the different shops, and that made them feel pretty big and gave me a better hold than I had ever had before. It showed them I had real influence.

All this time Nellie and I were becoming more and more friendly, and looking back, I can't recall a single day after I met her that I did not figure that some day she and I would be married. I guess I soaked up some of the confidence that Dan always had. It just seemed to me that whenever Dan and I started out after anything we were sure to get it. I felt that same way toward Nellie. It never occurred to me that I might get a surprise.

I mention this about Nellie because my association with her meant more than even I was able to understand. Every time I used poor English, Nellie corrected me. I guess if it had not been for her, I would have carried the rough-and-ready political stuff to extremes and probably always would have been just a fellow to go around putting the bee on bosses and throwing the bull to workmen. But, as you will see, Nellie was above that, and, from trying to be nice to and with her, my ideas changed and I began to appreciate things that were more cultured than just barrooms and outings and votes.

I do not want to take any of the credit of my little success away from Dan, but what I say about Nellie is true. Dan it was who knew the tricks of the trade and he did not hesitate to use them. He got me into politics, guided me through the hardest part of political success, which is the early days, and without him I never could have got anywhere. It was Nellie, though, who kind of rubbed the rough corners off me and maybe polished me up a little bit so I could make a speech and appear among educated people without making too many blunders.

She never forgot that foolish conversation I had with Mike Brennan. She could not see anything queer or amusing in the idea of me going to the legislature.

"This is a free country, Eddie," she used to tell me, "and the opportunity to go to the top is equally open to everybody. Abraham Lincoln was a rail splitter. Even Calvin Coolidge started life on a little farm in the Green Mountains of Vermont. There is no more reason why you shouldn't go to the legislature than there was why they shouldn't years ago. You ought to study

(Continued on Page 84)

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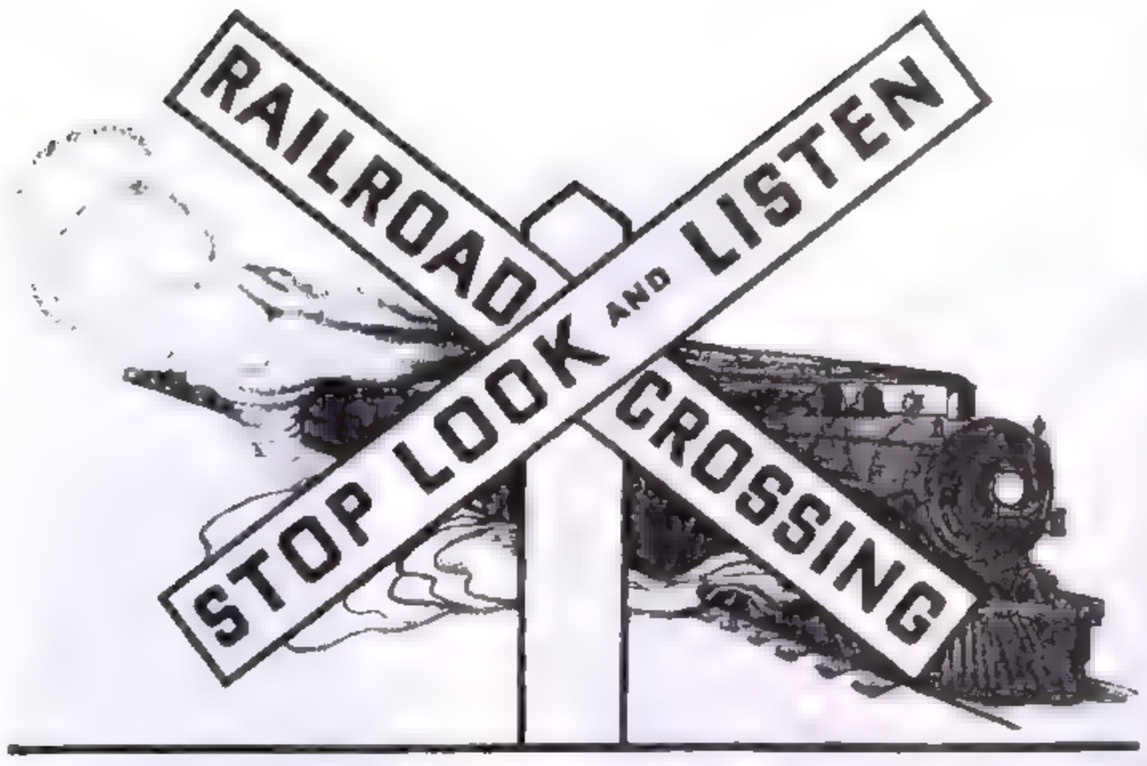

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THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country; more than 93% of them are unprotected.

With millions of new automobiles on the roads each year, accidents at grade crossings are increasing at an alarming rate, for the reason that most of the States have no organized program for protecting motor traffic which must cross railroad tracks.

New York, under wise leadership, has shown how to solve the problem. Before the Empire State adopted her present plan, but 10 crossings a year, on an average, were done away with. This year, the first in which the railroads, the State and communities have cooperated — the railroads paying 50% of the cost, the State 49% and communities 1%—85 deathtraps are marked for immediate removal. Next year New York hopes to eliminate 150 more of its worst danger spots.

Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

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(Continued from Page 82)

and better yourself, and then, with Dan in back of you, anything is possible."

Then it was that she taught me how to study. She told me what to read. Although it was pretty dry going at first, and never did interest me much, I stuck to it just for her sake. I never shall forget how happy she was when I really got interested in some stuff she gave me to read.

All those things, I suppose, had their effect upon my ideas generally, and all the time, while Dan's tricks were educating me in the school of experience, Nellie's quiet work was making me think along higher lines, and maybe prodding my ambition to do better things other than just make money and help Dan run our district. One of Dan's first lessons was never to talk much about what we happened to be doing and I always stuck to that, even with Nellie.

"It seems so strange, Eddie," she said to me once, "that you have no special place of business except Dan Rafferty's office, and yet you are making so much more money than you ever dreamed of before."

"Dan can afford to pay me," I told her. "I get lots of accounts for the bank and I sell a lot of insurance—also, I am useful to him in politics."

"I suppose so," she answered. I could tell from her voice that she did not understand very well, but she said nothing more about it, because she did not want to appear ignorant.

One time at her home her mother got out some books that Nellie's father had used to study up for his police examination. They had to do with city administration, fire prevention, crime detection, city planning, and lots of things like that. They were mighty good reading and somehow or other they interested me a great deal. I read every word of them.

I spoke to Dan about them and he nodded encouragingly. "Education don't do no hurt," he told me, "but just don't get so much of it you won't know anything."

I let it go at that, and I thought Dan had forgotten the thing until one day well after that first election. Dan had written a letter to Mike Brennan telling him that he thought state appropriations should be made for certain activities in our town. The letter itself might have been written by any voter to any assemblyman, but coming from Dan, there was enough between the lines so that Brennan, if he knew which side his bread was buttered on, knew what to do. Dan thought the letter was pretty cute and I did too. The scaly little guy brought it in and Dan read it aloud.

When he had finished, he winked at me and said, "Mike'll know what to do with that one, won't he?"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world," I said.

Right away I saw Dan's eyebrows go up and he looked at me quickly and said, "That's the first time I've heard you say that in months." Then I knew that Dan was noticing the improvement in my language. I guess he saw that I looked surprised, because he grinned that wide grin of his and his gold tooth showed and he just grunted, "Keep it up, Eddie. First thing you know you'll develop a lot of eloquence, an' in politics that's mighty important." He said it jokingly, but I could see that it carried a lot of weight—that he really meant for me to go ahead and better myself. I liked him more on that account.

That very minute I promised myself that I would study up. That night, too, I promised Nellie I would, and the next day she went out and with her own money bought me a book called Politics in City, State and Nation.

You can believe me that I certainly appreciated that, not alone because Nellie gave it to me but even more because it was exactly the sort of thing I loved to read. I realized just as soon as I got into it that nothing ever would interest me as much as politics. Although I had to go and get a little dictionary in order to understand everything that was in the book, I did not find that was hard work at all. I guess I have a natural bent toward politics which showed itself even in those early days, because in the reading of this book Nellie gave me, I thoroughly enjoyed and easily understood the contrasts drawn between government in this country and that in the Old World.

Whereas we just threw our king out and started on our own with a new idea, the countries in the Old World, most of them, have kept their kings and gone ahead and governed themselves anyway. As a result of that, and the fact that they are very much older than we are and do not have so many Mike Brennans running around making speeches, there is not the room for graft that we have here.

This book showed up graft in a pretty bad light. It spoke of the millions of dollars that were being looted from the public wealth in every state, county, village and hamlet in the United States. There came to my mind right away all the things that Dan and I had done together to raise money for the league and for ourselves. Most of all, I thought about the deal we had struck with Jim, the contractor, to put back that bum street he had laid.

It mentioned in the book that every so often a reform element asserted itself in all American politics, and then investigations were rife and charges and countercharges flung back and forth between politicians until a scandal was born. But no matter how quickly the reform party got in, or how completely, the very structure of American politics soon brought about its own political collapse through the greed of officeholders and bosses. All that rather stuck in my mind, because I did not like to feel that I was crooked. I figured I would be smart and without saying anything, perhaps learn a lot.

I took the book down to Dan's office, and as casually as I could, I laid it in front of Dan, suggesting that he read it. He jerked his head up and the ashes from his cigar fell on the book. He puffed out his cheeks and blew them off among the papers on his desk. Then he picked up the book and leaned back in his chair and hooked one foot in the drawer of his desk.

He read the title on the book and wrinkles creased his forehead. He weighed the book in his hand, much as though trying to determine its value by its weight. Finally he laughed and his vest shook so that the heavy watch chain there danced up and down.

"It's kind of a good book," I said. "I thought you might like to read it, Dan."

For a minute he did not answer—just kept on laughing. I felt queer, knowing that he was laughing at me more than at the book.

"What's the idea?" I asked at last.

"Well, Eddie," he said, "if the guy who wrote this book knew anythin' about politics, he wouldn't have wrote this book. He would be in politics just like you an' I are in politics." With that, Dan burst out with that loud laugh of his, and it was the second time I had heard it since his wife died. The windows seemed to shake and I had to join in with him. He tossed the book back on his desk without opening it. It landed with a thump and blew papers around.

"That may be all right," I said, "but I'll bet, if you'd only read it, you'd like the book." He was still chuckling and I felt as though I had to defend myself a little bit, so, like most suckers, I kept on talking. "He tells all about government in England an' France an' Germany an' Italy, an' places like that."

Dan sobered up like a shot when I said that. The smile was gone from his face and the old look was in his eye. He picked up the book and looked at its cover. Then he took it in both hands and ran it open and shut like you do with the edge of a deck of cards. He seemed to be thinking. I kept quiet.

After a minute, he said, "I suppose he jumps all over the grafters, don't he?"

"Well, he does, kind of," I agreed; "an' he seems to know what he's talkin' about."

(Continued on Page 87)

IN COUNTLESS INSTANCES IRON MUST GO

Iron, the prehistoric metal, that for centuries was considered a priceless commercial metal, in innumerable cases has served its purpose.

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"Does he jump on the grafters in business?" Dan demanded. "Does he say anythin' about the man who buys a pair of shoes for five dollars, plannin' to sell 'em for ten dollars, but slips 'em to a sucker for thirty dollars when he gets a chance—does he say anythin' about that—does he?"

"Well, not directly," I said.

"No, you bet he don't," Dan growled. "What's the difference between a man who makes a business of politics for profit an' one who buys for a little an' sells for a lot? Ain't we all got to live?"

I could see that I had Dan in a mood for arguing, and any time you got Dan to argue, you could learn plenty by just keeping your ears open and your mouth shut. So I kind of prodded him along.

"He did kind of mention that," I explained, "an' he said that American business was just as grasping as American politics."

"Then why didn't he write his book about business?" Dan wanted to know.

"Well," I explained, "he said that a dishonest thing in politics need not be a dishonest one in business, because in business a man is frankly out for the profit he can get an' he doesn't take any oath not to accept that profit. Whereas in politics he is not supposed to go into it for profit, an' not only that, he takes an oath to serve the people an' to serve them truthfully an' well." Dan was sneering very broadly and I was afraid he might get sore at me, so I finished up quickly: "I'm only tellin' you what he wrote, Dan."

"Yeah," Dan grumbled, "an' you half believe it, Eddie, or you never would've brought the book here an' you wouldn't be talkin' about it now."

"Not exactly that, Dan," I explained, "but it did seem to me to hit pretty close at us. I thought I'd feel easier about it if I could get your slant."

"You like me, don't you, kid?" Dan said genially.

"You bet I do, Dan. I'd go to hell for you," I said. I meant every word of it.

"An' you kind of think I'm pretty smart?" he continued.

"I know it, Dan," I answered.

"Well, then you listen to me a minute. I'll give you an angle on graft that no book writer ever happened to think of. You look back through the history of politics right in this town. If you do—an' you've got any sense—you'll see that there wouldn't be any town without graft. Every forward step in American government has been brought about indirectly through graft. Every bit of growth the town owns has come about because somebody in power made some money. Every beautiful park that this town boasts was made possible because politicians were able to steal half the original purchase price!

"If the day ever hits this country when politicians can't make money out of buildin' railroads, subways, parks, public buildin's, museums, an' layin' fine roads an' streets, then the creation of those things is gonna come to as quick a stop as a new flivver with a wrong set of brakes.

"Don't ever get away from that, Eddie. When there ceases to be money in politics, there will cease to be brains in politics; an' when there ceases to be brains, hell is gonna pop in this country. All the big public utilities, school buildin's, educational programs, good roads, service franchises, an' everythin' else that enables the people of this country to live better than they live in any other country in the world, will go plumb to the devil. Let this sap write a book about that!"

As Dan finished, he banged his fist down on his desk again and the book jumped. I picked it up and put it under my arm and kind of grinned at Dan.

I said, "I knew you would have an angle on it. I hope you ain't sore."

Dan smiled at me and I saw his gold tooth shine. He stuck his cigar back in his mouth and puffed at it, but it had gone out. I struck a match and held the flame to the end of the cigar.

Dan puffed and looked at the end of the cigar and his eyes crossed and he looked funny. Pretty soon his head seemed to be floating in a sea of smoke, but even before the match went out, he was chuckling to himself again and he looked at the book under my arm. Then he took the cigar out of his mouth and grinned at me.

"Takin' it home with you, Eddie?"

I had to smile. "It didn't make much of a hit," I said.

"No," he said, "it didn't. An' I don't want it to make too much of a hit with you. After all, politics is a pretty human business, Eddie, an' it's a fair bet that the guy that wrote that book tried to get by in the game an' didn't have the brains to do it." I didn't answer and he puffed at his cigar again and finally continued: "It's a funny thing too. He's probably a good smart fellow, but just hasn't got the right kind of brains. You can tell the world for me, an' that includes the newspapers, that every real reform crowd that ever got into power made just one contribution to the public welfare—that was stagnation.

"If you are goin' to be a success in politics, Eddie, you've got to give it all your time; an' if you give it all your time, you've got to make money. You've got a right to make money. Instead of worryin' when people holler about graft that comes your way, take a walk in any of the big parks an' see the poor kids there gettin' cool in the summertime. See the mothers from the tenement houses pushin' wizened, hungry-lookin' little brats through the only sunshine they'll ever get, an' then quit worryin' because you picked up a few thousand dollars in helpin' build that park. Just remember that if the guy that wrote this book had his way, maybe those same mothers would get a chance to read his book sittin' under a gaslight in broad daylight on the sixth floor rear of a smelly tenement house.

"Wouldn't a mother like that get a lot of consolation out of the fact that the public wasn't bein' robbed by a politician? She'd a lot rather have that feeling than a place to let her kids see trees an' sunshine an' grass an' cool water, wouldn't she?"

With that, Dan went into one of his uproarious laughs again, and to tell the truth, I really felt sheepish and kind of dumb. He puffed away at his cigar again and looked through the smoke clouds and winked at me. I felt like a little boy who had been caught doing wrong. Dan did not rub it in too much—he was not built that way. He stuck out his hand and we shook hands. He said:

"Read all the books you want, Eddie, but always use your own brains. Lots of times I like to read things I don't believe at all, just to see what the other fellow's thinkin' and to know better how to go back at him. Readin' is the best thing a man can do if he don't believe everythin' he reads. That's what I meant when I said don't get so much education you won't know anythin'. An' don't let this conversation get under your skin, Eddie, because right now I'm playin' the game with you all the way, an' for just one-fifth of the salary that I'm payin' you I can go out an' get me the pick of a thousand college graduates. I'm for you, kid."

I left Dan that afternoon with more ideas in one small head than ever a man carried before. I kept asking myself if Dan used me because I was just smart enough for his purposes or just dumb enough. But after all, it is fact that counts and not theory, and I could not see where it made any difference whether I was being used for brains or lack of them, as long as I was being used.

I relate all this more to give you a picture of Dan than to get into the business of political economy. I don't know of any one conversation in my life that had a greater or more lasting effect on me than this one with Dan. I do know that for the next three years—right up to the time, in fact, when Nellie and I were married and our first baby was well on the way—I relied 100 per cent on Dan's judgment and guidance. He became to me in that time almost a father.

Perhaps the happiest hours of his life were those in which he helped Nellie and me get ready for our wedding. I know the happiest moment of his life was when, after we were married and had come back from our short honeymoon trip, Dan loaded us into his automobile and took us to the house we now live in. Everything was ready for us to come back to it and we could hardly wait to get back and get ourselves established.

Nellie's mother was going to live with us and it was all settled for her to move in while we were away and have everything ready for us when we got back.

Right on the front steps of that house, Dan stopped us, and with Nellie clinging to her mother and telling her how happy she was and what a fine trip we had and trying at the same time to answer Dan's questions, big, old, hard-boiled Dan Rafferty reached into his inside coat pocket and with his tough eyes swimming with tears, he handed Nellie the deed to the house.

Nobody can tell me that Dan Rafferty has not got a heart and that he isn't the best friend Nellie and I ever had. When we got inside the house that day, he took me by the arm and led me over to the buffet and there was some of Dan's best Scotch. With his own hand he poured me a drink. We stood there and raised the glasses and drank to Nellie's happiness and mine.

When we had done that, I looked at Dan and said, "Man alive, I don't know what to say to you! You've done too much, Dan. Where were you called upon to buy a house and lot for me? Everything I've got in the world I owe you, anyway."

He laid his big hand on my shoulder and shook me and reached for the bottle to pour another drink, and kind of boisterously he said, "Aw, jump in the lake, Eddie! After all, it's only a fraction of another little pavin' contract!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE DEATH VOYAGE

(Continued from Page 4)

"Enough, Brunner!" cried the admiral angrily. "We are here to hear the Emperor, not to listen to speeches from the left bench. . . . But, Your Majesty, your accusation is a grave one. How and when have your counselors failed you?"

"At every turn," said the Emperor bitterly. "There is hardly one vital promise ever made to me or to the nation which has not proved to be false. Take your own service, Admiral von Speer. Is it not a fact that your authorities assured us that if we had indiscriminate U-boat warfare from February, 1917, onwards, we must starve England out, and so win? Was it not said again and again? Now it is November, 1918, and where is this starvation of England?"

"Events were too strong for us, Your Majesty."

"A wise counselor foresees events. And you, Von Berg, did not you and Ludendorff assure me that when the Russians broke away and our Eastern armies were available for action in the West, we would drive the French behind Paris and the British into the sea?"

"We nearly did so, Your Majesty."

"There was no qualification in your assurances. You all declared that it would be so. And did not every military leader assure me in 1914 that the British might be disregarded upon the land, and yet these papers"—he beat upon a wallet which lay upon the table—"show me that in the last four months they have taken from us more prisoners and guns than all the Allies put together. Can you excuse such miscalculations as that?"

The great soldier sank his eyes.

"I have never underrated the British," he said.

"But my advisers did. And the Americans! Did not my statesmen say that they would not come into the war? Did not my sailors say that they could not bring an army to Europe? Did not my soldiers say that they had no army to bring? And now"—he caught up the wallet and shook it at the council—"they have over a million men available, and there are American naval guns which are sweeping the roads between Montmedy and Conflans, the only line of retreat of my Eastern armies. . . . This could not happen. That could not happen. But it has all happened. Is it a wonder that the people should lose heart when every promise is broken?"

A thin, austere general in spectacles who had not yet spoken, now joined in the debate. His voice was cold, harsh and precise; a man of definite routine and fixed ideas.

"Your Majesty, any recriminations now are out of place. The question is immediate and pressing. There are Bolsheviks within fifteen miles of Spa, and if you should fall into their hands, no one can foresee the consequences. Your life is in danger and the responsibility for your person rests with us."

"What, then, do you advise, General von Groner?"

"We are unanimous, sir, that you should at once cross the Dutch border. General von Hentz suggested it. It is but a few miles, and your own special train waits in the station."

"And where should I go when I cross the border?"

"We have gone so far, Your Majesty, as to telegraph to the Dutch Government. We have not yet received a reply. But we cannot wait. Your own train affords every accommodation and carries your personal servants. All else can be settled later. Let us hear you are at Eyden, and our minds will be at ease."

The Emperor sat for some little time in silence.

"Would this not appear," said he at last, "as if I were deserting my people and my army at a moment of need? There is my personal honor to be considered."

"So long, sire, as you are acting upon the advice of your council, you can hardly be called to account," said Von Groner.

"A man's honor is his own private affair, and no one can lessen his responsibility," the Emperor answered. "I think that I may now dismiss you, gentlemen. You have advised me to the best of your ability, and the rest remains with me. If you will wait, Von Berg, and you, admiral, I would have a last word with you."

The others bowed and filed out from the room. The Emperor advanced toward his two great servants, both of whom had risen to their feet.

"In you," he said, placing his hand upon the old field marshal's sleeve, "and in you, admiral, I recognize two men who represent the honor of my army and my navy. You, of all men, are judges upon such a point. Tell me now, as between man and man, since there is no longer any question of Emperor and subject, would you advise me to go to Holland?"

"We would," the two men said in a breath.

"Would you consider that in doing so my honor was quite untouched?"

"Undoubtedly, Your Majesty. We have now to treat for terms. The American President has ventured to say that he will not treat with you. Everything will be at a deadlock until you go. You are best serving the country by sacrificing your own feelings and vanishing from the scene."

The Emperor pondered for a minute or more, with his brows drawn down over his eyes and a deep frown of concentrated thought upon his face. At last he broke silence:

"Let us go back a hundred years for our lesson. Suppose the Emperor Napoleon had refused to give himself up or resign: what would have followed?"

"A hopeless war with senseless slaughter, which would have ended in his death or capture."

"You misunderstand me. Suppose that he had never left the field of Waterloo, but had thrown himself inside a square of his Old Guard and had perished with them. What then?"

"What would have been gained, sire?"

"Nothing, perhaps, to France, save as an example. But would his memory not be greater? Would he not seem now like some wonderful angel of destruction who had set foot upon the earth, if we were not disabused by that anticlimax of St. Helena?"

The field marshal shook his rugged head.

"Your Majesty is a better historical student than I," said he. "I fear that I have enough upon my hands now, without going back a hundred years."

"And you, Von Speer? Have you nothing to say?"

"If you insist upon an answer, Your Majesty, I think that Napoleon should have died at Waterloo."

The Emperor grasped him by the hand.

"You are a kindred soul. I have your assurance that my honor is safe, whatever course I take. But there is something even higher than honor. There is that superhonor which we call heroism, when a man does more than is required of him. Napoleon failed to find that quality. And now I wish you farewell, gentlemen. Be assured that I will think carefully over what you have told me, and I will then announce my action."

The Emperor sat with his head resting upon his hands, listening first to the clank of spurred feet in the hall, and then to the rumble of the heavy motor. For half an hour or more he was motionless, lost in thought. Then he sprang suddenly to his feet and raised his face and hands to the heavens.

"God give me the strength!" he cried. He rang the electric bell and a footman appeared.

"Tell Captain von Mann that I await him."

A moment later a young fresh-faced officer with quick intelligent eyes had entered the room and saluted.

"Sigurd," said the Emperor, "there are likely to be very serious times before us. I hereby free you from any personal allegiance to me. From what I hear, Prince Max of Baden has probably of his own initiative freed all Germany by now."

"I have no wish to be freed. You are always my master and my Emperor."

"But I would not involve you in a tragic fate."

"I wish to be involved."

"But if it means death?"

"Even so."

"What I say I mean in a literal sense. You will die if you follow me far enough."

"I ask for no better fate."

The Emperor grasped the young man's hand. "Then we are comrades in a great venture!" he cried. "Now, sit beside me here at the table and let us discuss our plans. No ignoble suicide will end your Emperor's career. There are nobler ways of dying, and it is for me to find them."

There was a curious scene at the Spa station that night, though none save the three actors in it were aware of it. It was in the station-master's room, which had the door barred and the curtains drawn. Three men sat round a circular table, with a strong lamp above them, beating down upon their heads.

Outside, the trains clanked and whistled and roared, while the hubbub upon the platform showed that all was anarchy and confusion. Yet, regardless of all this, the man whose very duty it was to set the matter right sat at the table with such a look of astonishment upon his face that it was clear that he was oblivious of the turmoil outside. The station master, Baumgarten, was a smart, alert, youngish man, such a man as one would expect to find attached to army headquarters, and he was giving his whole attention now to what the elder of his two visitors was explaining. This man, who, like his companion, was dressed in civilian dress—a loose-fitting suit of gray tweeds—was studying a railway map, while his younger companion looked over his shoulder.

"There is but one change, Your Majesty," said the station master.

"So I see," answered the Emperor, placing his finger upon Cologne. "Once through that point we are safe. But it is all important that we should not be recognized."

"Alas, sire, your face is so well known that it is impossible you should escape notice."

"Think, man, think!" cried the younger man impatiently. "Surely you can plan it out."

Baumgarten scratched his puzzled head and paced the room in perplexity. Then suddenly there came an inspiration. He stopped and turned to the table.

"There is a refrigerator car, Your Majesty. It has just come through with vegetables from Holland. We can shut off the refrigerating apparatus. It is of course closed and windowless. If Your Majesty would condescend ——."

"Drop titles," said the Emperor, looking round him suspiciously.

"Well, sir, if you would consent to travel in so humble a fashion, we could have it marked 'Not to be opened' and sent through to Kiel with the next train."

"Excellent. It could not be better. See that some food and water are placed in it."

"And a bed, Your—a bed, sir."

"Tut, tut! Straw will serve us well. Can we get on at once?"

"Within half an hour. But how can you cross the platform here unseen?"

"I had anticipated that difficulty," said the aide-de-camp. He drew a bandage from his pocket. "If, sir, you would not mind acting the part of an officer who is wounded in the face, I could easily disguise you."

"My wound is in the heart," said the Emperor. "But how about the civilian clothes?"

"People will not stop to reason in such times as these." With a few deft twists the young man passed the bandage over the Emperor's brow and then diagonally across the telltale mustache. "Now, sir, I think you are safe."

"Well done, Sigurd. We will wait here, Herr Baumgarten, and when you give the word, we are ready."

And so it was that thirty-six hours later the station master of Kiel, known to be a loyalist, opened the locked doors of a refrigerator van, from which emerged a middle-aged man bandaged as from a severe face wound, and his young companion, who looked after him with touching care. The pair were cold and stiff, but the station master hustled them rapidly into his own room, where hot coffee was waiting, and a warm stove.

"Anything I can do, sire. You have but to command."

"Presently you shall learn," said the Emperor. "Meanwhile you will take this note, or send it by a trusty hand, to Admiral von Drotha. When he comes, you will show him in to us."

An hour later a very amazed officer in the uniform of the Imperial Navy entered the humble room. He was quivering with emotion and eager zeal. He sank upon his knee before the Emperor, who raised him to his feet.

"My dear admiral, the days of such things are passed. Has not Prince Max declared that I have abdicated; though I confess that it was news to me! This is my throne now." He waved his hand toward the station chair.

"You are always our Emperor."

"Yes, here here"—and the speaker struck his breast—"I am always the Emperor. God has given me the charge, and only He can relieve me from it. But in these times I ask for no response and no favor from others—save only one. But it is a supreme and onerous one. I wonder if your loyalty will rise to it?"

"It will rise to any height, sire. What is it?"

"That you should die with me."

"Sire, it is my greatest ambition." Tears of devotion ran down the face of the honest sailor. The Emperor also passed his hand across his eyes.

"I have had false friends," he said, "but there are true hearts also in the world. Now sit here, admiral. These are rather different surroundings from the Potsdam palace, where last we two met. But we have privacy, and that is essential. I have come to Kiel to lead my fleet out against the English."

The admiral gasped. "But, sire, the men are in mutiny! They have driven the officers ashore! How can we man our ships?"

"They will come. They will come. They are Germans, and will not let their Emperor go out to die alone; for I am going, admiral, if it is only one torpedo boat which takes me out."

"And I am the commander of that torpedo boat!" cried the admiral.

"And I on the deck," said Sigurd von Mann.

"But what do you propose, sire? You have some definite plan in your head."

"Yes, admiral, I have thought out every detail. In the first place, can you name any large room where some hundreds of men can be privately assembled?"

"Yes, sire. Count von Waldorf has a dancing hall attached to his villa which would exactly meet your requirement. The count, I need not say, is loyal to the core."

"If we could pass the word round to all the officers and assemble them there, I would appeal for their support and coöperation."

"Sire, I know the feelings of my comrades. To ask such a question is pure loss

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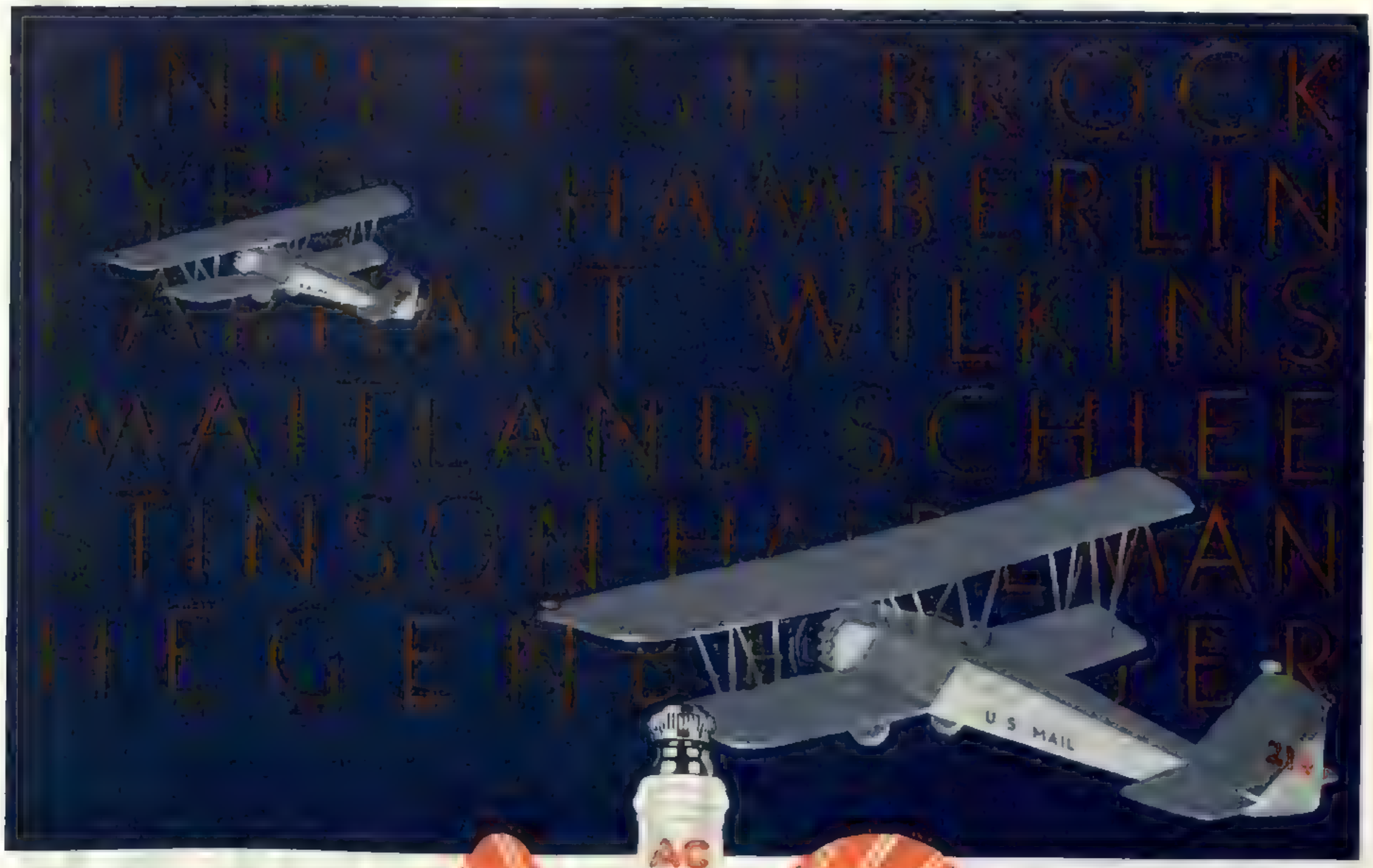
"IN THE AIR AT NIGHT
only the best will do"



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3 for 20c

WHITE OWL BRAND
WHITE OWL BRAND
WHITE OWL BRAND

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of time. There is not a man of the officers' corps of the German Navy who would shrink from following you. You have only to signify your desire, and they are ready to meet it."

"Then so much time is gained, and every hour now is of importance. Everything is cracking both on the line and behind it. We must act at once or we may be stopped. What of the men?"

"I fear, sire, that they will not come. It might even be dangerous for them to know that you are in the town."

"Danger is nothing. When death is the certain end, who cares for danger upon the way! I take your word, admiral, as to the officers. Are there any who are loyal and trustworthy among the men?"

"There are many such, sire, but they are in a minority."

"They will serve as our messengers. Collect as many as you can. Send by their hand letters to every vessel. Ask the men to send their delegates, three for a large ship, two for a light cruiser, one for a small unit, to the saloon of which you speak. Say that at three o'clock their Emperor would wish to speak with them. Call me Wilhelm von Hohenzollern if you wish. It matters not what they call me, so long as they will come."

"Sire, they will come. And a bodyguard of your faithful officers will surround you. They will only approach you over our bodies."

"Not an officer, admiral. I must trust the men, or our cause is lost. You and Captain von Mann. No others. Send me a closed motor car, and warn your friend, Count von Waldorf, that I am coming. I will see you again at three o'clock."

Long before the time mentioned, all Kiel was buzzing with excitement. The news had spread like wildfire that the Emperor was in the town, and that he was in the Villa Waldorf. Great crowds assembled in the streets, and here or there a red flag fluttered over them, but there was no demonstration. Utter amazement was the prevailing sentiment. That he should come here of all places—the very center of revolutionary disturbance. That he should put his head into the lion's mouth. Amazing! Still more wonderful was it when an open car bearing a bearded officer in an admiral's uniform made its way slowly through the crowd and its occupant entered the villa. That thin, eager face was well known to all—the face of Henry, younger brother of William, and head admiral of the fleet. What was going on? What could it mean? Were they planning a coup d'état? If so, they would soon find out that revolutions are not so easily set aside. So growled the crowd as it stood watching the white-stuccoed face of the palatial villa.

And now the delegates began to assemble. In twos and threes they elbowed their way through the crowd, amid a good deal of rough chaff. Many had red handkerchiefs slung ostentatiously round their necks or red ribands in their caps. Soon the great hall, with its splendid hangings and polished oak floor, began to fill up. The red velvet seats which lined it were filled with sailors, and the body of the hall was also crammed. Everyone was smoking and the air was a blue haze. Someone started a revolutionary song, and it rolled and echoed round the high, vaulted roof. In the very midst of it the Emperor appeared. The song was cut off in an instant, and every eye was upon that small upright figure with the dangling arm, and upon that earnest, care-worn face which looked down upon them from the band dais at the end. He was clad now in a rough blue pilot jacket, and seemed far more a man of the sea, one of their own kind, than ever he had done in his lordly trappings. A kindly wave of human sympathy went out to him. Those who were seated rose to their feet. Two men who had uttered shrill whistles of disapproval were bundled out of the hall.

The Emperor moved to the front and laid his hand upon the gilt rail. His brother Henry, Admiral von Drotha, and young Sigurd von Mann stood behind him. When he spoke, it was in a firm voice which rang through the hall.

"I speak," said he, "as a German to Germans. I thought it right to come here and see you face to face. I am not talking politics. There is no question of empire or republic in my mind. I have but one thought, my personal honor, the honor of my fleet, and the honor of my country."

There was no question that he had already captured his rough audience, as earnest honesty will always capture an audience. The sea of weather-beaten faces were all strained with attention. Their eyes were riveted upon the speaker.

"They are surrendering at Berlin. Is that any reason why we should surrender at Kiel? The army has fought most bravely, but it is worn out and can fight no more. It is not I who have left the army, but the army has left me. The navy, too, has fought bravely. But it is not worn out. It has fought no general action."

"Skager-Rack!" cried many voices.

"Yes, you did well at Skager-Rack. But your battle was not with the British fleet. It was with two or three squadrons at the most. We have still to pit our strength fairly against theirs. I am told that it is hopeless. I am told that their numbers make it impossible. There is nothing hopeless or impossible to brave men. And if it is hopeless or impossible, is it not at the worst better that we and our ships should lie at the bottom of the North Sea than that they should be surrendered without a blow? Would you stand by and let such a thing be, you men of the German fleet? Or are you ready to die with your Emperor?"

He flung out his arm in an eloquent gesture of appeal, and then a proud, happy smile passed over his face. For he had won his cause. A forest of outstretched hands, a lake of flushed, eager faces, a roar of deep-toned voices—the navy would die with its Kaiser!

"Quick, William! Strike at once!" whispered his brother.

"You will come with me. I knew that you would. Then carry my word to your comrades. Say that no unwilling man need come. Let them stay ashore. But you and I and all true German hearts will sail together upon the death voyage of the German fleet. Go, and do what I have told you."

There was a rush of heavy feet, and in a few minutes the hall was cleared and every exit filled with pushing, struggling men. In some strange way the crowd outside had in an instant learned what was afoot, and had caught the flame. The whole town was in an uproar of cheering. Flags broke out on every flagstaff, the German war flag on the same pole as the red ensign of revolution. On that the sailors were firm. The war flag might go up, but the red flag should not come down. All day and all night the Soviets held their heated meetings, where again and again dissentients were struck down by those who wished to go. News came back from Wilhelmshaven that the excitement had spread there, that all officers had been recalled to their ships, that the crews were at their quarters and that the engineers were stoking their fires. Soon the fleet would be ready to start.

The next few days saw an uninterrupted flow of vessels through the canal, to join the main fleet which lay in the Jade. Some delay was caused by the breakdown of a light cruiser, which blocked the passage near Neu Wittenbek, but this was finally overcome, and by the evening of the third day the ships had collected, either in the vicinity of the Jade or in the Wilhelmshaven Roads. That night a council was held in the wardroom of the new battleship Bayern, at which all the German chiefs were present, including the Emperor, who insisted upon taking a subordinate place, while Von Speer, who had hastened from Spa at the first whisper of what had happened, presided over the deliberations. Vice admirals and captains of capital ships—forty in all—crowded the room, gloom, and yet determination, upon every face.

"I understand, Your Majesty, that your commands are that there shall be a fight to a finish?"

"That is my wish and my order," the Emperor answered. "The fleet is to be sunk, and it is better that it take as many of the enemy as possible with it."

"We have to face the cost," said the admiral. "It means the death of Your Majesty."

"I desire no better fate."

"And of twenty-five thousand officers and men."

"Is there anyone in this council who shrinks from it?" asked the Emperor.

There was silence. All were ready. The fleet was ready.

"But with all respect," said a young vice admiral, "is it necessary that we talk as if defeat were inevitable? We held the English at Skager-Rack. May we not do so again?"

"Besides," said another, "our fleet is now stronger—far stronger than then. Have we not added the Bayern and Baden, great ships with fifteen-inch guns, whereas we had nothing over twelve inches at the Skager-Rack. And the Hindenburg too! Is she not an addition? And the new fire control? May we not have a surprise for the English?"

"It is too late," said Von Speer. "If we win the victory, we have no fatherland to which to return." He took a telegram from his pocket and read it aloud:

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT SEVERELY CONDEMNS THE MAD PROJECT OF A SORTIE UPON THE PART OF THE FLEET, WHICH CAN LEAD TO NO RESULT SAVE UNNECESSARY LOSS OF SHIPS AND MEN. THE REPORT OF IT HAS SERIOUSLY IMPEDED THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ARMISTICE. YOUR ALLEGIANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT DEMANDS THAT YOU INSTANTLY ORDER THE SHIPS TO RETURN TO THEIR ANCHORAGE.

A growl of indignation rose from the officers as their admiral replaced the paper in his pocket.

"I think you will agree with me, gentlemen, that our allegiance is due to our Emperor, and to him alone."

"Have you answered it?" asked the Emperor.

"No, sire. Our deeds will answer it. But I have drawn up a message here which, with your consent, I would wish to send to the British commander in chief. It runs thus: 'The High Sea Fleet does not consent to any armistice. It proposes to come out at once, and hopes on Monday to be seventy miles due west of Heligoland if the mine clearing permits. Should we be delayed, you will no doubt have the courtesy to wait for us.'"

"Excellent!" cried the Emperor, and all the council clapped their hands.

"Then it shall go at once," said the admiral.

"Might not the enemy lay their submarines at the spot?" asked one captain.

"We shall not be too exact as to the spot. Our light cruisers will guide the enemy to where we are. But as to what you say, Captain Muller, concerning the addition to our fleet, and to the Skager-Rack, it is well to have no illusions. The enemy has not been idle. We are in close touch with all that he has done. If we can build and improve and organize, so can they. You are aware that they lost two great ships because there was no cut-off from the turrets to the magazines. That has now been remedied. The protection of their decks and the roofs of their turrets are stronger now against plunging fire. Their shells have more explosive power. They have added many powerful ships to their squadrons. I have their names here. There is the Ramillies, the Resolution, the Renown, the Repulse—all with fifteen-inch guns. They have a squadron, too, of American battleships, and American naval history shows that they will be well handled and well fought. The odds against us are greater than ever. We can but swear to fight to the death. For myself, I swear it."

He raised his hand as he spoke, and every officer in the room, including the Emperor, did the same. "We swear it!" they cried. Nobly, as this record will show, did they fulfill their oath. That was the final word of the last council of war ever held on the High Sea Fleet. With set and somber faces they bade one another farewell; the captains returning to their vessels, while the admirals remained to plan their future with their leader.

It was just one day later that two admirals sat talking very earnestly together in the cabin of the commander in chief of the British Grand Fleet. One was that commander himself. The other was the American, Bradman, whose fine squadron, comprising the New York, Wyoming, Florida, Delaware, Arkansas and Texas, was the latest addition to the most formidable collection of war vessels ever assembled in the history of the world. Through the open porthole of Beaton's cabin one could see them riding at anchor with the Stars and Stripes flying over them, while beyond, line after line of mighty battleships, of giant cruisers, and of smaller craft, under St. George's flag, choked the great bay. Beyond lay the low barren shore of Scapa—as sad and bleak a prospect as any in the world.

Beaton, his handsome face wearing a puzzled frown, was reading aloud to his colleague the German wireless message.

"What do you make of that, Bradman?" he asked, looking up at his companion.

"Say, it's just fine on the face of it!" the American answered. "Too good to be true, I guess."

"I don't know. They have not much choice, have they? I think it is what we should do if things were reversed. They can scuttle their own ships in harbor or they can come outside and have them scuttled by our guns, taking a few of our own to the bottom with them. It seems to me to be reasonable, and the first thing that brave men would think of."

"Maybe so. But it might be a trap all the same."

"Well, we won't walk into a mine field if we can help it. Our light craft will look out for that. Anyhow, I think we should let them have an answer." He took up a pencil and scribbled upon a card: "Very good. We shall be there." "How's that?"

"That's the idea."

Beaton rang the gong and handed the message to a young officer in attendance. "No need for code, Duncan. Send it as it stands." Then, as the door closed, he turned to the great map of the North Sea, which was now so crisscrossed with pencil marks and bearings as to be almost worn out. "That being so, Bradman, I suppose we should take it seriously and make our preparations. The poor devils would not have a chance, for we are two to one; but from what we saw of them at Jutland, I'll promise you that they will put up a very fine fight."

"Yes, they side-stepped you there," said Bradman, with a sly twinkle.

"Maybe so. But it's difficult to take chances when on our side the war is lost if our fleet is lost, while the other fellow lays no such stake upon the table. That was our trouble at Jutland. We could not risk the rough and tumble of a night action. We have a free hand now, and every man in the British fleet wants a fight to a finish."

"I'll answer for my squadron, too," said Admiral Bradman, and the two sailors bent over the chart.

The day of the great adventure and of the supreme sacrifice had come. The German fleet had assembled now in Heligoland Bay and, shortly after dawn, started upon its last terrible voyage, its mine sweepers having for two days swept a clear passage. In front of the magnificent array were two squadrons of light cruisers, forming the screen of the fleet. Then came the battle cruisers in double line, Derfflinger, Seydlitz, Moltke, and Von der Tann—the old squadron which had already endured so much and

(Continued on Page 99

QUALITY BY KUPPENHEIMER

You'll enjoy these clothes. Enjoy them for their fabric beauty; those controlled Kuppenheimer features—Trojan Weave, smooth and even-surfaced worsteds — of extra weight and extra wear; Tigertwist, that knurly Irish cloth, as strong and knotty as a shillalah; Castilians, most beautiful of all unfinished worsteds, soft draping, rich in mellow colorings. Kuppenheimer merchants now present a new and smart array of models in these and other Kuppenheimer designed and controlled Feature Fabrics—all newly patterned in deep, lustrous autumn shades—burgundy, weathered brown, plumbloom, and emery. Kuppenheimer styled in smart, trim new fall models, and carefully handcrafted to fit the fashion and figure of men and young men. And guarding each suit is the ever present Kuppenheimer Quality—the safeguard of value. You'll enjoy these clothes—for a long time.

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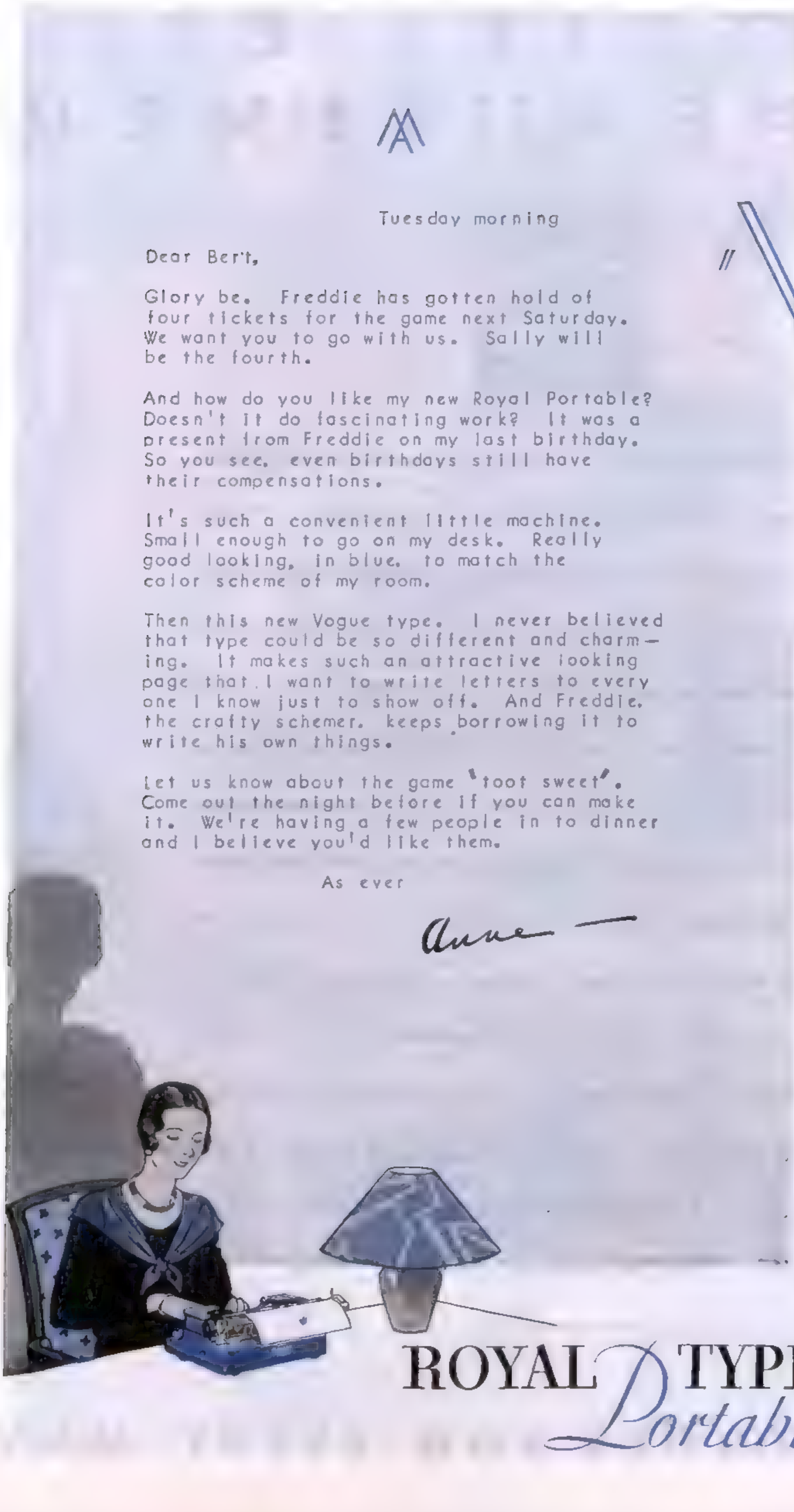
Tuesday morning
Dear Bert,
Glory be. Freddie has gotten hold of four tickets for the game next Saturday. We want you to go with us. Sally will be the fourth.
And how do you like my new Royal Portable? Doesn't it do fascinating work? It was a present from Freddie on my last birthday. So you see, even birthdays still have their compensations.
It's such a convenient little machine. Small enough to go on my desk. Really good looking, in blue, to match the color scheme of my room.
Then this new Vogue type. I never believed that type could be so different and charming. It makes such an attractive looking page that I want to write letters to every one I know just to show off. And Freddie, the crafty schemer, keeps borrowing it to write his own things.
Let us know about the game 'toot sweet'. Come out the night before if you can make it. We're having a few people in to dinner and I believe you'd like them.
As ever
Anne

"VOGUE"

AGAIN ROYAL ANTICIPATES

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The Royal Portable Typewriter—perfect in every mechanical detail, convenient, beautifully finished in Duotones, popular . . . now is credited with still another distinction—a new style of type—in design as correct and acceptable for personal use as are the conventional forms of type for business correspondence.

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ROYAL TYPEWRITERS
Portable

(Continued from Page 95)

won the respect of every British sailor. Von Lippert was in command. They were strengthened now by the mighty Hindenburg, but her sister ship, the Mackensen, was not yet ready for service. Behind the cruisers came the magnificent line of the battleships, led by the strongest squadron just out of the builder's yard—the Bayern, flying the flag of Von Speer and carrying the Emperor on board, the Baden, and two others. All these great ships carried eight fifteen-inch guns and had a speed of twenty-two knots. Behind them were the four powerful ships of the König class—König, Grosser Kurfürst, Kronprinz, and Markgraf. They carried ten twelve-inch guns. Then came four Kaisers—ships as strong as the Königs and rather faster. Astern of these, the great line extended across the whole visible circle of ocean, giant behind giant, the Friedrich der Grosse, Ostfriedland, Thüringen, Heligoland, Oldenburg, Posen, and many more, while even the very old ships, such as the Deutschland or the Schleswig Holstein, which carried four heavy guns, but were incapable of more than sixteen knots, had fallen in behind and panted along to share the fate of their comrades. There was no need for hurry, and the whole fleet steamed at reduced speed, while on every side the destroyers kept guard against surprise.

In this they were but partially successful, as the Posen was struck by an English submarine and had to stagger back into port in a sinking condition. The submarine itself—M-16—was destroyed by the depth charges showered around it.

The Allied fleet had to start long before dawn in order to keep its tryst. If the German array had been formidable, this could only be described as terrific. Apart from a swarm of light cruisers and destroyers, the van was led by the Lion, which still bore upon her plates the dents of former battles. Behind her in single line came the Tiger, bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Morton, and astern were the Australia and Princess Royal. Even more formidable were two new vessels, which, on account of their peculiar qualities, operated apart. These were the Renown and Repulse, carrying fifteen-inch guns and capable of attaining the amazing speed of thirty-two knots.

The light-battleship squadron, under Admiral Thoms, which had shown its fine qualities at Jutland, where for a time it had been under the fire of a large part of the German fleet, followed the cruisers. They were, as before, the Malaya, Valiant, Warspite and Barham, with the Queen Elizabeth added, all armed with fifteen-inch guns. Behind them in double column came the new prides of the British service—the Ramillies, Resolution, Revenge, Royal Sovereign, and Royal Oak—twenty-three-knot vessels carrying eight fifteen-inch guns each. Behind them again was the splendid American squadron of six vessels already named, with their fourteen-inch guns and twenty-one knots of speed. The thick smoke from their funnels showed that they were coal-burning ships. So, squadron after squadron, the great armada passed out from Scapa, with the strange unwieldy airplane carrier, Furious, like a huge Noah's ark, in the rear. Far out on each flank were the heavy cruisers Inflexible, New Zealand, Indomitable, and others, while swarms of light cruisers and destroyers covered the ocean up to the horizon in every direction. The heavier ships formed into six columns outside the bay, and the whole majestic procession moved at eighteen knots toward the southeast.

It was at 2:30 in the afternoon that two British seaplanes reported a German Zeppelin in lat. 55.46 North, long. 5.14 East, and attacked it unsuccessfully. Following it up, they saw and reported the thick fringe of scouts which preceded the High Seas Fleet. The news was wirelessed to every vessel in the Allied armada and assured them for the first time that the German challenge was not empty bravado, and that the great day had really come when this long-standing quarrel should be fought to an end. Battle flags were broken out upon every ship, and Beaton increased his speed to twenty knots, even at the risk of leaving his slower craft behind. The swift battle cruisers were sent on independently at full speed to hold the enemy until the main fleet should arrive. It was a fine day, but there was a brisk breeze from the southeast, and the great cruisers, running at twenty-eight knots, had their foredecks almost under water, and the spray as high as their funnels, while they thundered through the racing waves. At 2:40 came the news that the light cruiser Phaeton had been sunk by a German submarine. A few minutes later the same fate had befallen the Inconstant. Then came word that a Zeppelin had been destroyed by the anti-aircraft guns of the scout Arethusa.

Shortly after three, cocoa and light food were served out to the crews and the bugles blew for action stations. News from the scouts was now coming in thick and fast, and the sound of heavy firing could be heard from the flagship in the southeastern direction. Seaplane No. 7042, launched from the Furious, had flown the whole length of the German fleet, and though brought down with a broken wing, managed to wireless her observations of their total force, which proved to be surprisingly accurate, considering the difficult circumstances of the reconnaissance. For this valuable service Flight Lieutenant Oliver was very specially mentioned in dispatches.

The great fleets were now rapidly closing, and the Fourth British Light Cruiser Squadron was fiercely engaged with the Ninth German Squadron of scouts. As the British main fleet came roaring along down upon the battle, the whole horizon was dotted with these smaller vessels, many of them smothered in foam from the shells which were falling thickly around them. At four o'clock the head of the heavy cruiser squadron was engaged with the Derfflinger, which led the German battle cruisers. The action had fairly begun.

And here I pause. Was it to describe that great epic, that Armageddon of the sea, that my vision was intended? Was it not rather to trace the alternate fates of that desperate and unhappy man who stood at the parting of the ways, where one led to life with honor, and the other to death with heroism? And yet his tragedy was so involved with this far greater one that my dream could scarce deal with one except through the other. Therefore, with no more detail than is necessary to give reality to the picture, I will write what the eye of imagination has seen.

As each side desired to fight rather than to maneuver, the covering squadrons of light cruisers, having done their duty in reporting the enemy, fell upon one another with the utmost fury. A whole series of desperate duels was begun at a range of 7000 yards, shortening to 5000. So engrossed were the little fellows in their own combats that they paid hardly any attention to the heavier ships which passed through their mêlée, and which could each have sunk any one of them with a shot. The old rule of the sea by which ships of the line did not fire upon frigates still held good, and the scouts were left to settle their quarrel among themselves.

At first the Germans had the better, for their gunnery was perfect, and their destroyers pushed boldly into the fight. The Daring, Dryad, Calliope, Donegal and Lancaster were all sunk by gunfire or torpedo, while the Carnarvon drew out of the line in a sinking condition. On the other hand, the Stettin and Berlin were both sunk early in the fight, and the Pillau was put out of action.

As the day wore on, fresh British light craft and destroyers joined in the fray, and weight of metal and of numbers overbore the gallant Germans. The Stuttgart, München and Frankfurt were all sunk by gunfire, while the British lost only the Carnarvon, which was finally torpedoed by the Regensburg. This fighting was desperate and bloody, but it was a mere digression from the main business of the day. As to the destroyers, the flotillas on either side charged headlong at the capital ships of the enemy, and then, meeting halfway, each drove desperately to prevent the other from reaching its mark. Like fighting dogs, half smothered in foam, they tore through the sea, their sides almost touching and the flashes of their guns licking the very paint from the bulwarks of their opponents.

On every side one saw shattered and blazing wrecks, for the oil fuel turned each stricken boat into a funeral pyre for its crew—a proper burial for men who, on either side, came of the Viking blood. Some destroyers, German or British, fought their way through the crowd and succeeded in driving home their attack upon the battleships, with certain death for their reward. The Marlborough was struck again, as she had been at Jutland, and this time sank with all hands. The Orion, too, was badly damaged, and fell out of the line with a list of twelve degrees to port. The New York and Renown were both hit, but neither sustained serious damage, for their water-tight bulkheads stood firm. In every case the secondary armament disposed of the brave little assailant. The German line suffered even more heavily than the British. Captain Hase's ship, the Derfflinger, had a huge hole blown in her bows, and sank by the head. The Kaiserin and The Grosser Kurfürst were each of them sunk, and the Oldenburg was crippled. An American squadron under Captain Bosnell of the Cushing distinguished itself in this work. On either side no notice was taken of casualties.

The stricken must look after themselves. The deadly lock of battle held the rest to their work.

Beaton had deployed his main fleet to either flank in the hope of placing an Allied ship on each side of a German, but Von Speer had rapidly altered his line ahead into double column to meet the danger. Now it was a fair gun duel, opening at 17,000 yards and closing in until only 12,000 yards separated the giants who moved parallel to one another, with no maneuvers, save that each ship would sheer in or out to baffle the enemy's aim. The German range finders were the better, and they were the quicker on the mark, but the British guns were heavier and there was little to choose in the shooting. Thus it was that numbers were bound to tell. Ship after ship in the German line went up in flame and smoke.

The British had learned the lesson of Jutland, and though the heavy shells of the new fifteen-inch German guns plunged repeatedly through the roofs of turrets, exterminating the crews of the guns and putting them out of action, there was no passage for that murderous back-flash which had formerly reached the magazine and destroyed the ship. The deck protection was still too weak, however, on either side, and the destruction of ships was due again and again to plunging fire which penetrated to the vitals. Thus it was with many Germans, and thus, too, with the Tiger, Inflexible, Florida, Repulse and Collingwood, all of which shared the fate of the Queen Mary.

A gray figure—gray in dress and gray in face—stood for hours at the side of the bridge of the flagship. It was the Emperor. A telescope with magnifying power of fifteen diameters enabled him to view the terrific scene. Hour after hour he saw and realized the awful thing that had come upon the earth. Men of the same blood and culture, men sprung from the same Northern stock, were locked in this horrible wrestle, which could only end in death. Who can say what his thoughts might have been at such a time!

They flashed back to dwell upon his splendid father, the kindly golden-bearded giant, and upon the Englishwoman, his mother. Yes, half the blood in his own veins flowed from the same source as that which was in the crews of the gray ships over yonder. By what extraordinary mishandling of chances and by what evil ordering of events had it come about that he was now in such deadly conflict with them? Why was it necessary, when Germany was already conquering the world by its industry and circling the globe with its colonies? It was useless to go back upon the past. Far off, many years ago, some wrong path was taken, and this was whither it had led. It was the twilight of the gods—the most fearsome thing in all the history of the human race. They held him responsible, and yet he knew that he was but a puppet in the hands of fate, moving forward in some predestined and unavoidable fashion upon a terrible course.

But who was responsible—surely there must be responsibility somewhere. Was it the hand which drafted that mad ultimatum to Serbia? Was it the Czar and his premature mobilization? Was it Von Tirpitz, with his colossal sea plans, now at that moment reaching their tragic result? Was it to Von Schlieffen, with his scheme of marching through Belgium, which must bring England into the war? Was it his Uncle Edward, who had always been so suspicious of him? Or was it his chancellor's act, when, in 1902, he had refused with contempt an offer of an alliance from England?

Each and all of these facts seemed to his tired brain to have had something to do with this awful conclusion. At his feet lay a shattered body, the blood from which had splashed his high boots and left stains upon his gray overcoat. It was his faithful aide-de-camp, Von Mann, true to death, as he had promised. And that mangled corpse, that premature death when youth was at its best, was typical of ten million others for which so many held him responsible. He shuddered as terrible visions rose before him. They were interrupted by Von Speer, who approached him on the bridge. The admiral had been hit on the shoulder by a splinter, and his face was white and drawn.

"How goes it now, admiral?" asked the Emperor.

The sailor shrugged his shoulders.

"As to the fleet, we have lost nine battleships and four great cruisers. The Hindenburg has just gone up. Our own two after turrets have both been shot away, the top is off one of the fore ones, and we have only two guns in action. We are, as you can see, on fire at both ends, and only a part of our funnel is standing. There is water in the engine room and the stokers are drowning. We can do no more."

"What of the English? I have seen several of their ships go up."

"The battle now covers a line of fifteen miles. Many of the aerials have been shot away. But it is likely that they have lost ship for ship with ourselves."

"And what now?"

"There is nothing for it but to fight our ships to the water's edge."

At this moment a midshipman ran upon the bridge with a message.

"The voice tubes are cut, sir," he cried as he saluted; "I was told to bring it by hand."

The admiral tore open the paper.

"It is a wireless from Beaton," he said. "It runs: 'Surely honor is satisfied. No men could have done more. Why this useless slaughter? You have only five ships left in a condition to give battle. I can stand off and outrange you, so as to sink you from a distance which you cannot reach. I should hate to kill brave men in such a way. Admit your honorable and inevitable defeat, and strike your flag.'"

"Never!" said the Emperor.

"Never!" echoed the admiral.

But at that moment there came that which settled the matter. Some say that the salvo was fired from the Delaware, some that it came from the Lion. Out of eight shells, four fell direct upon the deck of the Bayern and plunged down into her magazines. With a roar, the mighty vessel went up into the air. In the instant of impact, conscious of what the next few seconds would bring, Emperor and admiral shook hands. Many survivors have testified to

(Continued on Page 102)

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For two-story family houses, for three-room honeymoon bungalows . . . or anything in between

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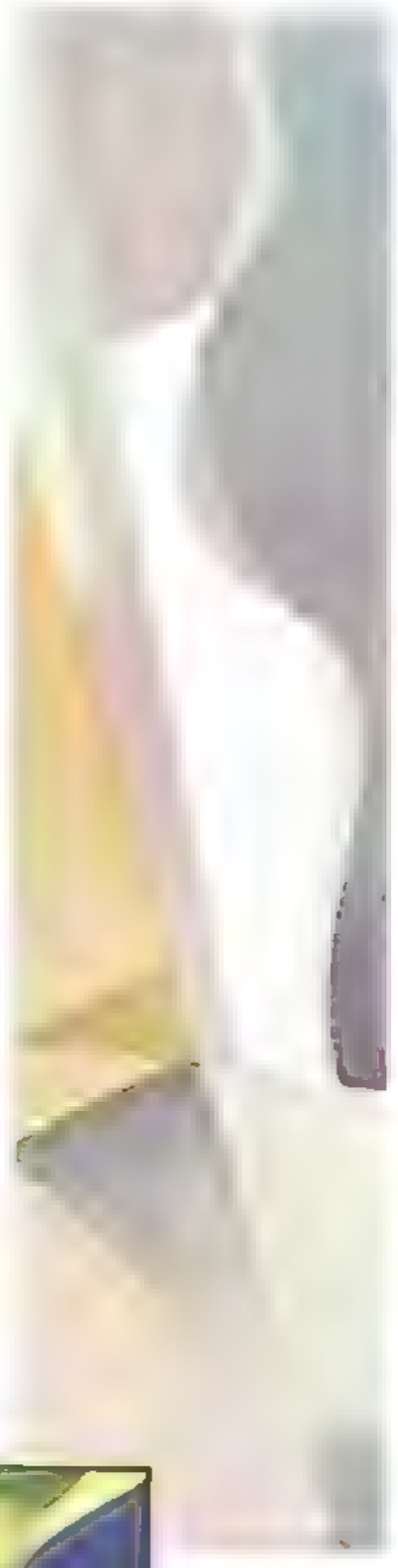

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Smaller in size and capacity, but every inch a Heatrola in all essential features of construction. Grained mahogany finish.

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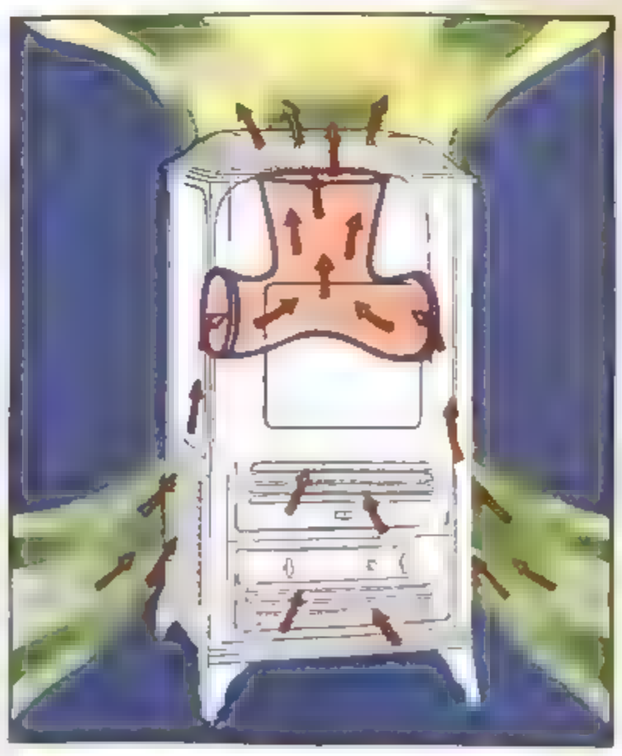

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Circulates warmth at the turn of a valve. Fume-tight, dust-tight, odor-tight. The No. 50, smallest of three models, thoroughly heats one or two rooms. Grained mahogany finish

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TROLA

ROOM — UPSTAIRS AND DOWN

(Continued from Page 99

seeing that salute. It was the last gesture of the German Imperial house and of the German High Sea Fleet. At that very moment the southern horizon was broken by the smoke of many hurrying vessels. The Harwich flotilla was arriving, fresh and eager. It was the end.

Late that night, when the sun had sunk and left only a pink glow in the west, the British commander looked proudly and yet ruefully upon the scene of that terrible epic. In every direction shattered wrecks were blazing, and men floated upon scattered spars or upon rafts, while swift torpedo boats flew from one to the other on their errand of saving life. Admiral Beaton stood upon his bridge, worn and weary, darkened by all the shadows of reaction

"Might I suggest, sir, that we send a message to the fleet?" said the high officer at his elbow

"To what is left of the fleet," said Beaton with a wan smile; "I hear their Emperor went down with their flagship. My message, Murdoch, would be to fly our flags halfmast in memory of a brave man."

So ran my vision of an alternative. And yet it may be that Fate was wiser, and that the path upon the level was better than that upon the hilltops.

ENDS OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 34)

me a new idea. Why not stay here and see what was what in Japanese whale life? The Albatross was about to start home across the Pacific; I could be of no use on her, but I could do a real job here. I sent a cable to the museum outlining my plan. The answer was yes

The office of the whaling company proved to be in Shimonoseki and rejoiced in the name of Toyo Hogir Kabushiki Kaisha—Oriental Whale Company, Ltd. A visit proved most successful, for the hospitable Japanese took kindly to the idea of a foreign scientist investigating their whales. They are keen about that sort of thing and showed it by inviting me to go where I pleased and do what I wished. I could not have had a more charming reception anywhere in the world. A few days later I said good-by to my shipmates on the Albatross and boarded one of the little transport vessels of the whaling company bound for a station at Shimizu.

I could not speak a word of Japanese, but I had a grammar and a dictionary, besides abundant courage. I was all against hiring an interpreter. I would not learn the language half so quickly as I should if I had to speak it to get what I wanted. But the introduction to Japanese village life did put me in some amusing situations. For a week I lived at a tiny hotel close by the station. I arrived there in the late afternoon and found that the proprietor could speak a little copy-book English. My room was a bird-cage sort of place with clean white matting on the floor, but the whole front open to the street, which was lined with spectators. I felt just like a new arrival at the zoo. Of course, my host asked immediately if I wanted a bath. I did.

"The water is clean," said he; "only five people have bathed already."

He closed the paper screen of my room, gave me a kimono, and I proceeded to disrobe. I was lucky, for this particular bathroom happened to be inclosed. The water in the great wooden tub really was cleaner than might be expected after five baths.

One Tenderloin Makes a Meal

All my meals were eaten with chopsticks and I had the usual Japanese food. An assortment of pickles, raw fish and white radishes; then soup, fish, chicken or eggs and rice. Always tea, of course. I did not like it much at first, but became accustomed to it soon enough.

Shimizu was not a success from the whaling standpoint, for the season for that station had almost ended. Not a single whale was taken in the ten days I remained, and the company suggested that I go to Oshima, where finbacks, sulphur bottoms and sei whales were then being killed.

Oshima was a delightful spot on an island of the Inland Sea. High above the beach perched the station master's dwelling where I lived. It was like a children's playhouse, all paper screens, sliding doors and spotless matting. We could look across to a dozen islands where gnarled pine trees grew at impossible angles from moss-covered rocks Everything was so new and strange that I seemed to be living in a storybook world.

There was no time for loafing here. The season was in full swing and not a day went by without at least one whale. The cutting-in operations were totally unlike those at Vancouver and Alaska. In fact, I have seen nothing like it anywhere else in the world. At the end of a long wharf two huge poles jutted out over the water. Across the connecting bar, at the top, ran the wires from a steam winch. The dead whale lay on its side at the end of the wharf. Two men in a boat cut through the body just forward of the dorsal fin. Then the entire posterior part of the carcass was hoisted into the air and lowered onto the wharf. Men, women and girls attacked it like a swarm of ants, cutting off huge chunks of meat and blubber which were drawn to a rear platform with great iron hooks. Meanwhile chains were made fast about one of the side fins, or flippers, and the flesh and blubber were torn away as the carcass rolled over in the water.

Every whale was cut in the moment it arrived at the station, no matter at what time of the night or day. There was not an hour's delay, for the meat must be rushed by fast transports to the nearest large town; there to be sold as food in the markets. The oil was a secondary consideration. Each whale was worth four or five times its value in America. A seventy-five-foot sulphur bottom yields forty tons of edible meat, to say nothing of the blubber. At that time it was worth $5000 in Japan. Humpbacks were considered to be the best eating; finbacks and *sei* whales not so good. Sperms are worst of all. Because the meat is so dark and filled with oil, it could be sold only to the poorest people.

Whale meat is really good, if properly prepared, even to Western taste. During the early part of the World War I made an effort to introduce it into America. The Vancouver Island and Alaska companies agreed to send it to the large cities of the United States in refrigerator cars, if I could create a market. We gave a luncheon at the American Museum of Natural History to inaugurate the campaign. The meat was put on sale in New York, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco and other cities. It went well enough at first, but the expense of transporting it such long distances made the plan impracticable after the novelty wore off

In Japan during the summer they can many thousands of tons of meat. We tried that also, but the American public did not take kindly to tinned whale meat. Personally, I really like it. The flavor is much like that of ordinary beef, but there is a slight oily taste if it has not been previously soaked in soda or salt water. A steak cut from the tenderloin of a young humpback, smothered in onions or served with mushrooms, is distinctly good. There is another advantage, too—the tenderloins are big enough even for a large family. Each one weighs about a ton.

The fibrous flukes were cut into thin strips by the Japanese, pickled in brine and sent to the markets of Tokio, Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe and other large cities. The huge ropelike tendons of the posterior part of the body, after being dried, usually went to China. The bones and viscera were tried out for oil and made into fertilizer as in America.

Almost every night the station whistles announced the arrival of a fresh whale. I always went down to the wharf not only to do my scientific work but to watch the strange scene. Flares of oil-soaked waste lighted the station yard. Men and women stripped to the waist, girls and children in blue kimonos slipped on the greasy blubber and tore like demons at great chunks of steaming meat. "*Ya-ra-cu-ra-ca*," they sang in a meaningless chant as they strained and heaved at the colossal bones. It was all so strange, so barbaric, that I could hardly believe it was happening in the year of our Lord, 1910.

Work for me was made difficult by this method of cutting in. The entire whale was seldom taken out of the water and I had to measure it in sections. Still I learned how to get the most important data before the carcass reached the hands of the devastating women.

During the summer which I spent at Aikawa I came to know every man, woman and child in the little fishing village. I was a curiosity to them and they were just as interesting to me. Nothing I did escaped comment. I had about as much privacy as a goldfish. But still, no one had any privacy. It wasn't considered either necessary or polite. The public bathhouse was a meeting place for gossip and news. It happened to be on the main street of the village and I often saw girls standing at the entrance clothed in considerably less than the modern woman wears at a bathing beach. But how they did "oh" and "ah" and blush over pictures in American magazines showing women in décolleté evening dress. They never would have worn clothes like that. It was too awful; most frightfully immodest. I could speak Japanese fairly well by that time and they told me in no uncertain terms what they thought of some of our customs.

The Village Doctor

I came to understand, too, how inherently polite Japanese are. It is not just on the surface; it is congenital. The charming little phrases with which one was met at the door of a village hotel protesting the humbleness of the entertainment; the sweet greeting of my little servant kneeling in the door when I returned after a day's absence; meaningless and exaggerated one might say if taken literally, but delightful nevertheless. Would that we had more of that and less matter-of-factness in our own life. We would all be better for it.

Since there was no doctor in the village and I had a medical kit, I did a rushing business. Most of my patients had injuries which could be cured with antiseptics, but I always had to give internal medicine as well, whether it was necessary or not. They would not follow directions otherwise. The more evil a concoction tasted the more certain they were of its effectiveness. I prepared a stock solution of colored water and quinine, bitter as gall, but harmless. It was amazing what cures it made.

I removed teeth, cut off a man's hand that had been crushed in the winch, treated dozens of cases of eczema and officiated at the birth of two babies. All this on what I had learned of comparative anatomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, two years earlier. It was pretty sketchy knowledge to work upon, but better than none at all. At any rate, not one of my patients died and many recovered. What qualified specialist can say as much?

When the station at Aikawa closed and my eighty tons of skeletons were on their way to New York, I went to Shimonoseki to collect fish. Steam trawling was then a recent introduction in Japan, and Shimonoseki was the center of the industry. There were only fifteen or twenty foreigners in the city, including a single American, Doctor Houston. I think all the rest were British. The ports of China and Japan in those days were pretty wild. Wine, women and song seemed to be the real *raison d'être* of life. Business was done casually when it did not interfere with pleasure. Shimonoseki rejoiced in the reputation of being the hardest-drinking port in the East. That was going some. I was perfectly willing to have my share of fun, but I wanted to take it in my own way. I had a job which was the most important thing in life to me, and I did not intend to sacrifice it. Therefore, instead of living at the hotel, I got myself a house a mile out of the city where I could be alone. It was a sweet little place set high up in a pocket of the hills overlooking the entrance to the Inland Sea. I rented it for thirty yen—fifteen dollars—a month. This also included a man, his wife and daughter, a cat, four goldfish and a frog. The Japanese couple, with their daughter, lived in a back room; the cat and I had the front of the house; the goldfish and frog resided in a pool of the garden spanned by a tiny red-lacquer bridge.

I was extraordinarily happy there. At night I watched the sun set over the Inland Sea and the shipping of the strait. Great ocean liners slipped through the narrow channel, sampans, square-rigged fishing boats, launches and stubby trawlers. As darkness gathered, the strumming of a *samisen*, feminine laughter, the soft notes of a bamboo flute floated up from a tea house below the hill. Then my frog began his nightly serenade. Yes, those days were very happy ones.

Every morning I went first to the docks where the trawlers brought their fish. I looked them over, buying what I wanted, and then proceeded to the general markets. The old women at the stands soon came to know me well and saved every unusual specimen. Some even gambled by buying strange fish that were not very good to eat, in hopes that I might want them.

The sharks were particularly interesting and of great variety. The fins and tails were dried for export to China; the large species skinned for leather; the smaller ones kept for food. I preserved my fish in formalin and soon had a splendid collection. I have forgotten how many different species were represented, but it was well over a hundred.

When I no longer had an excuse to remain in Japan I cabled the museum that I was starting home, but not to expect me soon. I had sent back enormous collections and I planned to wander a bit before I reached New York. I wanted to see all the biggest museums of Europe and England; to learn how they compared with ours in America.

From Japan I went to Peking and had the first sight of the city which has been my home for many years. The emperor was on the Dragon throne; the Forbidden City a place of intrigue and mystery. In the famous old Wagon Lits, the "Hotel of the Six Nations," a strange new world passed before my eyes. Manchu princes and gorgeous ladies with rouged cheeks, men and women of every nationality, an atmosphere of politics and diplomacy. Only a year later those same resplendent nobles were fleeing for their lives, the emperor was deposed and China had entered upon a reign of republican chaos from which it will not emerge for many years to come. Peking fascinated me. Even then, with no definite plans, I said to myself, "Here I will live some day."

Then Shanghai and a beautiful German ship to carry me southward—I have forgotten her name. Hong-kong and Singapore, a new view of the tropics; Ceylon, a paradise on earth; and on through the steaming Red Sea.

(Continued on Page 106)

ARMCO Ingot Iron has long been used to make rust- and corrosion-resisting furnace pipes and casings. And now manufacturers are making even the furnace itself of ARMCO Ingot Iron plates. Here it has two big advantages over castings: greater heat conductivity and less scaling and cracking.

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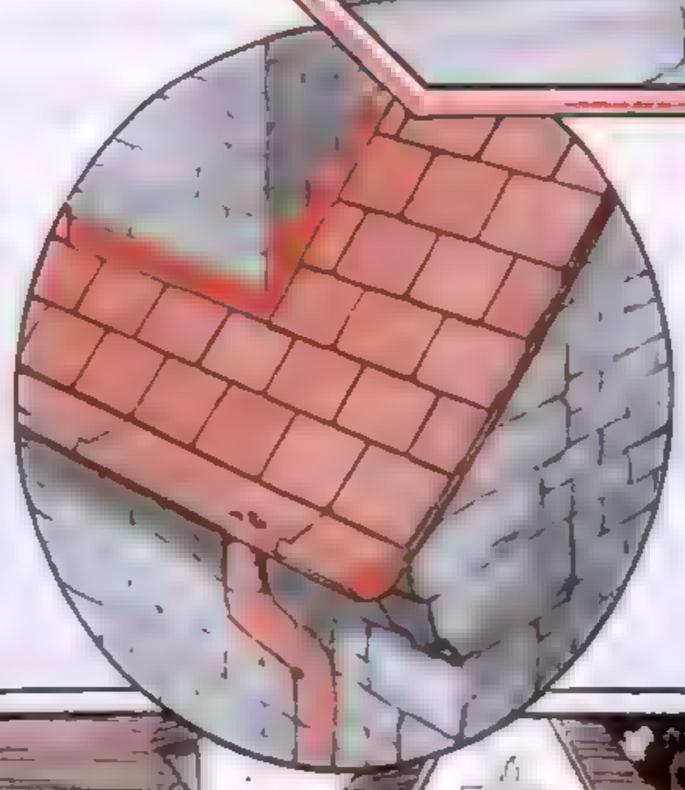
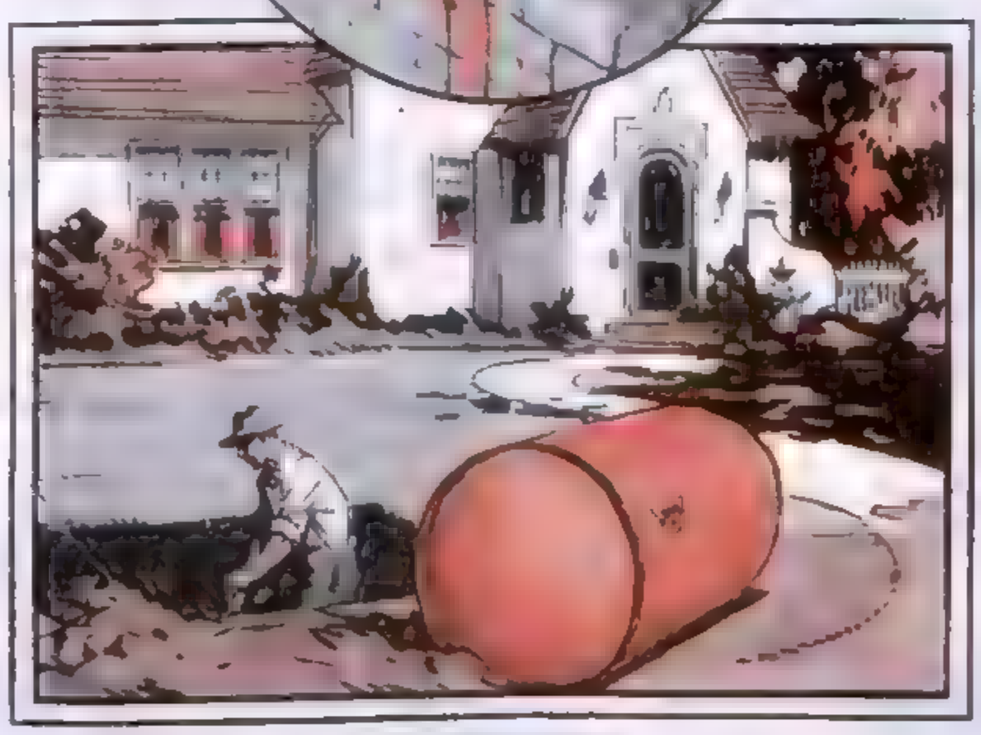


The gutters, downspouts, flashings and metal ridge roll on Mr. Edward Bloeser's house in St. Charles, Missouri, are all of ARMCO Ingot Iron. That is why they are in excellent condition today, after 16 years' exposure to the elements.



Eleven years ago Mr. Gregg, of Bradford, Pennsylvania, installed a chemical toilet tank of ARMCO Ingot Iron. No longer needed for that use, it was recently dug up and found to be in such good condition that it is now being used for an oil storage tank. ARMCO Ingot Iron resists underground rust and corrosion!

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Nyal Hirsutone—Adds lustrous beauty to the hair and makes every head look its best. A scalp invigorator and an aid in the removal of dandruff. Buy the economical $1 bottle.

Nyal Corn Remover—Relieves pain instantly and the corn or callous disappears with a few applications. Priced at 25c.

INDEPENDENT druggists—registered pharmacists—everywhere throughout the United States and Canada are asking about the Nyal Plan. They are eager to join the steadfast thousands now pledged to serve the public with pure drugs, medicinals, cosmetics and toiletries—all at fair prices.

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The Nyal Emblem displayed on a drug store window or door means—"Nyal Goods Inside". The Nyal name on a package means long experience and scrupulous care in manufacture—tested products—laboratories in service seventy-three years—drug purity and preparation skill. These products your Nyal Service Drug Store absolutely guarantees.

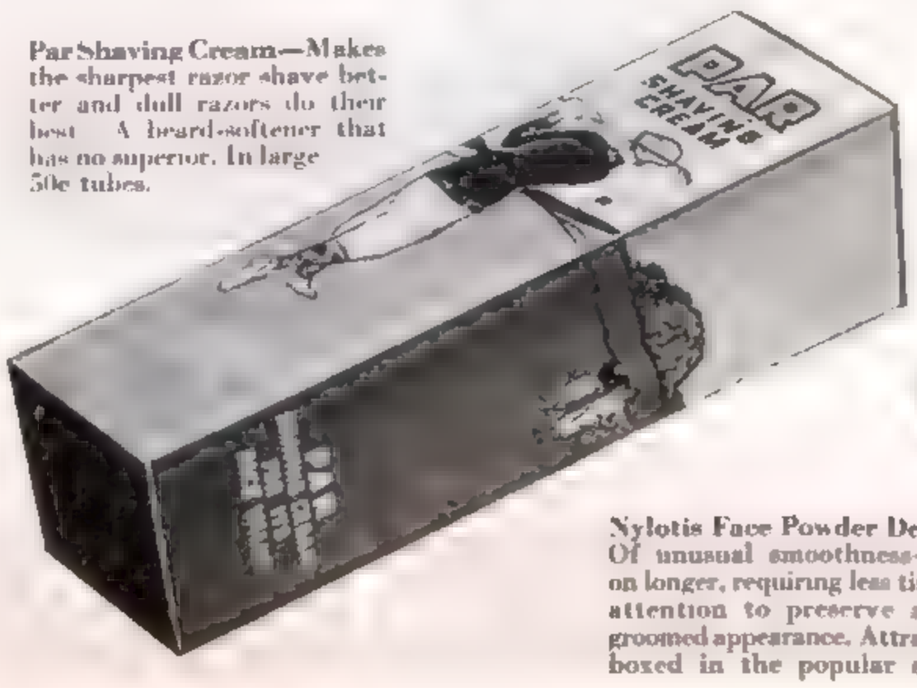
The Responsibility of Ownership

Every Nyal Druggist is the proprietor of his own store, and is a registered pharmacist. Each of these 12,500 members of the great Nyal Service Drug Stores organization is proud of his association with others who have the same high standards and run their business upon the same fine principles of integrity.

These are just a few of the more than three hundred Nyal products you may purchase at any drug store where you see the Nyal emblem

Nyal Huskeys—Excellent for hoarseness and throat irritations. A convenient size for pocket or handbag. 25c.

Par Shaving Cream—Makes the sharpest razor shave better and dull razors do their best. A beard-softener that has no superior. In large 50c tubes.



Nylotis Face Powder Deluxe—Of unusual smoothness—stays on longer, requiring less time and attention to preserve a well-groomed appearance. Attractively boxed in the popular shades.

Service Drug Stores

The druggist and the store that you can patronize with confidence . . . .

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Your Nyal Druggist has a personal interest in giving you service—a complete service. He has a personal interest in your satisfaction with every purchase. His success depends upon it. His investment of money and effort depend upon it.

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Trade where you see the Nyal Emblem. Wherever that store may be located, it is the desire of the proprietor to see that you get your money's worth.

Nyal Milk of Magnesia—A corrective of acid stomach and acid mouth—an old family stand-by that should be in every medicine cabinet. Priced at 25c and 50c.

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Continued from Page 102

My ticket read to Naples, but at Port Said I felt a sudden urge to look at Egypt. My heavy baggage had all been sent to New York and I had only two large suitcases. In one my evening clothes and warmer things; in the other, half a dozen white suits, which take little room. That is the way to travel if one really wishes to see the world. Have no definite plans and no impedimenta. Jump off the ship or train wherever a place looks interesting and stay until it bores you.

Egypt and the Sahara were fascinating. It was the first desert I had ever seen, and I loved it. I made a vow, which has since come true, to live in a desert and learn its mystery.

After Egypt came Europe, from Italy north to Hamburg and back again to Paris, and London. Always wandering, with no definite plans, free to follow the wish of the moment, ever on the lookout for adventures, either in things or personalities. I never failed to find them. Some were good and some were bad, but all were interesting. By the time I reached New York plans were ready in my mind for another visit to the Orient. The lure of the East was strong upon me. Before a year had passed I was at sea again, headed for Korea.

While I was in Japan in 1910 I heard of a strange whale called the *koku kujira*, or devilfish, which was being taken off the Korean coast. The description sounded much like that of the California gray whale. But the gray whale had been extinct for fifty years—at least as far as naturalists were aware. The animals used to come into the California lagoons to breed. There they were hunted relentlessly and eventually disappeared.

I thought a good deal about this Korean devilfish on the way back to America. Either it was an animal entirely new to science or else the lost gray whale. Perhaps I would have the opportunity to rediscover a supposedly extinct species!

Plans were ready in my mind when I reached New York. I said "How do you do?" to President Osborn at the museum and at the same time asked permission to go back to the Orient. It was not difficult to convince him; he saw immediately the importance of what I proposed.

An Assistant Creator

The devilfish appear twice a year along the Korean coast—when they go northward in the spring and again in the autumn upon their return journey to warmer waters. That much I knew from reports and the whaling-company records. Therefore I planned to reach Korea in January to be ready for the spring migration.

It meant that I would have less than a year in New York, but that would be quite enough. The fires of wanderlust were hot within me and I knew that I should be wild to seek the open road before the year was out.

That winter and summer were busy ones. I resumed my interrupted work at Columbia University; described several strange new porpoises which I had collected in Japan, and was appointed an assistant curator in the museum. Shortly afterward I was visiting at the house of a friend. His ten-year-old daughter introduced me to a guest as follows:

"This is Mr. Andrews, assistant creator of mammals in the American Museum of Natural History."

I was very proud of my new title. Now I am a curator in chief, but I never have had time to curate much since my first year in the museum. In order to curate properly a curator must stay at home—at least some of the time. I couldn't do it. I never returned from an expedition without having plans for another ready to submit to President Osborn at our first interview. I have found that it is wise to strike while the iron is hot. The enthusiasm of one's return from a successful trip carries great weight in the plans for a new one. Then again I was always afraid that I would get so immersed in museum affairs that the authorities might think I had better stay at home for a while. If the new trip had been approved and was in the offing, it was much easier to keep my particular decks clear for action. Not that I did not like museum work. On the contrary, I loved it. The museum had come to be a part of myself, and there was no phase of the activities in the great institution that did not fascinate me. But I loved wandering more. Sometimes when I walked across the park on a star-lit summer's night, I used to look up at the drifting clouds, going with them in imagination far out to sea into strange new worlds. Then I would count the days that still remained before I could set my feet upon the unknown trails that led eastward to the Orient.

There was hardly a night that I left my office in the museum before one o'clock in the morning. I had so much to do and so few hours in which to do it that I hated to waste any of them in sleep. I was always writing something, either scientific papers or articles for magazines, and I worked best at night. When the vast halls of the museum were still and shadows played about the books and specimens in my office, my mind was clearest.

The Hermit Kingdom

The winter and summer of 1911 were gone almost before I realized that they had begun. Just eleven months after my return to New York I sailed again from San Francisco for the Orient. I was on the Shinyo Maru, a new ship of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, then making her maiden voyage across the Pacific. We had Christmas at sea. The Japanese did for us very well. I think few of the passengers ever will forget that trip. As for myself, certain details remain clear and distinct in my mind even after eighteen years!

I knew that the devilfish hunt would be ended in March, but I had no intention of returning to the museum then. Far from it. I determined to explore the forests of Northern Korea along the Manchurian border, which then remained virtually unknown.

In 1879, Sir Francis Younghusband had made his first expedition with James and Fulford to the Long White Mountains. From the summit they had looked across the Korean forests and wondered what lay within. Then, Korea was a hermit kingdom. He who crossed its borders risked death or imprisonment.

In 1911 all this was changed. The Japanese had annexed the country after the war of 1904, and were rapidly extending their influence to the uttermost confines of the new province. I made up my mind to be the first to tell the Western World what lay in the solitude of the Korean wilderness.

A short stay in Yokohama, Kobe and Shimonoseki to greet old friends; then on a little meat-transport steamer en route to the station north of Fusan on the eastern Korean coast. It was like others I had visited, and was set in a picturesque bay among the treeless, scrub-covered hills. The employes were all Japanese, but dozens of Koreans swarmed on the dock as we drew alongside.

Interesting people, dressed in long white gowns and wearing tiny horsehair hats. A veritable Happy Hooligan headgear, but in spite of it, the men seemed strangely dignified. Women in voluminous white skirts with bright-colored sashes. Some girls were really lovely—delicate oval faces, skins almost white, and soft brown eyes. To a Westerner the Korean girls are much prettier than either the Chinese or Japanese women. I suppose because their features more nearly approximate our own.

In proper Korean family life the women's apartment is inviolate. No one but a husband, brother or father is allowed to enter. Even a policeman searching for a criminal would not go into the women's rooms except under direct necessity. If a neighbor was obliged to ascend to the roof of his house, in courtesy he was bound to warn those on either side so that the women might withdraw indoors. Custom decrees that the women may expose their faces and breasts without offense, but nothing else. Dresses almost sweep the ground. Eyes straight to the front or modestly cast down when a stranger passes. Still, they had curiosity enough about me. Whenever I walked through the village near the whaling station I would see fingers pushing holes in the paper windows and hear the gurgling sounds of laughter.

The Korean woman is by no means a spiritless person. She is a most efficient housewife in her own peculiar way, and pretty well bosses friend husband as well as all the other male relations. But she has little to say about choosing a mate. Often she is married when only ten or twelve years old, to a boy of like age. The happy couple spend a few nights together and then return to their own homes until such time as their parents deem them fit to reside permanently in conjugal bliss.

Bachelors are not encouraged in Korea. When a boy is married he ties up his hair in a knot on the top of his head and dons the horsehair hat. He is then referred to as a man, no matter what his age. Until he is married he must keep his hair in a braid and may not wear a hat. Even though he should be fifty years old he is always a boy and has no voice in community affairs.

This and much more I learned the first day at the whaling station, for I have an insatiable curiosity about the customs of a new people. I could speak Japanese fairly well, and one of the young clerks at the station knew a little English. I am afraid I exhausted him with my ceaseless questioning, but he was invariably polite.

Because the Japanese were away from home more freedom was allowed the men. When no whales were in, Japanese geisha and Korean sing-song girls flocked about the station. It was a very merry place. Everyone seemed to be having a good time. At night I was lulled to sleep by the distant sounds of a twanging *samisen* and feminine laughter.

The Lost Whale Is Found

But the moment the station whistles roared out the call of approaching whales all pleasure ceased. Flares appeared like magic, throwing a fitful light over the long dock and the still back water of the bay. In ten minutes I had pulled on my long boots and heavy coat. It was bitterly cold outside. The whale ship Main, shrouded in ice from stem to stern, swept proudly into the bay and slipped up to the crowded wharf.

From her bow drooped the huge black flukes of a whale. My great moment had come. I was to find a species new to science or rediscover one that had been lost for half a century!

Either prospect was exciting enough to set my pulses leaping. In this day and age one doesn't discover a great new animal every Tuesday and Thursday! If it were the lost California gray whale, what a chance I had to write the story of its wanderings since it had disappeared from Western knowledge.

First glance showed that the flukes differed in shape from any that I had ever seen; also, they were marked with strange gray circles. When the cutters had hacked through the body and the posterior part came slowly into view, I saw that the back was finless and the dorsal edge strongly crenelated. Up came a wide stubby flipper, a short arched head. Those told the story. It was the gray whale without a doubt.

I got all I could in the darkness and retired to the *futon* on the floor of my tiny paper-screened room. But not to sleep. I was too excited. After vainly trying for half an hour, I lit a candle and spent the remainder of the night checking up every detail of what I had seen with Scammon's account, written almost twenty years before I was born. Scammon had given the only existing picture of the gray

(Continued on Page 110)

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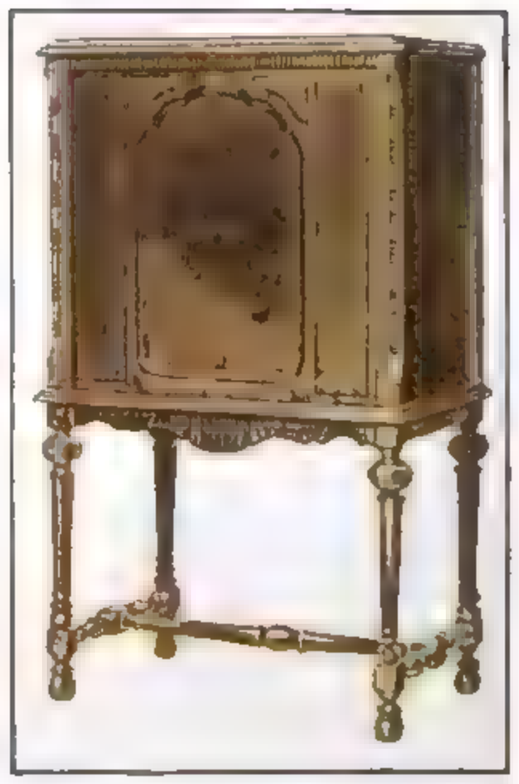

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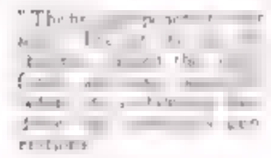

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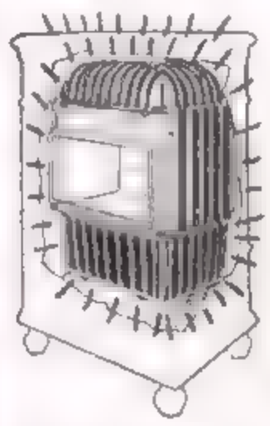

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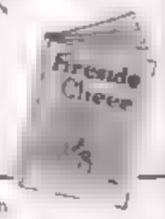

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(Continued from Page 106

whale. My observations of the external anatomy matched his point for point

In the first gray light of dawn I went out to the wharf to examine what was left of the whale. Only the head and flippers remained. All the rest, except the viscera, had been loaded into the meat transport the night before and was already halfway across the Japan Sea. But at eleven o'clock the siren whistle of another whale ship sounded twice down the bay, announcing the arrival of two more devilfish. The station master, interested in my work, gave me ample time to measure and describe the whales before they were torn apart by the cutters. It was a really satisfactory day That night I was so tired that even an invitation to a geisha dinner and dance could not tempt me from the *futons*.

During the next six weeks I examined more than forty gray whales, saw them hunted by men and killers, learned their clever tricks to avoid both these deadly enemies, and pieced together bit by bit the story of their wanderings

The days at sea were torture. Always heavy weather and deathly sickness for me; bitter cold, sleet and ice. Standing behind the gun for hours on end, my oilskins stiff from frozen spray, I used to curse the sea. Why had I deliberately chosen a job which took me off the land? But hardly was I back on shore transcribing my wealth of new data before the suffering was forgotten and I was keen to go out again.

Briefly, the story of the lost gray whale is this

There were two migration routes from the Arctic Ocean; one southward along the American coast, the other closely following that of Asia. The gray whale is a shore-loving species and seeks the sheltered lagoons in which to drop its young. Constant persecution on its breeding grounds had virtually exterminated the American herd. The numbers were so reduced that it was no longer profitable to hunt those whales. Probably a few continued to visit California yearly, but as no ships came there they remained unreported. During the half century of peace their numbers increased so that within the last few years they are again being killed.

The other herd, which summers in the Okhotsk Sea and farther north, comes southward close along the shore as far down as the Yellow Sea. It had not been molested until the Japanese began their whaling operations, and scientists were not aware of its existence.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Andrews. The fourth will appear next week

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 30)

when the morning star is in a favorable aspect, then – "

The large lady leaned forward and laid a detaining hand on the frail blue arm.

"But, indeed, I don't mean that at all. This was much —— Well, you see, they observe the stars, and —— Now, for instance, it takes light millions of years to travel to the earth, and ——"

"I'm sure you must be wrong there," said the lady in blue, drawing herself together a little haughtily. "Because Junior was asking his father about it only the other day—and it travels in absolutely no time at all!"

"But that's just it! Although it does travel so fast, it still takes three hundred million years to reach the earth! So that when they look through the telescope, they see how those stars looked that many years ago! That's what makes it so truly remarkable."

And she sat back, panting slightly from the excess of her earnestness.

A faintly acid note crept into the frail lady's voice:

"Oh, are you sure you've got it straight? I don't see how that follows at all. Maybe it's three million miles away, but you can't see a thing three million years ago if you're looking at it now, you know."

The ample lady turned faintly white about the mouth, and declared in the tone of one falsely accused:

"I didn't say you saw it then; I said you saw what it looked like then, and I'm positive I'm right, because at the time it seemed strange to me, too, so I read it over, and that's exactly what it said. I read it over. You see, the eye will let in only just so much light, so these telescopes let in more light, but it becomes bent or something, and in that way you can see these very distant stars. I'm not so very sure about the way it works in connection with the eye ——"

"No-o-o, I thought they magnified." The frail lady had been drooping under the malign influence of this array of facts, but suddenly she crisped up, opened her eyes very wide and said:

"The same friend who read my horoscope used to do crystal gazing, too, and ——"

But fortunately, just at this moment, the hostess bore down on them, saying:

"Knowing you as I do, I haven't a doubt in the world that I'm breaking into a frightfully interesting discussion of something really big, but I do so want our new pastor to meet our two most prominent club women!" —"POLY."

Fresh-Air Enthusiasts

MY NEIGHBOR, with his bag of clubs, came panting up the rise. "I simply dote on golf," he said, "for air and exercise!" And then he added softly, with a thoughtful little smile, "I meet a lot of men that way, distinctly worth my while." "I'm canvassing, to help the drive," said Peggy, fresh and fair; "it's such a worthy object, and it keeps me in the air; it's helpful, too, I think, to work with people of renown—the movement's sponsored by the most exclusive folks in town." "This ice truck keeps me out-of-doors," declared a husky lad; "I'm saving up for college, and the notion pleases dad; and incidentally," he said, "I've heard employers say they'd rather hire a college man, and give him bigger pay." "I'm wild about fresh air," said Mae, with rapt and earnest look. "I never could be satisfied to stay at home and cook; I've worked at stuffy office jobs, that breed indispositions, and if I sell insurance I can get such grand commissions!" "I'm all for outside work," said Bill; "no office desk for me! I need fresh air and exercise to keep me fit, you see; and furthermore, I've noticed that with gilt-edged bonds to sell, a snappy worker soon acquires a paying clientele." How nice it is, when good fresh air is such an aid to health, that it lies all about the road to social heights and wealth!

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

Caviar Mammy Song

THERE was a little caviar
Who lived in Russian waters.
His mother prized him far above
Her other sons and daughters.
But one day, as she swam about,
They caught her in a net.
Then to the caviar she sang
These words he'll ne'er forget:

Chorus

"Don't cry, my little caviar.
You're going far away
To live in a Russian restaurant
In the good old U.S.A.
There while the orchestra performs
The Volga Boat Song through,
You'll bring a price that's bound to make
Your mammy proud of you."

—Fairfax Downey.

3 YEARS AGO . . . *a hope!*

TODAY . . . *a success in theatres everywhere*

Important to your enjoyment of sound pictures

YOUR ENJOYMENT of any Sound Picture depends on three things—the picture itself, the quality of its Sound recording and the natural tone of Sound reproduction in the theatre where you sit. Do not let your entertainment be spoiled by indifferent reproduction.

Get in the habit of going to theatres which have installed the Western Electric Sound System as an assurance of reliable quality. This system, made by the organization which three years ago developed the first practical Sound Picture apparatus, has proved a great popular success the world over. Naturally so, because it is the result of half a century's experience in telephone making and it speaks with all the clearness of your telephone.

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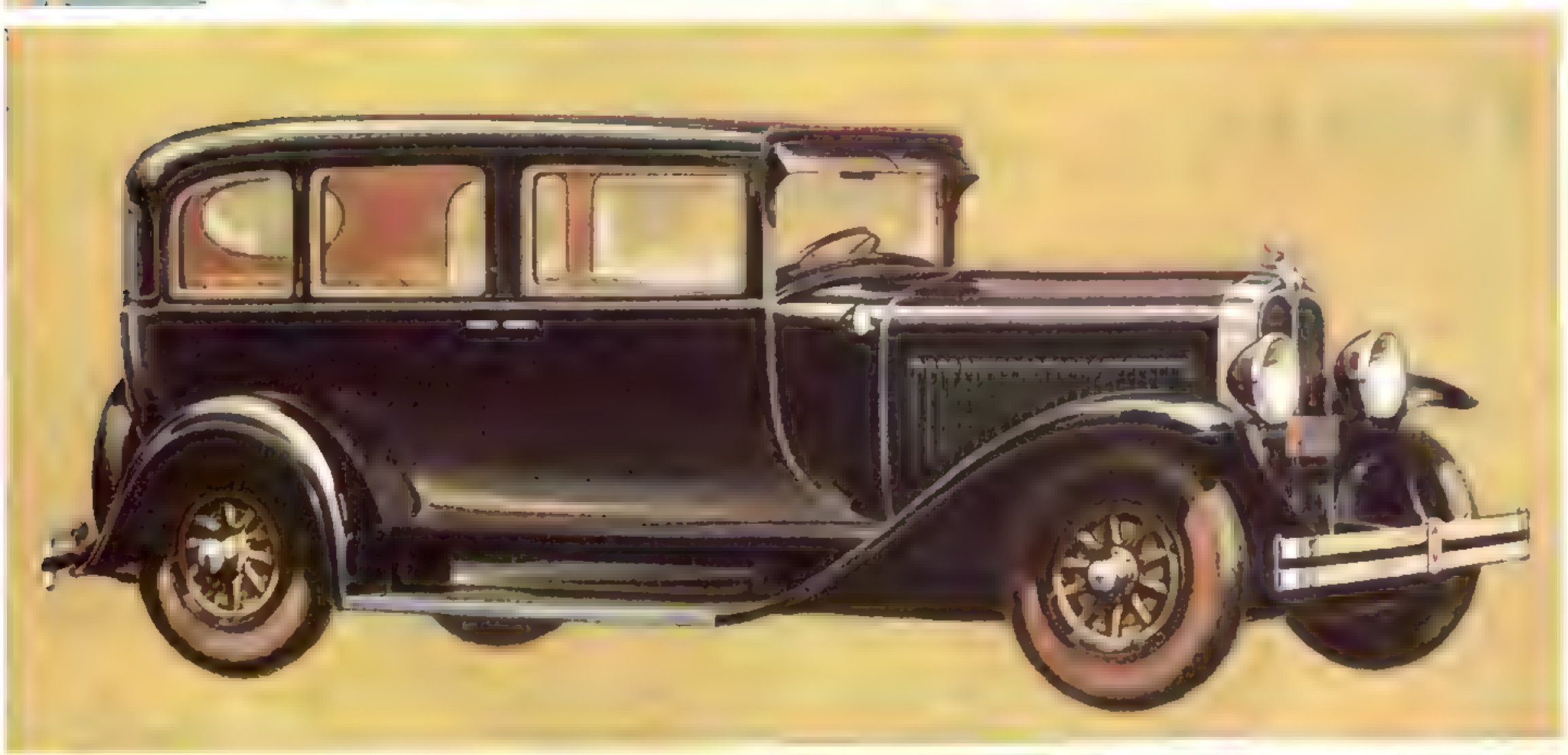

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Never in the history of the automobile has any one car displayed such clear-cut value leadership of its price class as does today's Pontiac Big Six. In every phase of performance, in style, in safety and in economy, this Pontiac towers over competition with that undeniable superiority which distinguishes a champion from the rest of the field. The Pontiac Big Six is bringing undreamed-of motoring enjoyment to hundreds of thousands who had never expected so much satisfaction from any car costing so little to own and operate. A true leader, it surpasses, on any basis of comparison, everything else available at its price.

Leading in Speed—The highest top speed to be found in any low-priced six. Proved by the "fifth wheel"—the most accurate speed measuring device known to automotive engineers.

Leading in Power—60 brake horsepower at 3,000 revolutions per minute. Greater horsepower developed at the moderate engine speed so vital to reliability and long life.

Leading in Style—Specially designed bodies by Fisher. Flaring fenders. Bright metal finished in chrome plate. A variety of Duco color combinations in the season's popular shades.

Leading in Snap—The fastest acceleration provided by any low-priced six. This also proved by the scientifically-accurate "fifth wheel."

Leading in Safety—Two completely independent braking systems. Noiseless, internal-expanding service brakes. Emergency brake acting on the transmission. Sturdy hardwood and steel bodies. Full tread axles, front and rear.

Leading in Economy—According to the figures of a large organization which operated 996 cars of 33 makes during 1928, Pontiac costs *one cent per mile less to operate than any other low-priced six.*

Go to the nearest Oakland-Pontiac showroom to see and drive the Pontiac Big Six. Learn what impressive value this greatest of all Pontiacs provides.

Prices $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges.

Oakland Motor Car Company
Pontiac, Michigan.

ONIONS, FR. FR.

(Continued from Page 5)

you know, if only to keep our respective families from saying they were right when they urged us not to get married so soon after commencement! You've got to be a great success—excelsior, and so on! And, of course, you will be. You're awfully clever, George, in a slick subtle way. Old Mr. Pervis will be eating out of your hand in a couple of months."

"He's more likely to be snapping my head off! Anybody who plays my new boss for a dear kindly old gentleman is not only a sucker but a simp. And here's a funny thing, dearest: The general manager took me on for a little talk this morning first off, and hung out a lot of danger signals. I didn't quite get why. Said Mr. Pervis was particular about how his secretaries treated his wife. What d'you make of that?"

"Maybe some of 'em have tried to flirt with her."

"Maybe so, but it didn't sound quite like it."

Lucy came over and hung a slender brown arm around George's neck. "George, you wouldn't flirt with anybody but me, would you?"

"I wouldn't want to. And if flirting with the boss' wife is part of this job I'll resign tomorrow. I guess I'll ask Uncle Tasker about her. He probably knows the Pervises; he ought to—he's lived here all his life and been in politics. Politicians always know everybody prominent, and Mr. Pervis is as prominent as a loud-speaker in a Quaker meeting. Don't go away, Lucy. Let's sit down and look our bank account in the eye, and see whether we'll be able to eat after the rent and the gas bill's paid."

"I've got it all figured out, George. We're not only going to live on your salary but we're going to save something. We'll get a little apartment right away—two rooms and kitchenette. I've seen them. As for our bank account, we've got a hundred and sixty-three dollars and twenty-two cents left from our wedding-present money, which we will put away for a nest egg."

"Lucy, we can't live on thirty-five dollars a week. We simply can't."

"We can do it unless we get sick or have lots of teeth filled. I notice in all the family budgets I've seen or heard of it's doctors' and dentists' bills that knock everything out of joint. How are your teeth, George?"

"Made out of the same indestructible ivory as my head, dearest."

"Don't be quaint. This is serious. My teeth are good, too, and if we don't get knocked down by motor cars ——"

"You think of the jolliest things."

"—— or catch the flu or anything, we ought to be able to eliminate doctors' and dentists' bills temporarily at least. The main item of expense, after the rent, will be food. I'm going to spend a dollar a day for our food."

"Say, listen; it can't be done. Why, I saw in the butcher's window down the street that porterhouse steak costs sixty-five cents a pound."

"If you imagine for a minute that you're going to get any porterhouse steak, except maybe Christmas and birthdays! No, we're going to live economically, if you know the word. I get so sick of the dirty cracks all the writers take at American cooks; they pretend that a French family could live on what an American family throws away. Well, I'm out to prove them wrong. No mouse—not even a half-grown mouse—will be able to live on what I throw away."

"I'm not so crazy about having you work yourself to death cooking."

"I don't intend to. But we can't eat in restaurants—not on thirty-five a week. You, I suppose, will get luncheon near where you work."

"The Pervis plant maintains a model cafeteria where wholesome and nutritious food is sold at cost to the employes. I read about it in the booklet the employment bureau gives you. There is also an employes' saving fund, insurance, social service, hospital, recreation field, and many other attractions. The only things we haven't got is a blond manicure and Turkish bath."

Lucy paid no attention to this list. "We won't need any clothes for ages, we can do without a car, we haven't any friends here except your Uncle Tasker, so we won't spend anything for hospitality."

"And when we want to enjoy ourselves, I suppose we either take a hike or sit at home and read a good book. I'm game, Lucy. So long as we're together and you're happy, I am."

"Darling!" exclaimed Lucy rapturously.

In spite of the rapture, it must be said that this conversation brought a serious moment into what had so far been the most light-hearted and unthinking of marriages. George Smith had never reflected on how and why men win material success. Now he saw that there must be a woman behind each of these men—a woman who believed him capable and strong, a woman to whom he desired to give ease and luxury. He was not at all sure that he had the makings of a rich and powerful man in his character, but since Lucy thought so, he must try to live up to her opinion. Certainly he could not contemplate an existence where Lucy, that dear and gay butterfly little creature, should cook and scrub and save and scrimp eternally, with no release.

Meanwhile Lucy herself had been going through the pains of meditation on life. Since she and George had married without a penny or a job, and their only resources had been the wedding gifts of a disapproving family, she was determined that they should get on, and, also, that they should be independent of the aunts and uncles and cousins, not to mention the parents, who had cried "Absurd!" "Irresponsible!" and "Silly!" and had prophesied that they'd be back living at home within three months. She had never been poor, she knew little or nothing about housekeeping, but she had the strength, the vitality and the sublime ignorance and conceit of youth which send it flying lightly over obstacles before which age drops in dismay. Would they show the relatives where they got off? Would they? Watch George and Lucy!

It was in this spirit that George tackled his job with Mr. Rudolf Pervis, and Lucy tackled hers with an economic expert. For make no mistake, it is no easy thing these days for youngsters reared in a forty-thousand-a-year atmosphere to stay within the limits of eighteen hundred. If you are accustomed to ordering by telephone and saying "Charge it" the business of hunting down a penny's worth of difference in price from butcher and grocer and baker is difficult and unattractive. Nevertheless, Lucy went at it vigorously as soon as they were settled in their infinitesimal apartment. She paid cash and carried her packages; she saw to it that she got the maximum of meat and the minimum of bone and gristle; she poked an inquisitive finger into heads of lettuce and weighed her oranges and occasional grapefruit to see that they were heavy with juice. She vamped the susceptible grocery clerk into explaining the various brands of sardines and salmon and sweet corn, and she watched for bargains in fresh vegetables as feverishly as a stock gambler watches the ticker tape. Sometimes they even had artichokes and alligator pears! But they had to come within her dollar-a-day limit.

Beyond the marketing and the cooking and the cleaning and keeping in order of the little apartment, she found she could do many things for herself which heretofore she had paid for. She shampooed her own hair, did her own nails, washed her lingerie and mended it, pressed her own frocks, and cleaned her own gloves and shoes. Not all of this was well done, but she grew more skillful by practice. And to her amazement she discovered that there were dozens and dozens, hundreds, thousands of women who did as much or more than she did, did it far better, and found the performance not in the least remarkable. Across the hall, for instance, lived the Doyles, and Jessie Doyle was simply a wizard of capability. She and Lucy had held an impromptu indignation meeting over the janitor's shortcomings, resolved themselves into a committee to complain to the owner, had the man summarily fired and a new and better one hired—and thus their friendship began. Jessie Doyle was older, more experienced than Lucy, and the expansive energetic sort of woman who is delighted to teach. Lucy was delighted to learn, and Jessie's directions saved her many mistakes.

Jessie Doyle had been brought up in an old-fashioned household where old-fashioned cooking was the rule. Her menus ran to succulent stew, shepherd's pie, scalloped potatoes, various dumplings in their most ethereal form, fried corn-meal mush, Indian pudding, baked beans, and so forth. Also she knew the trick of deep-fat cookery, from doughnuts to Saratoga chips. All this she taught to Lucy, who combined the heavier foods with salads and fruits into meals which were cheap, wholesome and, according to George, simply swell to eat.

It was well for George that he had a pretty wife and a good dinner to go home to, for his day was a series of petty tortures. The grouch which had come on the Old Man with Walter Macartney's leaving hung over him and extended to Walter's successor, and because George was not by nature a warrior and was desperately anxious to succeed in his job, he did not stand up for himself as he should have done. His humility and nonresistance simply egged on the Old Man, and he rode his new secretary relentlessly.

It began with the matter of his English. "I take notice you change a good many things I say," he remarked sourly over a large batch of letters.

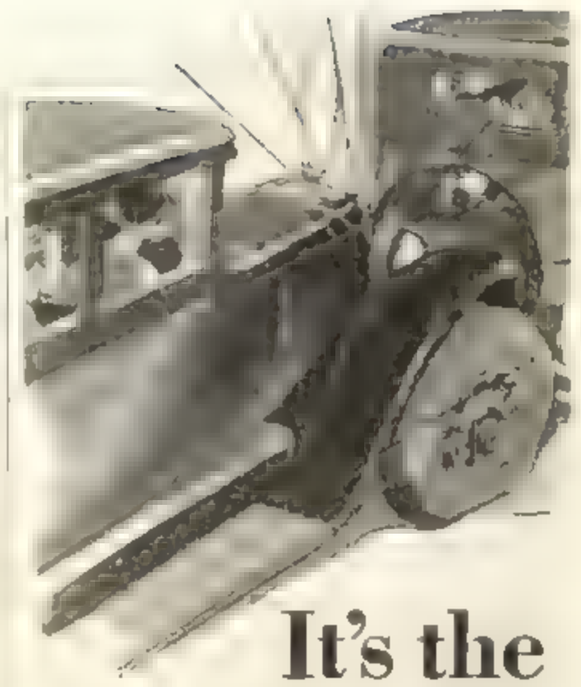
"I don't think I changed your meaning anywhere, Mr. Pervis," George replied with anxious warmness.

"Well, I don't want what I say all dolled up with fancy, long words. If you're trying to show off your college education, you needn't do it in my letters."

George turned red, but was silent. Thereafter he was careful to leave unsullied as much as possible of the Old Man's vigorous verbiage, merely editing the worst of the grammar. Even so, no dictation hour passed without sharp rebukes from the Old Man for fancied alterations of his phrases—rebukes under which George managed to keep his composure only with great difficulty. George was not so meek as he seemed. He longed heartily to bash the Old Man with the paper weight and tell him with lavish purple profanity just what sort of boor, oaf, goof and pig-headed tyrant he was. The reason he did not do this was entirely Lucy. He could not go home to Lucy with the information that he couldn't stand his job another minute and had thrown it up, because Lucy was sure he was getting on magnificently and would soon be a leading member of the organization.

So George gritted his teeth and endured the senseless bullying without even telling Lucy about it. There again he could not bear to lose caste in her eyes. How could that darling little creature imagine that her George—her brave, noble, clever George—would let any living human being address him in such devastating terms? She'd simply despise him if she knew.

No, Lucy heard none of the Old Man's criticisms of George's letters. Nor was she told of the Old Man's lack of patience with George's inexperience and ignorance of the business forms in use in the Pervis plant. When the Old Man said to George, "Phone Tracy to come in to see me at ten," and George had phoned to Tracy of the designing room, instead of Tracy, head of sales,



It's the Old Story . .

"I didn't know it was loaded"

THERE'S no difference between that time-worn excuse "I didn't know it was loaded" and its modern counterpart "I didn't know my brakes were bad."

Do your brakes ever squeak, slip, skid, or slide — ever so little?

If so, look out! Those are the signs of faulty brakes, brakes that may some day cause you to say: "I didn't know my brakes were bad."

Line-O-Brake is a plastic asbestos composition quickly applied to your present brake linings, a scientific development that rebuilds them to a true-circle with 100 per cent braking contact. While you drive, the spinning brake drum moulds it to each wheel, filling every depression and pore, covering every rivet, and forming a new, safe, waterproof, heat-resisting braking surface.

One application, and you have velvety smooth, split-second stopping in any kind of weather, on any kind of pavement.

For safety use Line-O-Brake. $1.00 tube treats eight brakes, open or enclosed.

Apply Line-O-Brake yourself. Or, better yet—ask to have your brakes Line-O-Braked and checked for adjustment at the same time. See your garage, filling station, or accessory dealer today. If your dealer can't supply you, send $1.00 to us for a tube — write in the margin.

LINE-O-BRAKE DIVISION
LIQUID VENEER CORP., Buffalo, N. Y.

LINE-O-BRAKE
PLASTIC ASBESTOS LINING

Liquid Veneer Corporation also makes Radiator Neverleak, for sealing leaks permanently; and Washine, the wonderful new time saving, labor saving cleaner-polish

Dealers and Service Stations: See your jobber or write us for data and service booklet on True-Circle Brakes.

LEFT above
Section of a brake lining that slips and squeaks. Notice rivet depressions, low spots and exposed rivets and reinforcing wires.

RIGHT above
Same lining after Line-O-Braking. Now true-circle moisture proof braking surface with 100 per cent contact. Safe, silent, dependable

Clogged radiators like sluggish bodies need cleansing. Purgo is the scientific purge for cooling systems. See the Purgo announcement elsewhere in this issue.

and the Old Man bawled out George steadily for seven minutes, no report of the affair was given at the frugal Smith dinner table that night. Likewise, when by a slip of the tongue the Old Man said "delivered at Detroit" instead of "delivered at Denver" and then denied it and blamed it on George, affirming that any numskull ought to know that the firm to which he was writing was in Denver, and asking if George's alleged brain was entirely free from the process of thought did George mention the affray to Lucy? The answer is no.

It occurred frequently to George that the Old Man was so displeased and dissatisfied with him that he might be fired at any moment; and when the Old Man explained, at considerable vituperative length, that the only reason he didn't fire George was because he couldn't find anybody else, George heard him with the despairing conviction that if anyone else available came along, he'd get but short shrift. And George knew that if he was fired he could never explain to Lucy that it wasn't entirely his own fault. She would be disappointed, grieved, disillusioned. She might even cease to love him!

Every evening at dinner Lucy would say brightly, "How're you and Mr. Pervis getting on?" or "How was everything at the office today?" And George would improvise some pleasant little tale in which he could appear a hero in a small, jocular way, or he would say, "Oh, about as usual; nothing new." Once, when he made this reply, Lucy eyed him sharply and said, "Oh, George, darling, I do hope you're not going to be one of those big business men who keeps everything important from his wife. I want to share your life in every detail. I would never tell any of your business secrets."

George reassured her: "If there was anything important to tell, Lucy, you'd know it; but, you see, a fellow just starting out is so occupied with routine that it's really quite dull, one day very much like another. I take the Old Man's letters, and I fend off the people he doesn't want to see, and I run his appointment book, and I do any errands he wants done—and that's about all." And then he added: "Do give me some more of those baked beans. You didn't really cook them yourself! They're simply grand!"

"I did cook them," said Lucy. "Dinner tonight, George, cost less than fifteen cents a person, including fuel. You see we had nothing but baked beans, brown bread, romaine salad, and baked apples with top milk. Jessie and I figured it all out, and I baked the beans and bread and apples in her oven while she was baking her own. Next week we'll bake them in my oven. George, we saved eighty cents on our food bill last week. And we've got two hundred dollars in the bank! Isn't that wonderful?"

"It's marvelous!" said George. And he looked at Lucy, so pretty, so capable, saving pennies for his sake with such enthusiasm, and he vowed inwardly that he'd make good with Old Man Pervis yet.

One of his greatest difficulties was Mrs. Pervis. George had soon discovered why General Manager France had warned him as to his behavior to his employer's wife. If Mr. Pervis was a tyrant, Mrs. Pervis was a supertyrant; but it gave George no satisfaction to discover that she had her husband helpless beneath her thumb, because he was obliged to help the Old Man in all his evasions of and squirmings under and near escapes from his wife's iron-bound rules and regulations. It was George's part to tell Mrs. Pervis over the telephone that Mr. Pervis was in conference and could not be disturbed, while the Old Man sat and glared menacingly at him not more than five feet away. Woe to George when Mrs. Pervis suggested that she had heard that excuse often enough, and he might as well so inform Mr. Pervis, who was, she knew, listening to what she said. Woe, indeed, if he could think of nothing convincing to elude her.

"You've got no sense," the Old Man would say, snatching the telephone from his hands. "Yeah, Rhoda, here I am. I've just this minute come in."

And then he would have to listen to Mrs. Pervis' orders, for Mrs. Pervis never telephoned except when she had an order to give her husband—an order that he should be at home at a certain time, that he should buy this and so, or that he should bring her a large check; though, usually, when she wanted a large check she appeared in person and got it. George dreaded to see that small, straight-lipped, steel-eyed woman come into the office, for after she had gone the Old Man always had a brain storm.

There were a couple of showy daughters, too, who sometimes came in after money, but these George did not mind, for there was no bad after effect of their visits, and the mere fact that they treated their father's secretary as dirt beneath their high heels did not bother George at all.

Sometimes on Sundays George and Lucy walked past the great, ornate Pervis house, which dominated the eastern part of the city from a steep hill, and he pointed out Mrs. Pervis to her as the Pervis limousine drove insolently past them and splashed them with mud.

"I needn't worry about your flirting with her, darling," said Lucy. "That's evident."

"You're perfectly right there," replied George. "I don't flirt with an efficient steam roller. I know my limitations."

"Poor Mr. Pervis," said Lucy: "I feel sorry for him. It must be terrible to have a steam roller for a wife. She can't make him happy, George."

George changed the subject. If it hadn't been that the Old Man was so unbearable after the steam roller had gone over him, George would have loved the spectacle of his demolition. But Lucy must never know how abominably the Old Man behaved.

He was feeling very sore at the Old Man these days. For one thing, he knew he was now doing his work very well and getting no credit for it. Moreover, he had discovered that Walter Macartney had been paid fifty dollars a week from the first, so that George's own thirty-five looked like a particularly petty bit of stinginess on the part of the Old Man. He had another grievance too. He was ambitious to learn the factory all the way through; he wanted to investigate and familiarize himself with each department and work himself out of the rut of secretaryship and into a sort of executive assistant to the Old Man, for he could see that such a man was needed. But every time he made a move in this direction the Old Man thwarted him with what seemed intentional malice. He didn't want George to learn to do anything beyond his daily job; he wanted him to do his letters and his errands, take care of his check book, buy his railroad tickets and those of his family, and, in short, be a sort of mechanical office valet.

Nevertheless, George persisted in his ambitions. Surreptitiously he procured office accounts and records, took them home and studied them. Whenever the opportunity offered, he got acquainted with the personnel and studied them too. He worked out on paper certain ideas for advertising and publicity, for office welfare and convenience. He felt that this activity kept him from being dried up by uninteresting routine and prepared him for a better job elsewhere, but he did not dare expose it to the Old Man's harshness. This unfair and quite plainly unnecessary condition kept George perpetually raw and edgy. Only the feeling that he must mark time a little longer until the labor market was better kept him at his post.

One day Mrs. Pervis appeared unexpectedly in the office—she and the girls had been away for a few days, as George well knew, because he had bought their Pullmans for the East -and as the Old Man was not present, she deigned to speak to George Usually she ignored him.

"Where is Mr. Pervis?" she said.

When she was there in person, George knew it was hopeless to try to shield her husband from her. So he told the exact truth.

"He and Mr. France went down to the engine room to see the new motor, Mrs. Pervis. They have been gone about twenty minutes. I don't know when they'll be back."

"Get him on the phone," ordered Mrs. Pervis, seating herself at the Old Man's desk and looking through his mail.

George got him on the phone, and as the call went through he felt thankful that the Old Man actually was there. Had he not been there, Mrs. Pervis might have demanded his instant dismissal. He listened to what she said, though he pretended to be busy at the files.

"I want to see you at once, Rudolf. It doesn't matter if you aren't through there. I said 'at once.' I'm waiting."

"Ah," thought George. "That's the way to talk to the old scoundrel. I only wish I dared."

In about five minutes, or as long as it would take for a heavy man to double-quick from the engine room to the president's office, the Old Man barged in.

"Well, well, well, Rhoda," he said fawningly. "This is a delightful surprise. I didn't expect you until tomorrow. Did you have a pleasant trip? How are you feeling?"

Mrs. Pervis rose from the desk. "I'm perfectly all right and so was the trip," she said. "Just write me out a check for two thousand dollars. I'm in a hurry, Rudolf."

"Two thousand. . . . I wonder what extravagance my little woman is planning now?" To George: "Where the devil's my check book? . . . Can't you move?"

George slid the check book before him, laid a pen in his hand.

Meantime a strange, accusing look spread over Mrs. Pervis' austere face. She sniffed. "Rudolf, you've been eating onions again," she said sharply.

"Just a couple of scallions for lunch, my dear. I wouldn't have done it if I'd known you were coming home; you know I wouldn't. I'm sorry. . . . Now, sure you don't want more than two thousand? Let me make it three, in case ——"

"Very well," said Rhoda. She took the check at arm's length. "Ugh, those vile, disgusting onions!"

She started to the door, and George opened it for her—an attention which she did not acknowledge. He closed it behind her and went back to the filing cabinet, but he could not help seeing that the Old Man looked somehow smaller and less imposing. George never knew what made him say what he did, but he opened his mouth and the words came out:

"Mr. Pervis, a glass of milk taken after eating onions will kill the odor on the breath."

For the first time Mr. Pervis looked at him as one man to another. "Say that again," he boomed, but it was not a loud boom.

"A glass of milk taken after eating onions will kill the odor on the breath."

"You sure?" The boom was almost gentle.

"Yes, sir."

"How d'you know? D'jever try it?"

George advanced from the file case. "My wife is a marvelous cook and she cooks French-fried onions for our dinner practically every Thursday night, and we always drink milk afterward and it always kills the odor."

The Old Man considered, frowning. Then he waved a Jovelike hand. "Get me a glass of milk—no, get me two glasses—no, better make it a quart. I ate a mess of scallions. I love 'em."

George sent an office boy spinning to the factory restaurant for a bottle of milk and a glass. When it arrived he served it to his chief and watched him slowly, silently imbibe it. He said nothing. Neither did the Old Man. But it was the first day since George's arrival, months before, that the hour from four to five was not enlivened by a series of carping comments and low growls of discontent over his work from the Old Man. He signed his letters and went home. He even said, over his shoulder, "G'night." Never before had he paid George that minute courtesy.

That night being Thursday, George, as he destroyed the heaping mound of French-fried onions which Lucy had prepared, was more loquacious than usual:

"Mrs. Pervis was in the office today; got home from New York a day ahead of time. She was more steam-rollerish than usual. I'm afraid of her, and so's her Old Man, believe me!"

"Why, darling!" cried Lucy, who was demolishing her own share of the Fr. fr. "What did she do? Tell me all!"

So George told Lucy all. "Poor old fellow," she said at the end. "Think of not being permitted to eat onions when he wants them."

"Think of being able to hand her three thousand dollars at a clip. That's what got me. I wish I could do that for you."

"You will some day. I'll bet Mr. Pervis was simply juicy with gratitude to you for telling him to drink milk."

"He did seem pleased," admitted George.

"He must be an awfully nice man. I'm sorry he has a steam-roller wife."

George wanted to say that it was just what the old devil deserved, but remembered to hold his tongue. He compromised with: "She's a steam roller, all right. . . . Golly, Lucy, these onions are swell."

The conversation here veered off completely from Mrs. Pervis, and stayed veered all through dessert, which was old-fashioned rice pudding with raisins. Nor did the Pervises return to their thoughts all through the evening.

In the morning, George, recalling the Old Man's unparalleled amiability of the night before, went to work less reluctantly than usual. Unfortunately, he was delayed by a street accident and arrived at his desk two minutes late. The Old Man was already there, and he greeted George furiously.

"Either you get here on time or you don't get here at all!" he thundered. "I don't want to hear any excuses. There it is, 8:32. When I was your age I was on my job every morning at six o'clock, rain or shine. But all you youngsters are soft! Idlers! Wasters! Loafers! No account! I don't know what this world is coming to!"

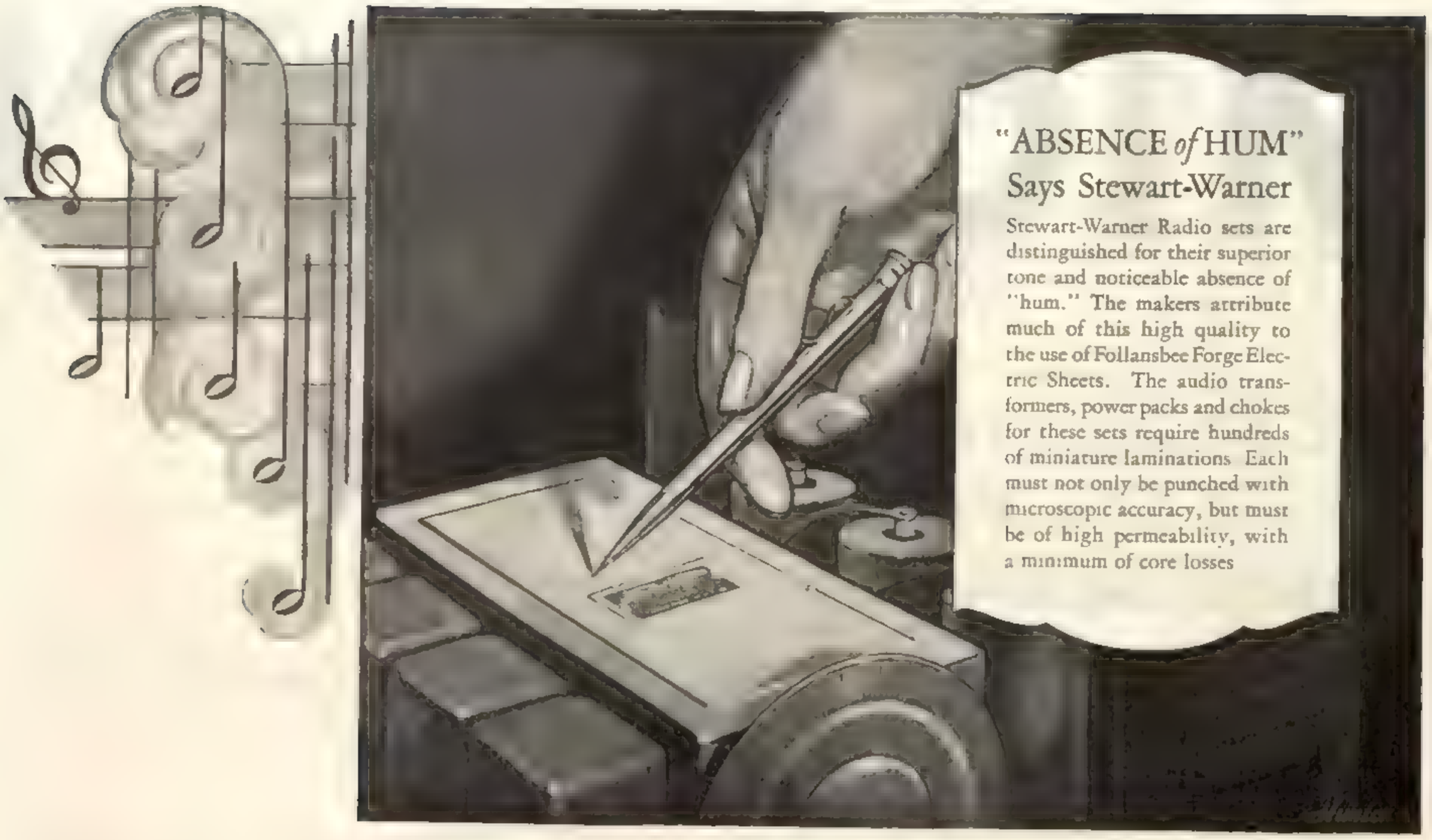
George bent to his tasks with apparent submission, but he was choked with hate and resentment. He wished he had not told the Old Man about drinking milk, but had left him exposed to the fury of the steam roller. Again he wished he dared reply in kind, but he couldn't risk it. A hundred chaotic plans for retaliation floated through his mind, but he knew too well their unwisdom. It was a bad season for hunting jobs. He had seen the queue at the factory's employment bureau too often, and every day the Old Man's mail brought appeals: "Can't you find a place for So-and-So? He's a good man, and we'd like to keep him, but business is so bad we're obliged to cut to the bone." There were many letters like this, and also there were many personal applicants with letters of introduction. Assuredly it was no time to give up a position, however distasteful, so long as it carried a living salary. "Sticks and stones can break my bones, but names can never hurt me," he reminded himself. Yet words did hurt him—hurt and angered and humiliated.

The whole week went by with no sign from the Old Man that he remembered the aid given in the hour of danger. He was as cross, as unreasonable as usual; at times even more so. Under the pressure of the daily conflict, George forgot all about the incident of the onions and the milk. But on the next Thursday night, as he and Lucy were just sitting down to dinner, the doorbell rang. George, who was hungry, gave an annoyed jump.

"Probably your suit I sent out to be pressed this morning," said Lucy. "Take it in, will you, George, while I get the butter? I forgot it."

George flung open the door and stood face to face, not with the boy from the

(Continued on Page 119



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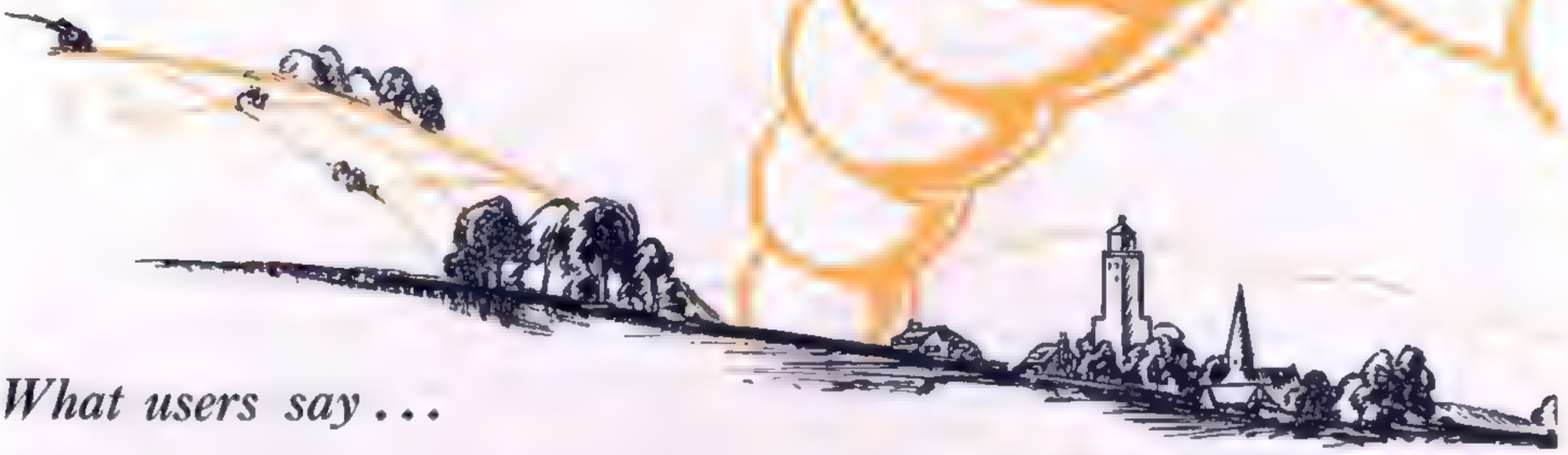

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For two years Ætna kept at it, supervising and financing. At last all difficulties were successfully overcome. The construction, effected after almost superhuman effort, was finally completed without a penny's additional cost to the owner.

In the accomplishment of such a task the true value of Ætna service is revealed. Whether you need an Ætna Contract Bond or other form of Ætna protection you will be glad to know that there is available a coast to coast organization of more than 20,000 Ætna representatives able and willing to furnish specialized service whenever the need arises.

Whatever your bonding or insurance requirements the Ætna-izer in your community will be glad to advise you and assist you to establish a complete program of protection.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company, The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, The Automobile Insurance Company, The Standard Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonds.

The case described is an actual occurrence. Full details are recorded in the Ætna files.

ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

(Continued from Page 114)

cleaner's but with the Old Man himself, frowning and looking sheepish too.

"Why, good evening, Mr. Pervis," stammered George. "D-did you want me for anything?"

"Well, not exactly - not exactly," stammered the Old Man in turn. "I—I just thought I'd ask you about that letter to—er—Bemis Brothers."

He stopped and looked past George, his nostrils quivered, his eyes were filled with greedy longing.

"You said nothing about any letter to Bemis Brothers," said George, puzzled and worried. He hated to admit his ignorance of the letter; he feared the Old Man would start one of his rages before Lucy, but after all, hang it, there wasn't any letter either to or from Bemis Brothers, and he knew it.

"Oh, didn't I mention it?" said the Old Man. "Well, I'll tell you about it now." He pushed past George into the little combination dining and sitting room. Lucy came forward. "I suppose you're Mrs. Smith," said the Old Man, offering his mighty hand. "Ha-ha! You ought to hear that husband of yours brag about your cooking." His glance ranged with shameless longing toward the table.

"Does he really!" cried Lucy, beaming and smiling and shaking hands. "We're just going to sit down to dinner, Mr. Pervis, and I cooked it. Let me put a place for you and see for yourself."

George, petrified, looked on in utter dumb daze. He did manage to close the door, but that was all. He wondered if his ears were working properly, for sure it could not be the Old Man who was saying: "That's an idea, little lady. I'll be delighted. Delighted! Mrs. Pervis and the girls've motored out to the Springs for a couple days, and I'm all alone, and that's not so good." He was taking off his overcoat, advancing toward the food. He almost drooled.

"Why, this is grand!" said Lucy, not at all fussed, but producing another plate and knife and fork almost by magic. "You won't mind paper napkins, will you, Mr. Pervis? I use them because they save laundry bills. We've an awfully plain dinner too. I hope you like French-fried onions."

George's ears still seemed to be functioning strangely. The Old Man was drawing a chair up to the table and exclaiming, "Do I like French-fried onions—do I! My favorite fruit, Mrs. Smith. Lord, those look prime!"

"Sit down, George," said Lucy, "or everything'll be cold."

George, still dazed, sat down. Lucy heaped French-fried onions on Mr. Pervis' plate.

"And you'll have a pork chop, with gravy?" she asked. "We're having a real orgy tonight. My neighbor across the hall and I went to market this morning, and we found pork was awfully cheap, so we each bought some chops." She laid a large brown pork chop oozing delicious gravy at the side of the French-fried onions. Mr. Pervis could not speak—his mouth was too full—but he ducked his head and rolled his eyes appreciatively at Lucy.

"Give Mr. Pervis some apple sauce, George," said Lucy. "I put nutmeg in my apple sauce, Mr. Pervis; I do hope you don't belong to the anti-nutmeg faction."

The Old Man emerged from a sheaf of onions long enough to murmur something to the effect that his mother always put nutmeg in apple sauce, but he was immediately inclosed by another sheaf. Lucy and George helped themselves sparingly. It seemed unlikely that there would be enough to go round. It didn't matter, Lucy thought, because the pork chops were substantial. She wondered if she ought to dash out into the kitchenette and cook another dish of onions, Mr. Pervis was enjoying them so much. What an old dear he was to come along and join them in this informal way! And since he was much too busy to talk, it was her duty, as hostess, to keep a little conversation going. She leaned across the table toward him, smiling her most sparkling smile.

"I'm delighted you came in," she said winningly. "George has told me so much about you; he's always saying that you're the most wonderful person."

The Old Man goggled slantingly at George, and George goggled slantingly at the Old Man. George's goggle was accusing, the Old Man's was defiant, tinged with guilt.

Lucy went on: "George thinks it's splendid to work for you, because you're such a"—she had a good memory and never faltered—"'great big two-fisted he captain of industry, all full of vim and vigor.' Now, you may think that rather an informal phrase, Mr. Pervis, but you see, he said it to me, and, naturally, we talk of everything confidentially; and, after all, it's not what is said that counts, but the way it is said, and it was a huge compliment, coming from George, because he's very discriminating. .. Have some more onions, Mr. Pervis?"

"Thanks," said the Old Man, holding out his plate. Lucy put on it all that were left. She also gave him a second pork chop. There had been four chops, but she and George had stopped with one each. At the side of the pork chop she spooned another liberal helping of apple sauce, and motioned to George to cut some more rye bread.

"George and I are hoping that some day he'll be a business man just like you," Lucy continued. "In the evenings he's studying every department in the factory, and going over all the statistics of other factories like yours, and comparing costs and things."

"Yeah?" said the Old Man, dunking a hunk of rye bread skillfully in the pork-chop gravy and sopping it round and round.

"In that way he'll know all about the whole concern," said Lucy.

"Yeah?" said the Old Man again, pushing the dripping rye bread into his mouth. He looked about among the empty dishes.

"We're going to have cheese pie for dessert," said Lucy, noting his roving gaze; "made by an old-fashioned recipe my neighbor's grandmother gave her."

The Old Man gave an involuntary yelp of joy. "Cheese pie!" he exclaimed, and there was a pathetic rapture in his voice.

Lucy began to clear the table. "Yes, I had some sour milk, so I made cottage cheese out of it; for my idea is that while we're living on so little we mustn't waste anything, and then Mrs. Doyle told me about cheese pie, and I thought I'd try one. It looks lovely, but of course I don't know how it will taste. This meal, Mr. Pervis, cost me exactly sixty-five cents, including fuel, but that is more than most of our dinners cost; it is really extravagant. But since we've had an unexpected, but certainly most welcome guest, I'm glad I was extravagant for once. George works so hard, I want to do all I can to help him, you know, and it seems to me my first duty is to see that he has well-cooked, nutritious food at a price we can well afford. Don't you agree with me?"

The Old Man looked at George, not slantingly this time. There was awe in his voice as he replied, "Your husband is a very fortunate young man."

"I think so, too, Mr. Pervis," trilled Lucy. "He's fortunate to find such a splendid position and work under such favorable circumstances, with every opportunity for advancement, as your employment bureau's booklet says."

She set the cheese pie in the center of the little table—an enticing pale golden disk, rimmed with a flaky golden-beige crust. It was not a large cheese pie, but Lucy had thought there would be plenty for George and herself, and a generous wedge left over which would, with a cup of tea, serve for her luncheon tomorrow. But now she willingly dedicated this luncheon to the cause of George's employer's appetite.

She cut a third of the pie for Mr. Pervis, a very scant sixth for herself, and a slightly more sixthly sixth for George.

"How do you like it?" she asked the Old Man, as he closed his mouth over the first loaded forkful.

"It's noble!" he said thickly. "'S' good's I ever ate."

He had finished his large portion before George and Lucy were through with their small ones. Lucy put the remaining piece on his plate. She had started the coffee machine. She regarded Mr. Pervis thoughtfully.

"I don't suppose you like a small cup of coffee after dinner, Mr. Pervis," she said; "I rather imagine you prefer a large cup. George is always saying what a large-scale, broad-gauge mind you have!" She smiled winningly.

"'S' right. I don't like any of these fiddle faddle little tippy cups 't don't hold hardly a smell." The Old Man did not acknowledge George's tribute.

"This isn't expensive coffee," said Lucy, "but it's good. My neighbor and I shopped around all over town, and we finally found some green coffee at twelve cents, and we roast and grind it ourselves, taking turns, so that it's always fresh. I think you'll like it."

The Old Man liked it all right. Lucy had filled the coffee machine to capacity, and she and George each took only a little cup. The Old Man had two large cups, with sugar, and fairly wallowed in the fragrant richness of the brew. He didn't want cream in it—which was lucky, for the Smith cuisine fund didn't run to cream very often, and then in minute quantity.

"'S' best coffee I've had in years," said the Old Man. He looked about searchingly, but there was absolutely nothing more to eat. He had had it all. He sighed, gave his belt line a furtive hitch, then took out a Gargantuan gold cigar case, opened it, and passed it toward George.

"I don't smoke cigars," said George, "thank you." He took out his own very cheap cigarettes for himself. The men smoked in the comfortable silence which should always follow an excellent dinner. At last the Old Man heaved himself up.

"I gotta push along," he said. "Well, that certainly was a fine dinner. I just want to tell you, little lady, everything your husband here said about your cooking is so, and then some. Smatter of fact, he didn't tell the half of it. You are absolutely A Number One! You got a real snug little place here. Cozy. Homelike. Ever since Mrs. Pervis had that last decorator in, our house seems kinda bare to me. That fella was nuts on the old Eye-talian styles. I'm not saying the old Eye-talians weren't quite some fellas in their own way, but their chairs ain't so much to sit down on. I always kinda suspected that the reason daggers were used so free in those days was because the men got all peeved up from sitting too long on some of their chairs, and let off steam by acting rough, if you get what I mean. Well, good-by, and thank you again. See you in the morning, Smith."

"Come again, Mr. Pervis," said Lucy. "We'd love to have you."

A crafty glare lit in the Old Man's eyes. "Don't say that unless you mean it, little lady. Especially Thursdays, if that's your French-fried-onion day."

"I do mean it! You know I do!" cried Lucy. After the door had closed behind him, she flung herself into George's arms. "Oh, darling, did you ever know anything so pathetic!"

"Pathetic?" asked George.

"Yes, pathetic. You can see the poor old dear is simply starving for good plain food, and his wife won't let him have it. And wasn't it touching about the Italian chairs! Oh, I feel so sorry for him! Imagine having all that money and being ruled out of every comfort in his own home. We'll never be like that, will we, dear?"

"No." George was emphatic.

"It's very evident that he likes you, or he'd never have sat down in such a nice, simple, friendly way. I'm awfully glad he came, George, for now he can see how plainly we're living, and he'll be inclined to give you a raise. You didn't mind that I told him about how you're studying the whole factory, did you, darling? It may

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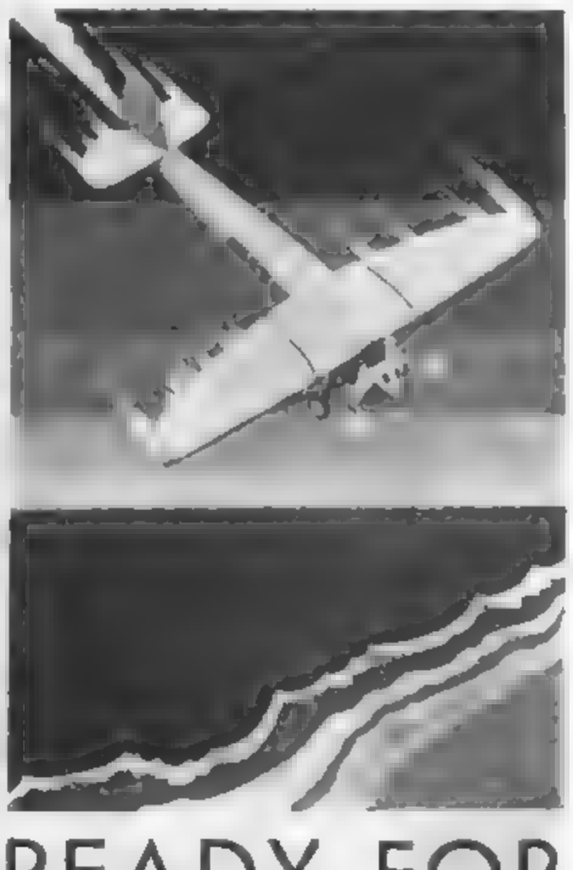

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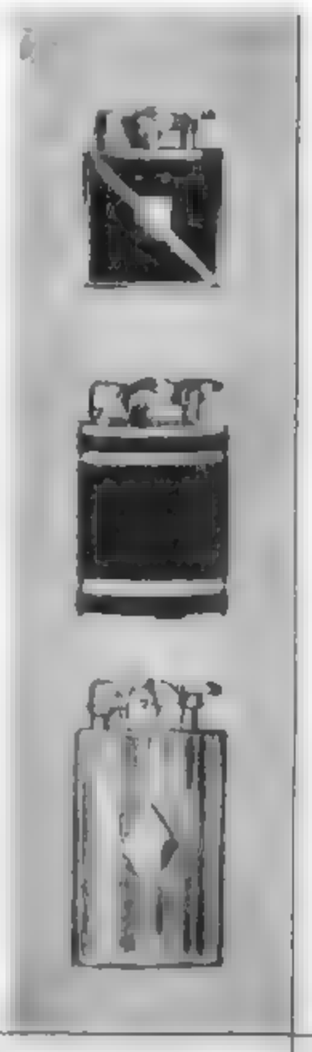

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have sounded a little boastful, but I like to boast about you, precious. I didn't put it too crudely, did I, d'you think?"

"Lucy," said George with determination, "you did everything perfectly, and you are the best and dearest wife in the whole world, bar none. And I am a very cheap excuse for a husband. But I love you, dear, and if I don't come up to your expectations ——"

"What nonsense! You go way beyond them. We'd better adjourn the mutual-admiration society and get to work on the dishes. Sit down and rest, darling; I'll do them. You look tired."

"I am tired," admitted George—"tired of a lot of things. But not too tired to help you do the dishes."

But all during the dishwashing and for the rest of the evening he was quiet and thoughtful. And long after Lucy was sleeping peacefully he lay awake

In the morning he went early to the office; he put everything in order and he waited. At 8:30 the Old Man came in, vouchsafed him a nod and a grunt, and the day's work began. There was, however, a difference. The Old Man was thoughtful, too, and neglected to snarl at imaginary errors. Now and then George found the Old Man regarding him meditatively. Toward the middle of the morning the result of these meditations was manifest. The Old Man cleared his throat.

"Smith," he said patronizingly, "you're getting on better. I didn't think you'd ever make the grade, but now I b'lieve you will. I'm going to add five dollars a week to your pay envelope, young fella."

He waited, apparently expecting gratitude. George got up from his own desk and stood before the Old Man—towered before him, he felt. "Is this raise," asked George distinctly, "for my services or for the French-fried onions?"

"What?" asked the Old Man sharply. "What's that you said?"

George continued to tower. "I asked you if that five-dollar raise was for my services or the French-fried onions. I'll put it more plainly: I've slaved here for all this time without a decent, helpful word from you. My work's been very good, after the first month, when I got your routine and learned the personnel, but you've kicked about it and hectored and razzed me as if it was rotten. You've passed the buck to me every time you've made a break yourself, and taken it out of my hide just as meanly and humiliatingly as you could. Last night, remembering that I'd said my wife cooked French-fried onions every Thursday, you pushed yourself into my home, uninvited, and you hogged about 75 per cent of my dinner. Then this morning you come in here and you inform me that I'm to have a measly little five-dollar raise, payment for what you ate and for a series of future dinners you expect my wife to cook for your greedy appetite, I suppose. I'm to slave for you here in the office and she's to hang over a hot stove and a pot of boiling grease for you, hey? Well, let me tell you you're dripping wet, Simon Legree. I've stood you here because she believed in me and thought I was getting along fine, and I knew if I could stick it out for a year and get some experience, I'd have a chance to land something better somewhere else, but when you want to harness her into slavery too; when you propose that she keep a restaurant—a French-fried-onion restaurant, because that's your favorite dish—I'll quit right now. And you can go plumb to hell and cook your onions on the coals there, for all I care."

Several times during this oration the Old Man tried to speak, but George had talked him down. At the close of it, George walked over to his typewriter and put the cover on it. He felt empty and happy and peaceful and ready to face the world with supreme confidence. The Old Man! Pish and a couple of pishes! That for the Old Man!

But the Old Man was speaking. His voice was strangely moderate and uncertain. "Smith," he said—"Smith, you got me wrong. I didn't mean any disrespect to your wife. I can see she's one of the best I didn't know they come like that any more—pretty and practical and trying to help along by being saving and doing their own work. Why, I wouldn't have offered her any disrespect any more than I would a member of my own family."

"Yeah? Then let your own family cook your French-fried onions for you," said George. "You've got a wife and a couple of able-bodied daughters, I believe." He was taking his hat and overcoat now from the dressing closet.

The Old Man raised his hand. "Wait a minute, Smith. Don't be so hasty. You know my wife and the girls don't favor the plain way of living, and they get—kinda sore at me because I do. I don't suppose there ever was a man who liked French-fried onions 'smuch as I do, and there's not a hotel or rest'rant in the city that cooks 'em right; and when you said—you remember—that you had 'em every Thursday night, and Mrs. Pervis was away, and everything—well, I kinda lost my head, I guess. I didn't mean to act the hog, but, man, your wife's cooking! Don't go off in a huff at me because I couldn't help liking your wife's cooking, Smith."

"It's not that. It's because you've never been fair about my work, and because that raise ——" George paused. He began to feel a little foolish. Lucy had been right; the Old Man was just a poor old thing who only became a tyrant at the office as a reaction from being tyrannized over at home.

"Your work's all right, Smith," admitted the Old Man hastily. "Maybe I've been a mite rough now and then, but it wasn't real dissatisfaction. You're getting on fine. That's the reason I wanted to give you the raise, and that's the gospel truth. I never once thought about the onions. I could see you were going to be a valuable man here."

George was mollified against his will. But he still felt reckless enough to air his other grievances.

"If I'm so valuable," he said, "I'm worth what your former secretary was. He got fifty dollars a week, I understand. I ought to have the same. And a chance to work up too. No live man wants to be a secretary all his life."

The Old Man choked and swallowed. "Well," he said at last, "I guess you're right about all of that, Smith. I think maybe I been kinda underrating you."

"I think maybe you have." George put his coat and hat back into the closet, removed the cover of the typewriter, sat down. He put a sheet of paper in the machine and wrote something on it and cut the paper into a small neat square. He rose and laid it before the Old Man. It was as follows:

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE SMITH
request the honor of the company of
MR. RUDOLF PERVIS
to dinner on every Thursday night he can come
Onions, Fr. fr

TREASURE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 19)

operation, it is studied by many shrewd pairs of eyes. In an ordinary month about $300 in counterfeit or raised bills is detached and withdrawn from the genuine. New workers in that part of the bank have their senses sharpened early in their career by overseers who deliberately slip counterfeit bills under their fingers to see if they are developing that sixth sense which all bank tellers must have. It does not take many experiences to arouse this instinct.

Each day about 50,000 bills issued by the other Reserve Banks of the country are sorted out of the money brought into the New York bank. These bills are returned to the Reserve Banks which issued them.

All these millions, in the various forms which they take when ready for shipment, are brought up to the street level in elevators from the treasure vault of the bank. Often the freight shifted in and out is gold in bars or minted. Sometimes it is in boxes with stout iron handles set in the ends; sometimes it is in white canvas sacks that contain $5000 and weigh about twenty-eight pounds; sometimes it is in little kegs so heavy that they seem to cling to the platform by some extra magnetic force; sometimes it is merely yellow paper certificates, the astral body of an equivalent amount of gold locked up in the United States Treasury. There are days when a dozen millions of dollars in gold will be poured into or taken out of that gold reservoir which lies deep under the streets of New York, to balance some change in the international situation, whether of debts or trade. Always the transactions are performed swiftly, not only to reduce the hazard created by the temptations excited by so much exposed wealth but also to satisfy an economic purpose.

There is a provision in the law that created the Federal Reserve Bank System which makes the member banks eager to get all money for which they have no immediate need as quickly as possible into this vault. Only when it is there may they count it as part of their legal reserve. Hence the eagerness to dump unemployed funds into this amazing subterranean storehouse, an eagerness which makes one of the puzzling rays of economic force that radiate in the money market in the manner that varying invisible powers extend across the board from a set of chessmen.

Down in the Dungeons

For some mental conception of the treasure vault, it is necessary to picture the entire structure. It is a thing that was born first, perhaps, in the fancy of the late Benjamin Strong, who was governor of this bank from its formation until his death on October 16, 1928. From 1914 until several years after the Armistice it occupied space in a number of buildings and eight vaults in scattered places. Because of the war a new building represented an unrealizable desire.

Then, in 1921, it was begun. Bank officers, engineers and architects sat in 200 weekly meetings talking over the specialized needs of this new creature of finance; many freight-train loads of material were brought into New York and woven, nailed and cemented into an excavation of unprecedented depth. It was an unusual building cellar, its bottom eighty-five feet below high curb line of the street and fifty-six feet below ground-water level. One side of that hole was a piece of the solid rock of Manhattan; the other three sides had to be held by cofferdams against the pressure of water from the East and North rivers until the ten-foot-thick walls of iron rods and concrete had set in a form as substantial as the natural rock. Today that is the hull of the Federal Reserve Bank vault, a massive vessel of concrete, five stories deep and protected on three sides by a fabulous pressure of muck and water. On it rest the fourteen stories that rise above ground. Within it is a substance of precious metal and promises that—with kindred deposits—is called "the balance wheel of commerce and backbone of the currency system." The most skillful and daring yeggmen of the world could not break through unless they were given a week of time and had the full coöperation of a submarine diver with the equipment and courage of Commander Ellsberg. But they will never get such valuable assistance or so much time. As a matter of fact, the first stroke of a pick against the outer surface of that buried wall would be betrayed by a machine to which faithful ears within the bank are applied hour after hour, year in and year out.

The deepest level of that vault is the one that contains the gold. On the upper levels men are at work throughout the day, but the gold is visited only for short periods when there is occasion for increasing or decreasing the quantity stored there. The elevators that descend into the subterranean levels of the bank are special ones. If a load of currency is sent down from one of the upper floors of the bank, the car which carries it cannot be stopped and opened by the men who ride in it until it reaches the level to which it was directed. Persons who are admitted down there find themselves in a place ventilated as if it were a mine. The corridors through which they walk are channels where the chaperonage of attendants is relentless, and where every attendant is a check on every other attendant.

Real Gold Bricks

There is a grille of iron as impassable as that which is set within the entrance of a prison. Beyond that is the door which leads into the vault itself. It is made of twin pieces of steel which, when closed and bolted, form a thick cylinder; when swung open this cylinder is divided down its middle and the halves mortise snugly into the walls. Inside is yet another grille. It is the last barrier.

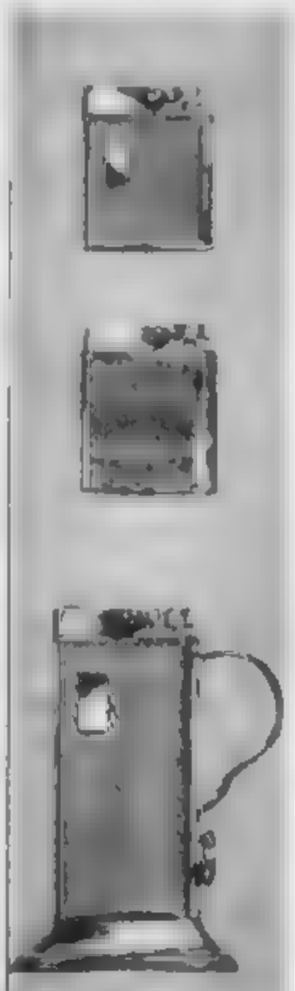
No single key has ever been made that would unlock the door which gives entrance to that chamber. Three keys are required and one man never has in his possession more than one of the keys. The three men who open the door move solemnly up to the lock in turn, perform their service and step back. Only incantation is lacking from their act to make it seem like a temple ceremony. No one of a dozen men so employed ever knows, until he reports for work, to which level he will be assigned, or the identity of his two associates.

On three sides of the interior are locked cells; not men are imprisoned there but gold—minted gold in canvas sacks, ingot gold stacked up like cordwood or a pile of bricks. In some of the cells these gold bars, worth about $8000 apiece, are placed on steel shelves in the manner of books. In other cells paper money is stored; but it is the gold which grips the imagination—yellow gold from the Klondike; red gold from Australia; old gold, too, that came first perhaps from King Solomon's mines or from Peruvian tunnels riven by long-dead Inca slaves. The cement floor of that chamber is so free from the clamor and vibration of the traffic far overhead that the men who have work to do in there sometimes perform a trick which tests the quiet of the atmosphere. They will place the hind legs of an ordinary cane-seated chair in the cracks which divide the cement floor into a pattern of squares. With the skill of a juggler the chair is balanced, and there, magically, it stays on two legs. Sometimes, if no one has need of it, such a chair balanced for the edification of a casual visitor remains poised for weeks, mutely testifying to the utter security of this deep cavern.

In a higher level of the vault are kept securities of a value many times greater

(Continued on Page 125)

Press, presto!...perfume!



The Perfu-Mist comes in two sizes, for purse and dressing table, and a great variety of beautiful coverings, finishes and designs. Like Ronson Lighters, they are made with jewelry precision and are priced at $5. and up—at smart shops everywhere.

IT looks like a Ronson Lighter—but it's the PERFU-MIST!

Press the little plunger—and out floats a delicate mist of your favorite perfume.

Dainty, decorative and diminutive, it fits into your tiniest purse, instantly ready to refresh with fragrance, as handily and often as your compact freshens your complexion!

The Perfu-Mist is the smallest, smartest, mechanically perfect atomizer. Fill it (like a lighter) with your finest perfume. It will not leak, corrode, or get out of order. Made by the makers of Ronson DeLight, *the world's greatest lighter.*

ART METAL WORKS INC. Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. *In Canada:* Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64 Princess Street, Toronto, Ont.

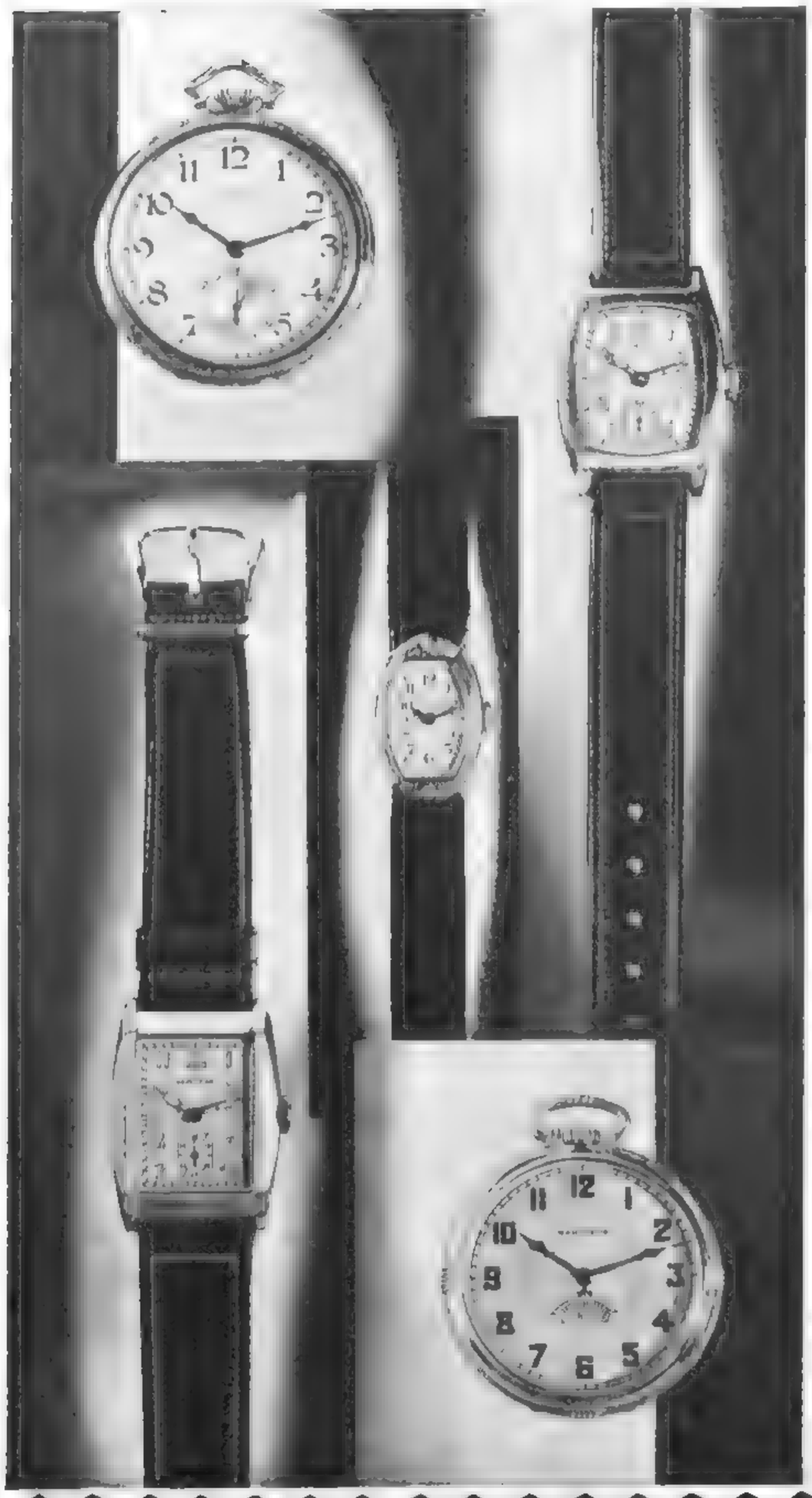
A NEW ACHIEVEMENT

RONSON

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AND IN CANADA AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Perfu-Mist

THE PERFECT PURSE-SIZE PERFUME SPRAY



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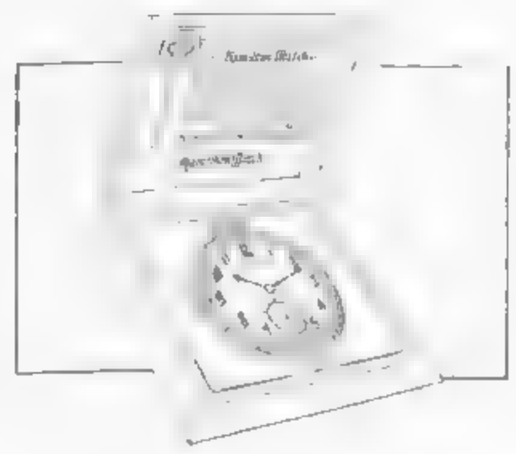


MINUTES, SECONDS, TIME . . . we hate to lose them—we scramble to save them. You'll save more of them, lose less of them, in the future . . . now that a new company—the Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation—has been formed to make electric clocks that give you accurate time—railroad time. From the day a Hamilton-Sangamo Electric Clock arrives to grace your mantel, your shelf, or your desk, and you plug its slim electric cord into a wall socket, you barely ever need look at the clock again—except to know the exact time (and to admire the beauty of its dial, its case, its musical strike) . . . You

Ask successful people what time they carry . . . We did! Among bank executives in New York City 69 out of 75 were within a scant thirty seconds of exact time. It is a fact that the higher up you go among the giants of business, the more accurate you will find their watches. Wives of successful men, too, and their debutante daughters are beginning to realize that the old idea of being "fashionably late" is no longer fashionable. All over the country social leaders and successful men in business are demanding accurate time. Not surprising, then, that so many rely on Hamilton accuracy. As any railroad man, any fine jeweler, any Hamilton owner will tell you, there ARE no "ifs" or question marks about the accuracy of a Hamilton. Make your next watch the watch of railroad accuracy. You can own one in a case of fresh modern beauty for as little as $48.

• • •

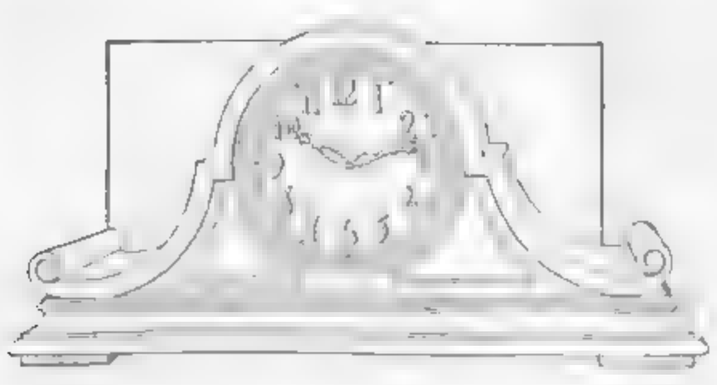
Upper left: "BRUNSWICK"—Engraved 14K green or white gold, $100 to $160. Lower left: "GLADSTONE"—In 14K filled green or white gold, $55. Center: "BRIARCLIFFE"—In 14K white gold, $75. With raised gold numerals $10 extra. Upper right: "LANGLEY"—In 14K white or yellow gold, $90. Lower right: "FARRAGUT"—In filled white or yellow gold, $55. Other Hamiltons from $50.

HAMILTON

THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

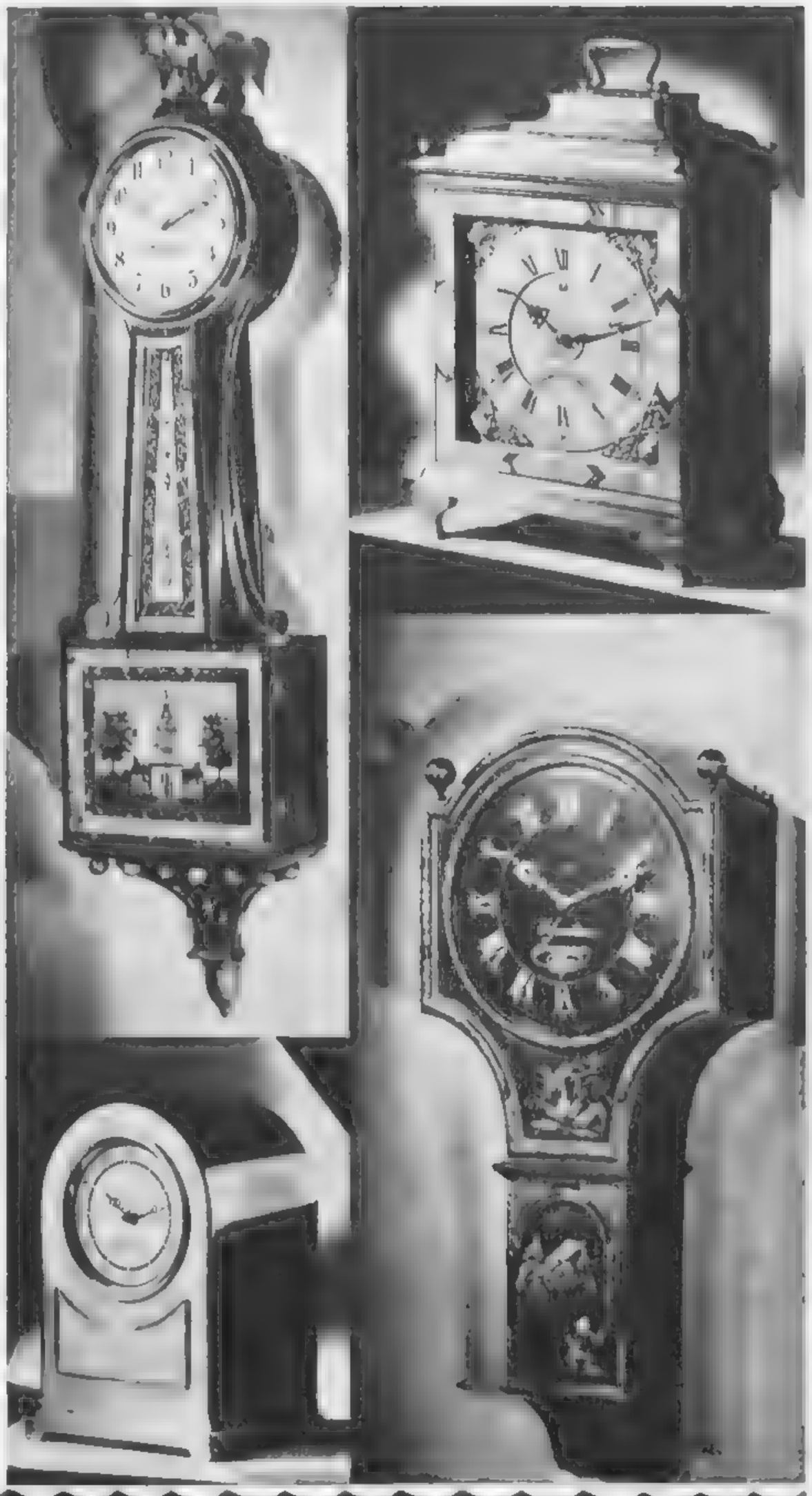
INS

ACCURACY



are accustomed to find railroad accuracy in the Hamilton Watch. Now you can enjoy the same accuracy in an exquisitely beautiful clock!

Let us send you a copy of "The Timekeeper," illustrating a complete line of the beautiful new Hamiltons, ranging in price from $48 to $685. Also "Telling Time," a booklet that shows forty-five magnificent Hamilton-Sangamo Electric Clocks. Address Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation, 890 Wheatland Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., or our Canadian distributors, Sangamo Electric Company of Canada, Ltd., 179-185 George St., Toronto.



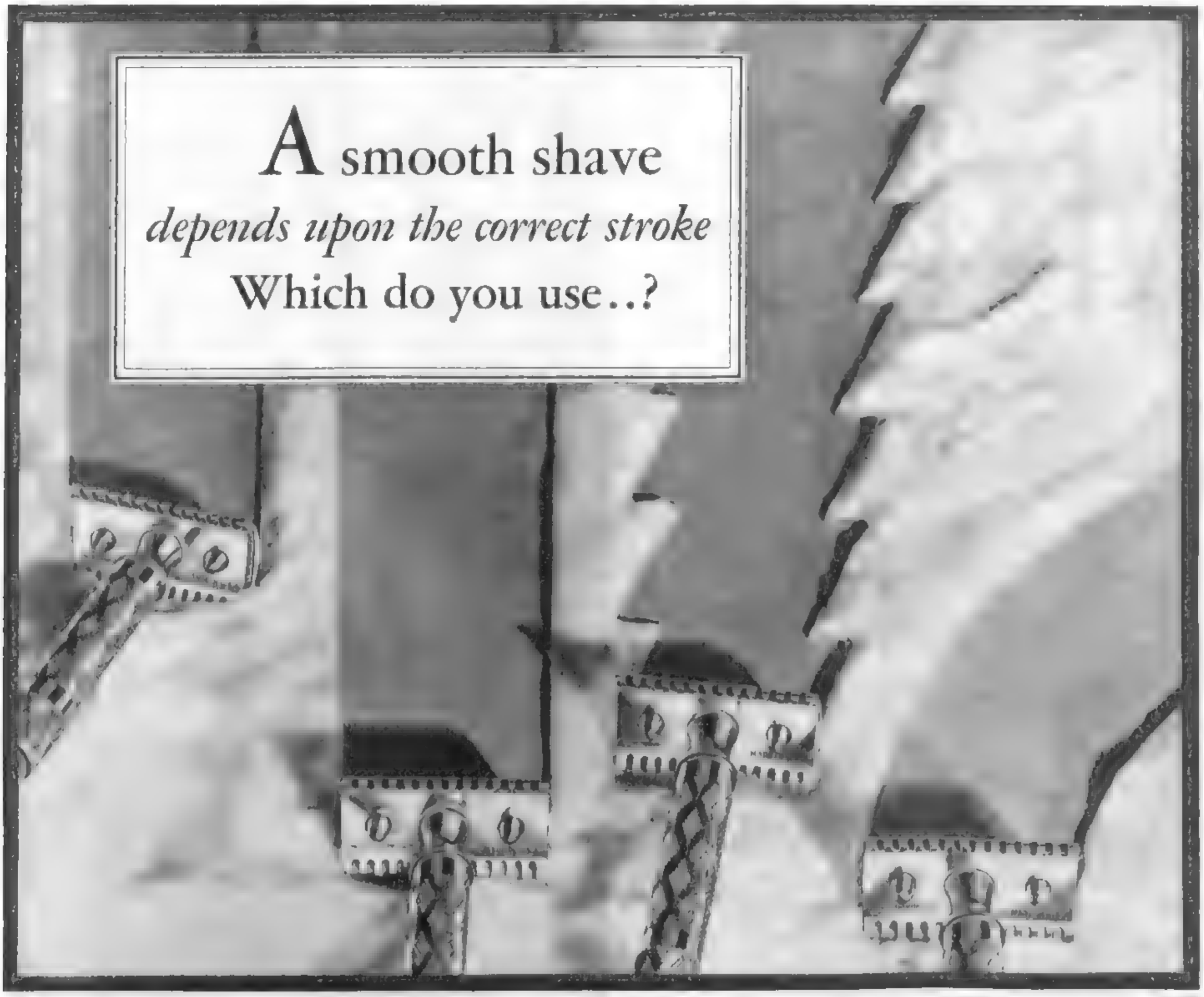
HAMILTON SANGAMO

THE ELECTRIC CLOCK OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

Now . . . railroad accuracy in a clock . . . Of course you'll never have to wind a Hamilton-Sangamo Electric Clock. But that's only a small part of the service this marvelous timepiece will give you. Within a case of truly classic beauty is a fine jeweled movement such as only accurate railroad watches carry. This movement is fed by a spring kept uniformly wound by a tiny electric heart . . . noiseless, continuously wound. Gone is the variation in spring tension of hand-wound clocks. A Hamilton-Sangamo is never affected by variations in your house current. Even if the current shuts off completely, your Hamilton-Sangamo will run quietly along for hours, telling "railroad accurate" time. You can pay as little as $25 for a Hamilton-Sangamo in a simple modern case or as much as $350 for an 11-jeweled period model created by Erskine-Danforth.

* * *

Upper left: "SIMON WILLARD" Banjo Clock—Melodious hour and half-hour strike. Ht. 42 in.; width 10 1-2 in.; depth 3 3-4 in.; $115. Upper right: "ELLSWORTH"—By Erskine-Danforth, $175. Lower left: "RISDON"—In mahogany or walnut. Ht. 8 in.; width 5 3-4 in.; depth 4 in.; $25. Lower Right: "ACT OF PARLIAMENT"—In Chinese lacquer $290; mahogany $265.



EIGHT out of ten American men shave with a Gillette Razor, and probably not more than half of them use the correct diagonal stroke shown at the extreme left.

But they all judge a shave on its face value, and they find the value *there* in every Gillette Blade, no matter what stroke they happen to use. Gillette has put it there—designed the blade to meet all possible changing conditions.

In the past ten years the Gillette plant has invested $12,000,000 in blade improvements alone. Today the work is done by amazingly skilful machines—adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch. And the product of these machines is tested and re-tested by a long line of inspectors who get a bonus for every blade they discard.

Tomorrow morning slip a fresh Gillette Blade into its holder. Lather well and use the correct diagonal stroke. Let the world's best blade in the world's best razor give you the best of all possible shaves. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

Gillette

Gillette

(Continued from Page 121)

than that of all the gold below. In there, during 1928, were more than $1,000,000,000 of securities held in safekeeping for the United States Government, the War Finance Corporation and others; there were other billions of securities being handled for member banks and foreign banks; there were promissory notes representing money advanced to farmers for the purchase of seed potatoes or of stock to fatten, and to industrialists for the purchase of raw materials for factories in hundreds of towns; there were bankers' bills, a sort of mortgage on a variety of merchandise in transit in freight trains and in the hulls of ships on every sea. In all the levels of this vault, which contains several acres of floor space, is kept everything which guarantees that the Federal Reserve notes which may be in your pocket are sound currency, everything which guarantees that nearly 1000 member banks are maintaining proper reserves against the deposits of their customers.

The true purpose of these deposits is dramatized by a fund of $100,000 which is kept in one of about twenty smaller vaults that are scattered through the upper floors of the building. It is called the rescue fund, and is to the whole enterprise what a portable chemical fire extinguisher is to the fire-fighting force of a community.

One night not so long ago a telephone operator at the bank received a frantic call from a small, upstate member bank, who recited details of an emergency that called for the attention of an officer. The operator connected the upstate banker with the home of an assistant Federal Reserve agent somewhere out in the commuting zone. The trouble was explained. An official of the upstate bank had been arrested that afternoon as an embezzler. Although the bank was quite sound and fully insured against this sort of dishonesty, a run was expected to begin in the morning. Many of the depositors were foreigners, whose ignorance of the true situation would increase their nervousness. The bank did not have enough cash to meet the expected demands.

"We'll be there before you open in the morning," promised the Reserve Bank officer. As he hung up he reached for his wallet, which contained a card upon which was written in code half of the combination of the door of the vault containing the rescue fund. This card also bore the names of four other officials of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York who were in possession of the half of the safe combination with which he was not intrusted. After several attempts he reached one of these men by telephone.

"Meet me at the bank," he said. "A rescue party to Blankville. It's an all-night ride, so bring a suitcase."

The Rescue Party

At the big bank these two, under the eyes of guards, took turns in manipulating the dials on the face of the small vault. When they could swing open the door they entered, filled a traveling bag with the bundles of money which they found there, and an hour later were traveling northward.

In the morning, when frantic upstate men and women were elbowing and shoving one another for positions nearest to the unopened doors of the bank, these two were inside stacking up the currency they had brought, where the sight of it would be most apt to soothe the worries of the frightened depositors. In this case it happened that the first $100,000 was not sufficient to end the run.

One Federal Reserve Bank officer decided to remain, and he became a one-man branch of this institution. The president of the small member bank brought out a portfolio thick with the notes of local merchants. Then and there they were bought by the Reserve Bank. The merchants had received in cash, less interest at 6 per cent, the face amount of the notes they gave. The Reserve Bank bought these notes, less current discount rate, which in this case was less than the interest charge by the member bank. This is the transaction known as rediscounting. In other days the distressed banker might have had a hard time raising cash in his community on such assets. Other bankers there might have been sympathetic, but they would have been too sharply aware of the contagion of fear that sometimes spreads insanely when a run starts. On this occasion the Reserve officer went to several other member banks in the town, wrote out checks for the amount of the paper he had rediscounted, and sent the cash back to the bank that was in trouble.

"This thing might spread," conjectured an official in one of those other banks. "This is a very large check—$50,000—and it will take several days to clear."

"Give me your telephone," replied the Reserve banker. He called New York, reported what he had done and directed that $50,000 be transferred at once to the account of the bank whose president listened as he talked.

A Bank Reborn

After several days the confidence of bank depositors in Blankville was restored and the Federal Reserve officer, his rescue mission successfully discharged, returned to New York. The type of service he had given was one not so easily obtained prior to the development of the Federal Reserve System. In the old days it would have been quite possible for such an emergency to end in disaster. Even though the bank had suspended in a sound condition, there is ample experience to suggest that its depositors might have suffered a loss because of a tendency of a measurable portion of humanity to regard an obligation which a receiver tries to collect as less sacred than an obligation to a going concern.

Sometimes rescue parties are required when an emergency is caused by unforeseen delay of a shipment of money needed by a member bank to meet a depositor's pay roll. Sometimes the need is caused by disaster in a community—a crop failure, the collapse of a real-estate boom, a defalcation or any one of the things which may put sharp pressure on the cash supply of even the strongest banks. What they want in those times is a cash buyer for assets in the shape of commercial paper representing deposits that have been loaned. The buyer that comes to the rescue, when the bank is sound and is a member of the system, is the Federal Reserve Bank.

Once, a few years ago, a nonmember bank in New York was besieged by a wild crowd of depositors augmented by thousands of persons who were merely curious. Hour after hour lines of depositors with pass books entered the bank and withdrew their funds. In the course of a long day more than $1,000,000 in cash evaporated from the bank's store.

At the close of business, employes, assisted by policemen, closed the doors against the crowd, and porters proceeded to sweep up débris that included crushed hats, nursing bottles, torn papers, shards of a broken plate-glass window and other souvenirs of a frantic workday. As the porters swept, directors of the bank were in conference with the directors of a much larger institution which was a member of the Federal Reserve Bank.

Overnight a merger was arranged, and in the morning, when the first of a swarm of unpaid depositors flattened their noses against the glass doors, they saw some men building a pyramid on the cashier's desk as children might have stacked up building blocks; only these men were building with $5000 bundles of money that were held in the shape of bricks by the electrically welded metal straps of the Federal Reserve Bank. There was $2,000,000 in that pyramid when the men had finished, a sum far greater than might be required if every depositor on the books became infected with panic. This money stopped the run. As invariably happens, when the crowd discovered that it could get its money it ceased to want it.

In recent times the newspapers reported the ambulancelike rush of armored cars bearing more than $5,000,000 from one of the Federal Reserve Banks to sound banks in an affected region. In such times depositors do not discriminate between weak banks and strong ones, but, thanks to the existence of the Federal Reserve System, no sound one need fail any more for lack of cash. That is what the reserves are for.

One of the great streams of commerce which flow through the Federal Reserve Banks is the out-of-town checks. Each year there are drawn in the United States checks with a total value of more than $700,000,000,000. Over one-third of these checks, comprising most of the out-of-town checks, totaling $300,000,000,000, pass through the Federal Reserve collection system, and $100,000,000,000 of this amount is handled by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. The check with which Mrs. Watson of Syracuse pays her account at a Fifth Avenue store flows in that stream. The check which Mr. Watson receives from Louisville for the carload of gadgets made in his factory also moves in a channel there, and both checks are paid at par because of it.

At the close of 1928 in the United States there were 25,391 incorporated banks, and 21,480 of this number were on the Federal Reserve par list. This includes all member and nonmember banks which are in an accord to pay without charge such checks drawn upon them as are presented or forwarded for payment by Federal Reserve banks.

An average day's flow in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York is 500,000 checks, and these are handled by employes, most of them girls, working in three shifts. The work goes on twenty-four hours a day. In a vast room where several hundred ten-key adding machines and numerous typewriters are clicking furiously there is, strangely, little noise. Most of the clatter is absorbed by soundproof walls and ceiling which appear to have been coated with a monstrous porous plaster. Hour after hour these checks move along in channels that lead to the other banks of the system, where similar forces are engaged in a similar tabulation. With the close of each day's business an extraordinary exchange takes place, a transaction whereby all those hundreds of thousands of homeward-bound checks, crisscrossing in the mails, are made to balance one another without a wasteful transshipment of corresponding funds. The device whereby this is accomplished is one of the chief tools of the Federal Reserve System. It is called the gold-settlement fund.

The gold-settlement fund is a deposit lodged with the Treasurer of the United States in Washington for the purpose of settling current transactions between Federal Reserve Districts. This fund fluctuates in size, but it is always tremendous. Last December it contained $687,000,000. The share of it then owned by the New York bank was $142,380,038.43.

Transported With a Pen

At the close of business every day each of the twelve banks of the system telegraphs the custodian of the gold-settlement fund the sum of the checks it has cleared for the others. In Washington this information is tabulated and the following day the Federal Reserve Bank of New York receives a telegram which informs it of the size of its debit or credit in even amounts. This may be $25,000,000 or more. A bookkeeper's pen in Washington, District of Columbia, has made a few entries that make unnecessary the wasteful transshipment of a costly freight of currency. Before this astoundingly simple device of finance was invented those shipments had to be made.

In all the Federal Reserve Banks there is one man with a highly developed instinct for nosing out of the river of checks certain ones which have about them the bad flavor of a kite. Check kiting is an offense against

Can your teeth stand the test of public view? Or is "acid-mouth" gaining victory in its destructive fight? This insidious foe, resulting from food ferment, drills and drills and drills at the teeth enamel. Cavities follow...your teeth start to go. But just put Pebeco to work ...Pebeco with its cooling tang, its tonic properties. Then "acid-mouth" is definitely checked, and the white, sparkling beauty of your teeth restored. Do just this: Give Pebeco a week's special trial. Then you'll know why Pebeco *keeps* its friends.

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There's a fine new radio program on the air every Thursday night . . . broadcast over the Columbia network at 10 o'clock Eastern time.

It's a stand-out . . . particularly if you enjoy hearing a corking, good dance orchestra that knows when and how to take fascinating liberties with the tempo and the harmonies of the modern dance hits.

●●●●

Temple's contribution for your entertainment simply had to be music. Music is Temple's specialty. Music is far more exacting than speech in its demand for tone quality. That's why the Temple Radio, with its wondrously mellow Temple-tone is captivating listeners everywhere.

Let the nearest Temple dealer give you a demonstration.

Screen grid chassis
Optional equipment
—at no advance in price
Temple 8-60 Console $149 less tubes
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All prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains
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the banking laws, but it is a device that continues to tempt men. Sometimes they are confidence men promoting an elaborate swindle; sometimes they are hard-pressed adventurers of commerce trying to use more of their bank's funds than their credit justifies. Invariably, under the system in practice nowadays, they are caught. To assist the kite expert in the Reserve Bank, all checks above a certain sum are routed over his desk. When he discovers an interchange of checks which is unmistakably a case of kiting, trouble for the kiter follows.

Some higher experts in the bank concern themselves with other items in the flood of checks. One officer studies all checks for $2,000,000 or more. In this way he gets a picture of the trend of certain economic forces which enables the senior officers to guide the institution's behavior in important situations. He sees those slips of paper as freight trains of cattle moving toward the packing houses in Chicago; as the produce of hundreds of thousands of acres of cotton; as shiploads of wheat; as Great Lakes freighters laden with iron ore; as goods leaving the assembly lines of factories. He sees these things in relation to something that is called "credit needs." Naturally they appear more important than other checks which represent the credit needs of those who are speculating in the profits of this commerce.

Up on the tenth floor of the bank are the officers. A borrower who goes into an ordinary bank usually seeks out a loaning officer. The borrowers who come here are bankers, and the ones they talk with are the loaning officers of this wholesale bank. Although the institution was created by the Federal Government, yet it is a bankers' bank; they are the stockholders. Sometimes, in order to adjust their reserve position, these banker borrowers require vast sums. From time to time the most potent figures in the banking world pass along the tenth-floor corridor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Instead of borrowing thousands, they come for millions, commonly from one to thirty millions.

One of the first transactions after war was declared against Germany was a check for $200,000,000 loaned to England by a member bank; another bank at that time borrowed $147,000,000 in a single transaction to finance the Liberty Loan purchases made by depositors. Today, however, the majority of the bankers who borrow large sums require the money to adjust their reserve position with the Federal Reserve Bank.

The control and regulation of this tremendous borrowing by member banks so as to meet the daily needs of the nation's business is the most important function of the Federal Reserve System. A part of this function is to make sure that funds so obtained are not squandered in speculative enterprises. In the past year we have witnessed a widespread public discussion of the policy of the Federal Reserve Banks designed to regulate the flow of credit.

Recently an officer of the bank said: "The United States finds itself in the extraordinary position of having more gold than it needs, a unique experience for a big country. Gold is the basis of credit. We have in this country an amount of gold which could finance a large inflation of credit and prices—prices both of goods and securities. Now the question is whether the gold is to be used for that purpose or for more vital ones. In olden days no country ever had enough gold to finance unlimited speculation. We have, and we are, therefore, now engaged in the experiment of finding out whether we can exercise self-control in the use of this gold.

"It is altogether a matter of judgment as to how much of the gold should be used for credit expansion. The Federal Reserve has had the feeling that there was a tendency to expand credit more freely on the basis of this gold than is wise. The job of the Federal Reserve is to exercise leadership in this problem. The result of steps we have taken has been to slow down the rate of credit expansion very materially."

This, certainly, is quite as much a phase of the protection of the wealth in the sunken gold reservoir of the bank as the machine guns, the stern discipline, the frequent target practice, the checks and counterchecks of the ex-marines of Col. Hiram Bearss' guard. It would be completely futile to give it absolute protection from gunmen raiders and yet allow other groups to emasculate it by borrowing until it has ceased to be a reserve deposit.

SECONDS

(Continued from Page 13)

and she fell for it. She's given me a lot of work and I don't want to make her sore. Will you talk to her a minute, even if it's only to give her a little hot air? You don't have to tell her the lead's settled. You can give her some excuse about considering Forrest because she'll work for less."

Haley understood.

"Sure, I'll talk to Beulah," he said amicably. Then he thought to lower his voice: "I hear she's had a pretty tough time of it the last coupla years."

"Well, you know Beulah." Winton shrugged his shoulders. "She's like the rest a the old-timers. She don't know when she's through. I've got a juvenile outside that worked with her, and he says she played Little Eva last season."

Haley was not amused, as Winton expected him to be. He shook his head in pity for Beulah.

"Poor Beulah! She's a good actress too." An idea struck him. "Say, Wells, you don't suppose I could get her to play seconds for me, do you? If I take Forrest I'm going to need somebody for the heavy leads, and Beulah's a good contrast. She could handle the dramatic parts like Mother Goddam and Enter Madame and Madame X, that Forrest can't play. If I thought Beulah wouldn't get sore, I'd offer it to her."

Winton laughed. "Well, it won't hurt to ask, Charlie, but from the way she acted just now, it appears to me she thinks she's a long way from seconds."

"Well, I'll take a chance. Tell her to come in. I'd hate to see Beulah beggin' for work."

Beulah made a triumphant entrance, leaving Hal waiting humbly in the corner. He never went in with her. It wasn't necessary, as every manager in the business knew his work and would be willing to take him on her recommendation. Having seen the others leave without their contracts, she felt sure that Haley had only seen them first from politeness, knowing he would settle with her. Of course she hadn't felt any real concern over their getting the job. Jeanne McDonald was known to be a terrible dresser and she had heard from several sources that she had worn the same gowns twice in a season. That did not go with managers or the audience either. The women were quick to spot a dress that had been worn before, even if it was remodeled. Beulah herself had always been a smart dresser.

Pauline Devereaux was good in emotional rôles, but she couldn't get a laugh in a comedy scene, and the leading man she had had last year had said she was a terrible study, winging her part as late as the Wednesday matinée.

Nobody in the business could say she ever fluffed a line, missed a cue or winged a part. It was she who always threw the others their lines, and she had ad-libbed waits until the actors themselves were fooled. Maybe she had worried for a second over Irene Forrest. She was cute enough; Beulah had to admit that. And young. Maybe not so young as she looked, but she was the type that would always look young—a piquant Billie Burkeish type of face, with reddish hair that curled like a kid's. Her clothes looked smart too. Beulah didn't think she would have much sex appeal, but she was the type the old hens went crazy about.

She hoped Haley had heard about all the terrible things she did. How she came in two hours late every morning and kidded through her lines and got all the other actors so crazy they were ready to throw down their parts and walk out. She upstaged everybody all the time and hogged their laughs. Nobody could say that Beulah was ever guilty of a thing like that. If another actor had a good scene while she was on the stage, Beulah would never toy with a handkerchief or move her fan to distract the attention from him, as lots of leading women did. She always listened without mugging or sticking in exclamations, giving an actor all that was coming to him. She waited for the hand after their exits, never jumping in before it had time to come. And a kid like Irene Forrest would never be concerned, like she was, over the business the house was doing. What did she care? She was only interested in getting on Broadway. Well, Beulah was interested in getting on Broadway, too—she was sure her chance would come some day—but she never let it interfere with her interest in her own company. She interviewed the fans who came back with home-baked cakes and handmade underwear. She gave them autographed pictures which she paid for herself. She gave parties on the stage after the matinée. She would never even go out the front of the house to dodge the kids. That was how much she thought of her work. And they all knew it—of that Beulah was sure.

So she went in to Haley every inch Beulah Deane, already seeing the headlines that would announce "the new leading woman who is coming to the Auditorium, whom some of you may remember as the child actress who charmed your hearts as Lovey Mary in Mrs. Wigg of the Cabbage Patch."

"Hello, Haley!" Beulah was all warmth as she extended her hand cordially, flashing her most ingratiating smile.

"How are you, Beulah?" Beulah had grown old; there were shadows in her cheeks and her neck sagged. No wonder she hadn't got by with her own company.

"I'm fine, Haley. I couldn't be better." She spoke in that warm, intimate tone that indicated that they were good friends of long standing, and had things in common that no one else knew. She liked Haley, but she couldn't tell him she had had hard luck with her company. He might think it was her fault.

"I hear you had a bad season last year, Beulah."

Haley thought that would take some of the starch out of Beulah and bring her down to earth. But, no, Beulah didn't think her past season was anything unusual.

"Well, it wasn't awfully good, Haley, but it wasn't nearly as bad as it was some places. We managed to break even. But they had to close down at the Opera House, and the company at the Alcazar in Holbrook only lasted five weeks. Then we had some other bad breaks. We got a bad run of plays for a while. You know how it is, with one thing and another."

Yes, Haley knew how it was. The bad run of plays meant plays that were not suitable for her. Haley noticed the full bosom and the settled, mature look about her lips. Her legs had that look too. It was too bad.

"Well, what were you expecting to do this year, Beulah?"

(Continued on Page 130)

Natural Loveliness for Dainty Feet

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But don't confine the pleasures of the date to the children. There's nothing in the world that so quickly lifts a family menu from monotony as the fresh, seasonable taste of dates.

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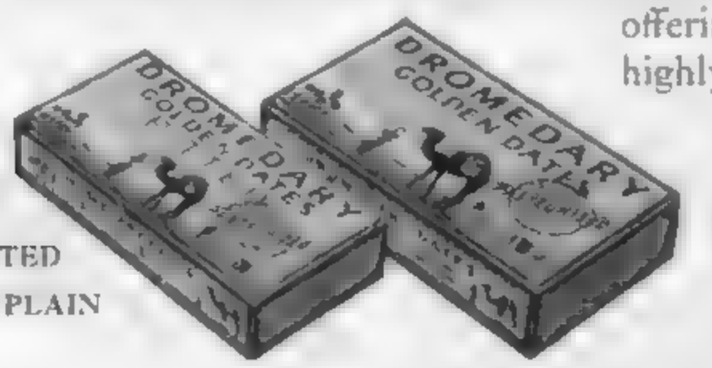

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(Continued from Page 126)

She didn't know why he asked her that. She expected to play leads for him, of course. Why should she be here?

"Well, I thought I'd like to work for somebody else this year, Haley. You know it's really too much of a responsibility to run my own company and do the directing and play the leads too. It's too much."

Haley agreed sympathetically that it certainly was too much. It had been too much for Beulah all right. If she had taken it easier she would have been good for a few more years. He knew lots of the old girls who were still going strong.

"That's why I told Wells to give me a ring," Beulah went on languidly. "I just don't want the responsibility of having to handle everything."

Haley broached the subject tactfully: "Well, I can give you a job, Beulah, if you think you'd like to work for me. I've always got a place for a good actress."

"The Auditorium audience knows me, Haley. I played there two years."

"Yes, I know. . . . When was that, Beulah?" That was one way of giving her an idea about herself.

"Why, it was 1924 or '25, I guess." Beulah passed it off lightly.

"No, I had Lillian Lowell then." Haley pretended to be lost in the effort to recall just how long ago it was, though he knew it was a good ten or twelve years, and she was no chicken then.

"Well, it was somewhere around that time. I don't remember just when." Beulah was a little irritated. What difference did it make? Audiences change. Especially up around there, where all those mills were.

"I was thinking maybe I'd have two leading women this year, Beulah. One girl to handle the ingénues and another to take the dramatics. You know how the parts vary these days. It's hard for one girl to handle both. I was thinking of Irene Forrest for the younger leads and you for the heavies."

Beulah caught on in a flash. "You mean you want me for the seconds?" Beulah was angry.

"I wouldn't call them seconds exactly, Beulah. There's the lead in The Constant Wife and Dancing Mothers and ——"

Beulah interrupted him: "What do you open with?" She asked it smilingly, knowing what he was trying to put over on her. Opening with Forrest, giving her all the publicity and raves, and handing her the hard work.

"Why, we open with The Patsy, Beulah." He was sorry she was taking it like that.

"And who would do the lead?" She would show him up.

"Well, it's a very young lead. I guess we'd have to ——"

Beulah interrupted him: "I played The Patsy two weeks to packed houses last year," she said aggressively. "We did the best business of the season." She blushed inwardly, remembering how Hal had begged her not to hold it over, that they would die on their feet. They had. But why should she admit it? It was a poor play, anyway. A lotta old gags, rehashed.

Haley saw how things were and regretted having mentioned it to Beulah.

"Well, I thought I'd see how you felt about it, that's all. I've engaged Forrest already, but I thought if you wanted to come as a second, I'd like to have you in the company."

He wasn't calling it leads now. He said "seconds," right out. That was what he had meant all along.

"With Forrest playing for less, I could offer you a good salary—a hundred and a quarter. That's more than the regular second."

But a salary of more than the regular second did not tempt Beulah. She rose to her full height and spoke proudly, in a perfect second-act-climax voice:

"When I have to come down to seconds, Haley, I'll be through with the business."

Poor old Beulah! He couldn't laugh at her.

"I'm sorry you feel like that, Beulah," he said apologetically.

"Go ahead and engage an amateur, Haley. You'll find out it's the old-time troupers that can fill your houses for you. I could tell you a few things about Irene Forrest, if I wanted to." Having indicated that she didn't want to, she went on, giving him a general idea as to what he could expect from an amateur: "How she never knows her parts and throws everybody sky high, and comes to rehearsals two hours late every day." She interrupted herself magnanimously. "But I'll let you find out for yourself," she finished proudly, starting to make her dramatic exit, turning in the doorway, full turn, face center, pause for count of five, to issue her last warning. But Haley interrupted her good-naturedly:

"Well, any time you change your mind, Beulah, there's a good job waiting for you. Don't forget that." This gave her a cue for her exit line:

"When I join your company, Haley, it won't be as second fiddle to an amateur."

And with this she sailed out majestically and closed the door.

Haley turned to Winton, shaking his head sadly.

"Poor old Beulah! I guess she's through, all right."

"Well, you did your best." Winton was ready to pass on now to the leading men. But Haley was lost for a moment in the remembrance of the wonderful Louise, Beulah had made in The Two Orphans and the sweet Lucy she had made in The Old Homestead.

"It's a heartbreaking business, Wells, any way you look at it."

"Don't I know it""

Winton would like to have told of the heartbreak of the theatrical-agency business, in which actors had to be dunned for the 10 per cent they signed for so readily, and which, more often than not, you felt like you oughta give back to them, the hard-luck stories they told you.

The reassuring smile Beulah gave Hal as she came out did not deceive him. It was the kind of smile that said, "Wait a minute, honey, and I'll tell you the dirt." So he waited until they were in the hallway, looking around carefully to see that there were no lurking actors who could overhear.

"Well?"

It was an eager question, but Beulah was reluctant to answer.

"It's yes and no, Hal."

That meant no. He knew Beulah. When she was pleased, she started to rave.

Beulah would have liked to express her indignation to Hal. He was her husband; she didn't need to mind his knowing. But more than once Hal had advised her to play older parts. And now this offer was proving his advice; he would say I told you so and try to persuade her to take it. And she wasn't going to waste time arguing about it. She was no older than Devereaux or McDonald. She would be a fool to give up leads so young.

"He said he'd let me know, Hal. It rests between me and Irene Forrest." She had to say something. She could tell him later they couldn't come to terms. "He wants me all right, but I don't think he'll pay my salary. You see, Irene Forrest is willing to work for practically nothing."

"How much did he offer?"

"Well, I finally got him up to a hundred and seventy-five and he acted like that would be doing me a favor. Of course I couldn't take it."

Hal was dubious over her refusal of a hundred and seventy-five.

"Well, that isn't so bad, Beulah. With my eighty-five we'd have two-sixty. And considering all we lost last year, that looks pretty good to me. You've got your clothes from last season."

Having let herself in for it, Beulah was forced to make her argument convincing.

"My goodness, Hal, the lowest salary I've worked for in ten years was two hundred, and that was summer stock."

"Yeh, but how about the five years you didn't get any salary and lost?"

That was different. When you're managing your own company you have to take losses. Why, she could easily have got more than a hundred and seventy-five from Ritchie in Des Moines. It was too bad they had been cast when she spoke to him about it. But he would have been glad to take her. He said so. Haley admitted that Irene Forrest was working for nothing. That was the only reason he had had the nerve to offer her so little. She didn't know what the business was coming to when amateurs could underplay you like that. Equity oughta do something about it. She became all worked up over the unnecessary argument. What was the use of giving Hal a chance to rave?

But Hal did not give up the lost cause so easily: "Well, you know, hon, we only got nineteen hundred left." He was reproachful.

"Well, I don't care. You can't expect me to play for a lousy hundred and seventy-five dollars." She almost believed it now, and her tears were real, even if they had nothing to do with her argument. They were tears of vexation over the salary Haley had really offered her. What would Hal say if he knew that? A hundred and twenty-five had been her first salary as a leading woman, fourteen years ago.

Hal was sympathetic, but insistent. "Well, I know, honey, but nineteen hundred can't carry us long when we're paying six dollars a day for a room."

"Well, I don't care. I'm not going to take it, and that's all there is to it."

She wished she had told him the truth now. He would keep at her about it. And even he wouldn't have had the nerve to insist on her playing seconds. But suppose she didn't get an offer? Suppose other managers offered her seconds? She had told Winton she would accept leads, and he had let three weeks go by before he had sent for her. For the first time in fourteen years something like fear tugged at the heart of Beulah Deane, leading woman, dark, petite, smart dresser, good study, and all-around worker. She had to keep glancing at her reflection in the shop windows to reassure herself. Why, she didn't look a day over twenty-five—certainly not over twenty-seven, and that was young for a leading woman. She was still slender. She knew how to make up. Haley had a nerve, offering her seconds. She was going to call up Winton and give him a piece of her mind, the minute she got home. The idea!

Panic had entered the heart of Hal Deane too. Here it was September and most of the companies were filled already. He knew Montreal was cast, and Kansas City and Des Moines. He had talked to Paul LeBey while Beulah was in Winton's office, and he had said the talkies had ruined stock, that some of the companies weren't opening at all and the salaries they were offering were fierce. And their room six dollars a day and meals as much more, even if they ate cheap. Seven times twelve is eighty-four. With little things it was easy a hundred a week for expenses, and only nineteen hundred dollars left. Nineteen weeks. That was four months and a little over, but with Beulah needing another permanent and little things —— Gee, she had no right to turn down a hundred and seventy-five!

Beulah kept her word and called Winton, demanding an explanation. He was apologetic for the insult Haley had given Beulah. He had remonstrated with him, telling him that she was a leading woman. Well, Haley was crazy to get her in the company and he took a chance, that was all. He didn't mean anything by it. As a matter of fact, he told Winton afterward that he wished he hadn't settled with Forrest. Oh, yes, the contract was signed that same day. But if Forrest didn't make good, Haley was sure to send for Beulah. Oh, sure, she would be working by that time. Why, he was going to have Columbus and Atlanta, and he had had word that they were going to need a new leading woman in Akron. The one they had wasn't getting over. Yes, he

(Continued on Page 132)

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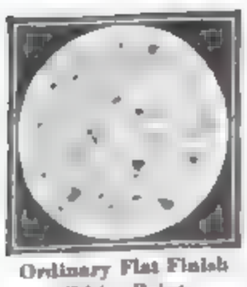
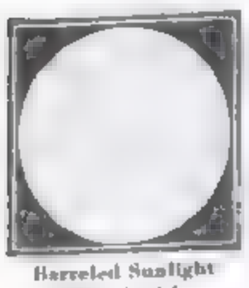


Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



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Street

City State

BARRELED SUNLIGHT

(Continued from Page 130)

would give Beulah a ring. The first one. Absolutely.

So Beulah was satisfied. It was Hal who met Dolly Fox, their former ingénue, who told him she was going to Columbus. Winton had got it for her. Yesterday. Why, she didn't think the lead was settled. She knew the lead was going to be a blonde, though. Both she and the second woman engaged were dark. So that must be the reason Winton hadn't called Beulah.

Beulah was satisfied that they must have wanted a blonde for Columbus. When Hal insisted tactlessly that he didn't think that had anything to do with it, she called up Winton just to show him, and put the excuse in his mouth. Certainly that was the reason he hadn't called. All the companies seemed to be wanting blondes this year. But he thought she might do for Atlanta.

Maybe she ought to have her hair dyed. She was a stunning blonde. Did Hal remember her as a blonde in that dual rôle she played in The Willow Tree? Hal remembered, all right. Could he ever forget? Beulah's dark eyebrows, too heavy to block out, under the blond wig that made her look peculiar.

They waited in Winton's office for two hours on the day the Atlanta casting was done, Beulah talking animatedly to Hal all the while, fearful to stop and let her courage down. He understood, talking brightly back, his eye on the door that was opening to admit actors he had never heard of in preference to Beulah. He gave her some tactful advice:

"Don't be too high hat, Beulah. You know it's getting late in the season. And for the love a God, don't turn down any hundred-and-seventy-five salary."

Was he ever going to forget that? If he only knew! She would snatch at a hundred and seventy-five. She was going to tell that director that since it was so late in the season and she had lost so much time, before she could make up her mind not to take out her own company and all, she would work for a hundred and fifty. It was terrible, but that amateur, Lillian Hendricks, was after the job, and would probably work for nothing, like Irene Forrest had.

But she didn't get the chance to accept a hundred-and-fifty salary. She came out of the director's office precisely five minutes after she had entered it, smiling too brightly, her head high. Hal knew, and joined her silently, not even asking the customary question. But Beulah had to say something to keep from crying.

"He's going to let me know, Hal." The old stall! How many times they had given it themselves, Beulah pretending to be interested in the actor, Hal pretending to be interested in the name and address, which he threw in the wastebasket the moment they were alone. He kept quiet until they were on Broadway again—the Broadway that hadn't held heartaches like this for fifteen years.

"Maybe I'd better take second business somewheres without you, hon," Hal suggested timidly.

"Yes, and have everybody sayin' I can't get a job. That would be pretty."

"I could say you were sick."

"Yeh."

"Well, eighty-five dollars is eighty-five dollars."

"Eighty-five dollars! What good is that goin' to do us?"

That was the kind of thing that got Hal sore. Eighty-five dollars was his salary. And not such a bad salary, either, as stock salaries go. Not many actors get more, except the leads, and they spend all they make on clothes. She had no right to talk like that—like he had been livin' off her.

"Eighty-five dollars is enough to keep me, anyway."

"And what about me?"

"Well, there's no use spending all we got, unless we have to. We only got fourteen hun —"

"Don't start that again! I'm sick a hearing it! Here I am, worrying myself to death, and all you do is remind me how little we got. Can I help it?"

It was on the tip of his tongue to remind her that she could have helped it by taking the hundred and seventy-five dollars offered her, but he was afraid she would start crying.

And what was the use of draggin' it up again? It was past. But you woulda thought she had better sense.

When the fourteen hundred had dwindled to eleven hundred and Hal had made up his mind to take a job, no matter what she said, Winton sent for her again. Beulah went happily, with renewed hope—the same hope that filled the hearts of the other actors who thronged in the waiting room—and none of the condescension she had affected during the past weeks. She even let Hal talk sense to her while she waited.

"Well, I'll take a hundred and fifty, Hal, but not a cent less."

"And tell him I'll go for seventy-five, Beulah." Seventy-five and a hundred and fifty is two-twenty-five. Not so bad. Not if Beulah didn't insist on a suite. They could take an apartment and he could do the cooking. He had to do his share.

A great relief swept over him when Beulah came out, a few minutes later, radiant. Anyone could see that she had landed the job.

"It's all set, Hal."

This time she did not wait till they were outside to announce the good news. She wanted the others to hear. But he closed the door behind them before he asked the important question.

Beulah answered him reluctantly: "Well, it'll amount to a hundred and seventy-five, Hal, or over."

"Whadda you mean—or over?" There was a catch in it somewhere. She was probably roped into playing for a percentage.

"It's like this, Hal," she began guiltily: "This Mr. Ford is a new manager and he doesn't know the ropes, and he wants us to go in with him."

It was "us" now. It was always "I" until she wanted to wheedle him into some foolish scheme, and then it was "us."

"So you see it will be partly our own company," Beulah went on to explain.

"Not mine," he corrected.

"Oh, you'll get your regular salary, of course. And I raised it to a hundred, Hal, and he never said a word. Isn't that fine?"

"What about yours?"

"Well, that's what I mean by a hundred and seventy-five or over, Hal. I'll not only get my salary but a percentage for the cash I put in."

Yeh. He knew there was a catch somewhere. She'd be lucky to get half her salary. Lilley had lost his shirt there last year.

"And I'll get to choose my own plays, Hal."

That would be pretty.

"Well?" She waited a moment for the approval that didn't come. "I think it's a good offer for this time a year, Hal. I can raise some money on my rings and we won't need to take all our eleven hundred."

"Oh, take it all." Hal was sarcastic. "What's the use a waitin'? You might as well throw it away now as any time." He stood still at the corner of Forty-third and Broadway. "Only get this, Beulah: You don't get me into it. I'll work by myself this year."

She was indignant. "Of course you would start something like that, just when we've got a chance to make some a our money back."

"Yeh. You talked me into chances to make our money back for five years, and how much did we make?"

"Was that my fault?"

Was it her fault? How did she have the face to say it?

"I suppose it was mine," he said caustically. "I didn't warn you, did I? And try to get you to close down when we started losin'? You listen to every other cluck that tries to sell you an idea, but you won't listen to me. Well, you can go on doin' it. But you can count me out."

"All right. If that's the way you feel. Work alone if you want to. But I don't think it's very fair of you to lay the blame on me."

"You don't?" He was unnecessarily sarcastic.

"No, I don't."

"Well, whose fault was it, then?" He stopped again at the corner of Forty-fourth and lowered his voice before he began his accusations. "Who wanted to start a company in Union Hill? Did I? Who wanted to take the Akron Opera House? Did I? Who wanted to stay the second year in Albany, after we lost our shirts the first?"

Beulah was exasperated. "We had to work, didn't we?"

"We were doing all right workin' for other managers. We coulda gone on doin' it."

"Yeh, for nothin'. And let them take advantage a me, like they wanted to."

"Well, you can't expect big money forever. Stock stars go downhill the same as the others. It woulda been better to work for a little less and stick to what we saved. You had a chance to play for good money this year. And you turned it down."

"Don't bring that up again!" Beulah was getting good and sore. But Hal didn't care. He was sore too.

"To turn down a hundred and seventy-five with a good company for —"

"Well, I didn't turn down a hundred and seventy-five, if you want to know." Beulah wasn't going to stand any more. "I only told you that because I didn't want you to know what he really offered me."

Hal looked at her blankly, curiosity overcoming any resentment he might have felt at her deception.

"What'd he offer you?"

"He offered me a second lead at a hundred and twenty-five, that's what." Now maybe he would keep his mouth shut. "I suppose you'll say I shoulda taken that." She was scathingly sarcastic.

Hal hesitated for a second and took the plunge. He had to tell her sometime.

"You shoulda jumped at it," he said quietly, equally as sarcastic. She thought he was kidding.

"Yeh, I shoulda jumped at it. I'd like to know where you'd be if I jumped at it. A second woman can't bring anybody she wants into the company."

There she went again, throwing it up to him that she only used him because he was her husband.

"Listen, Beulah." He drew her over to the curb, where they could have it out in peace. "You want to know where I'd be? Well, I'll tell you. I'd be eighty-five a week, forty weeks a year, for five years, to the good; that's where I'd be. Another manager woulda paid me my salary. But just because I'm your dog you can throw my eighty-five along with your two-fifty. It don't mean anything. Well, it's the last time you'll do it. I'm not goin' to throw my salary away just because you're fool enough to think you're still a leading woman."

"Because I think I'm still a leading woman?" Beulah was not sure that she had heard correctly.

"'Think' is the word."

"I suppose I got by for fifteen years thinking I was a leading woman."

"You didn't get by for fifteen years. You only thought you got by. But you didn't fool anyone but yourself. You've been a flop for five years, Beulah."

He weakened at the look she gave him, and his angry tone became defensive, but he went on bravely. If he didn't tell her now, he never would. And somebody had to, before they were tramping Broadway on their uppers.

"You were through playin' leads five years ago, Beulah. More'n five years, for two years before you took your own company you lost money for Hammond. Why do you suppose he let you go and put in the ingénue?" He began to be frightened at the wide-open look of her blue eyes, and went on quickly: "I'm not saying you're not a good actress, hon. You are. Everybody knows that. But you've been playin' parts that were too young for you. A woman a your age can't go skippin' around on the stage and actin' kittenish without the audiences laughin' at you."

Beulah threw up her head proudly. No audience had ever laughed at her.

"All right, get mad if you want to, Beulah, but it's true. The night you skipped across the stage and the set shook because you wuz too heavy, and the night the juvenile called you a tantalizing little something or other, and the time you jumped up on the couch ——"

It wasn't like her to take it without a comeback, and Hal thought she was still sore. He went on persuasively:

"You're a second, Beulah. And none too young a second either. They're hirin' 'em younger now than they did. Here's Jane at just your age, and she's doin' characters. You're lucky to get an offer for seconds."

Beulah was looking away now, her mouth trembling. Hal softened:

"Well, I been tryin' to put you wise for five years, hon, but you wouldn't listen to me. I'm just The Patsy, working for the wife because nobody else will give him work. I went on my knees to you to get you to play married women and young mothers. It broke my heart to see you make a fool of yourself."

The shoulders that were turned away from him jerked angrily now

"Honey, it isn't that I care how old you look! You'll always be the same to me as the day I met you when you played in The Dairy Farm. My love hasn't changed yet, and I've seen you in chin straps and reducing corsets and God knows what!"

Here Beulah wheeled on him, and he saw that the tears were streaming down her face.

"You needn't rub it in! It's bad enough, knowin' I'm through, without you standin' there, rubbin' it in!"

She spoke loudly, and people turned to look. Hal was scared. He knew Beulah. She would pull a scene right in the middle of the street if she was mad enough.

"I didn't mean to rub it in, hon," he apologized, taking her arm and turning her back on their interrupted walk up Broadway. "You know I wouldn't hurt your feelings because I wanted to, baby. I just didn't want to see this guy make a fool outa you, that's all. Honey, I'd love you just the same if you had to play characters!"

At this point she could stand no more. She broke away from him and hurried up the street, half running. He ran after her, clutching her arm.

"Beulah, honey!"

She turned an angry, agonized face back toward him.

"You leave me alone, Hal Deane, or I'll crown you." So he let her alone, walking behind her, miserable. People turned to look at her. He caught up with her and walked humbly at her side. She gave him an indignant look, but reached over to take his handkerchief. This made him feel a little better. He hoped that bum second man, Clyde Wayburn, hadn't seen them as they passed. His wife was the biggest gossip in show business. He had to steer Beulah east at Forty-ninth. She would have kept right on going, her eyes straight ahead.

"Here's Forty-ninth, hon." His voice was gentle and she allowed him to throw his arm across her shoulders as he guided her down the side street. He was glad they were off Broadway. It was no place for a girl to cry.

She wiped her eyes furtively as they approached the Bristol

"You ask for the key," she whispered hoarsely. "I'll wait here."

When he came back he turned her toward the elevator, but she hesitated.

"I think I'll walk up. It's only a little way."

Five flights was only a little way! He coulda cut his tongue out.

"All right, hon; it's good exercise." He started to join her.

(Continued on Page 137)

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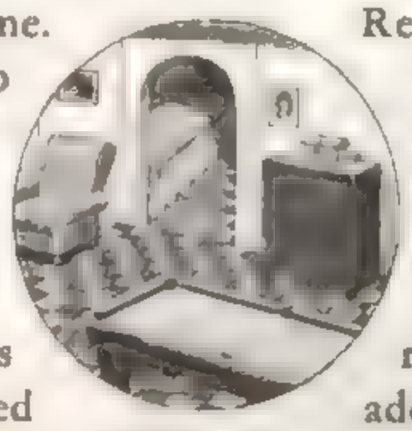

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(Continued from Page 132

"Will you run down to the corner and get me some medicine, Hal? I gotta kind of a headache."

That meant for him to go take a walk while she cried it out. He was abject.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, hon." A fine thing to say now. Beulah looked at him piteously, fresh tears welling up in her eyes again. She turned and ran up the stairs.

Outside, Hal walked up and down Forty-ninth, sick with contrition. Gee, he coulda been more considerate. He didn't have to tell her like that. And blamin' her for holdin' out his salary, when he had lived at swell hotels and had the best of everything on her money. Blamin' her for losin' their money, when it was as much his fault as hers. He coulda set his foot down about her playin' ingénue parts. He had heard Ed Clarke lay Bonnie out right in fronta the whole company because she raised a fuss when he gave the kid part in My Lady Friends to a younger actress. He coulda done the same thing with Beulah, insteada lettin' her go on till it got around that she wouldn't play seconds. If she would listen to him now, they might make money in Scranton. They hadn't done business there last year, but the company was no good With him and Beulah and that little Purcell she was so jealous of, and Gladys and Clyde, and maybe Jane Wentworth—if they could get her away from the company she was in—they oughta make money

It would be hard on Beulah to take a back seat all at once, after she had been the queen for years. Not to have the star dressing room, or have the kids following her all over town, or be able to say the color she was goin' to wear first, it would go hard with her. Even if he had never been a leading man, he understood. But if she took it gradual, it wouldn't be so bad. He knew how he could put Beulah over. What was the name of that play where the leading woman opens plain and dowdy and winds up by knocking them out at the finish? They could start with that. That red velvet dress she had, with the big fan. She had got a hand on that. In Eyes of Youth she only had to play a young girl in one scene and in all the others she would get a chance to do a lotta swell actin'. Dancin' Mothers and Cradle Snatchers would be good parts for her, and they would do the Storm for a thriller. She could play rings around Florence Reed in Mother Goddam. Last year she had insisted on playing Poppy, and the character woman had played a lousy Mother Goddam and they had lost money. If she would listen to him, they had a chance. He would go up and tell her she could take Scranton if she wanted it. Maybe a box of candy would make her feel better. Or a pair a theater seats. She liked to get a good line on the New York shows before she played the parts. So, armed with the candy and a pair of tickets to see Maud Manley, he went back up to 536. Beulah was repairing the damage the weeping had done to her make-up. She did not greet him, but continued to look in the mirror unconcerned. Hal laid his gifts on the table before her meekly.

"I been thinkin' it over, hon, and I don't think that Scranton proposition is such a bad idea. I guess we might as well take it."

Beulah gave him an amused look.

"You guess we might as well take it!" she said caustically. "Why, I made up my mind to that two hours ago. I'm goin' in to sign the contract tomorrow "

That was how she felt about it. After all the talking he had done. Well, he meant what he had said two hours ago too. He told her. And from the way she threw things around in answer, he gathered that to count him out was the very thing she desired.

They ate dinner in silence, except for an occasional remark he volunteered about the food. They had never quarreled—he and Beulah. He had always given her her way. And the first time he had expressed an honest opinion, this was the way she acted. Well, it meant they would split, that was all. It wasn't very convincing to tell himself that he would split with Beulah Deep down he knew he never would, but just now he found satisfaction in picturing her sad plight without him. For fifteen years he had slaved like a dog for her, doing things she couldn't hire anyone else to do, cueing her on hundred-side parts, sitting out in the audience and starting the applause on her big scene, touching up her hair in the part where it was beginning to gray No one else would have taken all he had No one else woulda been willing to play second fiddle for her. He had done it because he loved her. And this was how she showed her appreciation. Well —

"I got some tickets for the theater tonight." He handed them over. That would make her feel cheap. "I thought maybe you'd like to see Maud Manley. You always liked her." He turned back to his plate, feeling very much the martyr, and Beulah accepted the tickets, unable to think of anything to say.

It did not occur to her to refuse the tickets, which would have been a fitting punishment. Three-eighty-five for seats was not to be taken lightly. And she might wanta play Maud Manley's play next season.

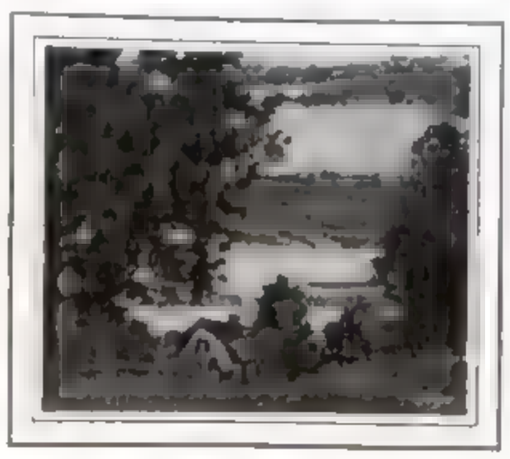
The last time they had seen Maud Manley was in The Downfall, ten years ago They had been out of New York most of the time and had never been able to see her since. But Beulah still treasured the memory of her performance and patterned her own after it, even to Maud Manley's little mannerisms, which had made her famous.

They came too late for the first curtain and slipped as unobtrusively as possible into their seats. Beulah was one star who raised her curtain promptly at 8:30, with no exceptions, and she felt apologetic as she sank into her seat. Hal needn't have waited till the last moment to tell her he had the tickets.

A nice exterior. Like the one they had used in The Broken Wing. That old fellow who was playing the butler had jobbed for them two weeks last season. He was a good actor, but couldn't remember his lines. Funny how stock actors can get up in long parts in a week and the legitimates have a hard time with a short one. What a cinch it would be for Hal. But Hal didn't think he'd like it. There was something exciting about playin' a new part every week. If he had to do it all over again, he thought he'd stick to stock. . . . Some entrance they were building up for Maud Manley. If she didn't get a hand, it wouldn't be the playwright's fault. She certainly had the gravy, all right. Beulah was leaning forward, wrapt in the play, studying the gowns of the women, the sets, the movements. A little ripple of applause made her sit up suddenly. An actress was making an entrance—but who was it? It wasn't anybody they knew. It couldn't be—it wasn't Manley!

The woman in front leaned to her escort, horrified: "That's not Maud Manley, is it?"

Her companion silenced her with a look and Hal turned the pages of the program, trying to see in the half light. It was Maud Manley. Maud Manley grown old. At least she looked old, dressed, as she was, like a young girl. In her first few speeches she revealed herself as hopelessly miscast. The voice that was naturally full-throated and mature was cracking in a high saccharine simper that was meant to be a girlish treble. Her effort to throw herself on the long divan in girlish abandon was painfully apparent. When the juvenile caught her in a reckless embrace the difference in their ages was emphasized. The comparison was so great that it robbed the scene of its conviction. All the studied attempts to make herself youthful made her appear older than she really was. The fluttering hands, the too-defiant tossing of her head, the little coo in her voice that turned out to be only a simper—it was all too painful. Whispers went over the audience. A little ripple of laughter as she tried to run gracefully up the steps. Another ripple of louder laughter when the heavy gave her a cue about being old enough to be her father. Hal dared not look at Beulah, but he felt her shrink away from him. She would think he had brought her to see Maud Manley just to show her up. He made an effort to be light about it.



"Gee, hon, it's been ten years since we saw Maud Manley," he whispered. Beulah gave him a look that said he wasn't putting anything over on her, and turned back to the play.

The woman in front was whispering again.

"Imagine that young girl playing her older sister," she said scathingly. "Maud Manley looks old enough to be her mother "

"She is old enough to be her mother," her companion answered.

"It's pathetic, isn't it, the way these old-time actresses go on trying to be young forever?"

Hal rattled his program to keep Beulah from hearing. She felt bad enough as it was. He pretended to be absorbed in the play as long as he could, and then stole a furtive look at Beulah. She wasn't watching the stage. The hand that was farthest from him crept to her face to flick the tears from her cheeks. Hal's heart contracted with pain. Surely she wouldn't think he had brought her here purposely, after the way he had hurt her that afternoon?

"Hon, I didn't know what kind of a part she was playing. I ——"

Beulah snapped at him in a loud whisper, "Will you keep quiet?"

He was crushed. Gee, how could she think he would hurt her like that, when he had gone five years without saying anything to make her feel bad? Tears came to his own eyes. What was the use a tryin'? Just as if he wouldn't love her when she was fluffing like the old guy in the butler's rôle. He couldn't watch the play either. He sat hunched in his seat, his head down till the curtain came down and he was forced to straighten up. He couldn't even pull himself together to join in the little ripple of polite applause that came from the few who were loyal to the memory of Maud Manley in The Downfall. He reached under his seat for his hat perfunctorily, thinking Beulah would probably want to go out for a breath of air. But instead of stopping in the lobby, Beulah pulled him toward the exit. Her eyes were still wet, but they regarded him tenderly.

"Come on, hon; let's go home," she said softly. "It breaks my heart to see Maud Manley makin' a fool a herself."

A few minutes later, when they were halfway down the street, she drew closer to him.

"You know what I think I'll do when we get home, Hal?" She was warm and eager now, like the child she had always been to him "I think I'll wire Charlie Haley and ask him if he still wants me for seconds. But I won't go without you," she added as an afterthought.

Looking down into the face of the Beulah who, it was said, had played Sis Hopkins and The Bird of Paradise and Tess of the Storm Country better than the originals, Hal could say nothing. He knew what it would mean to her.

Gee, show business was full of heartaches. He took her arm tenderly as they reached Forty-ninth, where Beulah forgot to turn again, thinking, as he was, that show business was full of heartaches.

"We turn in here, hon," he reminded her gently.

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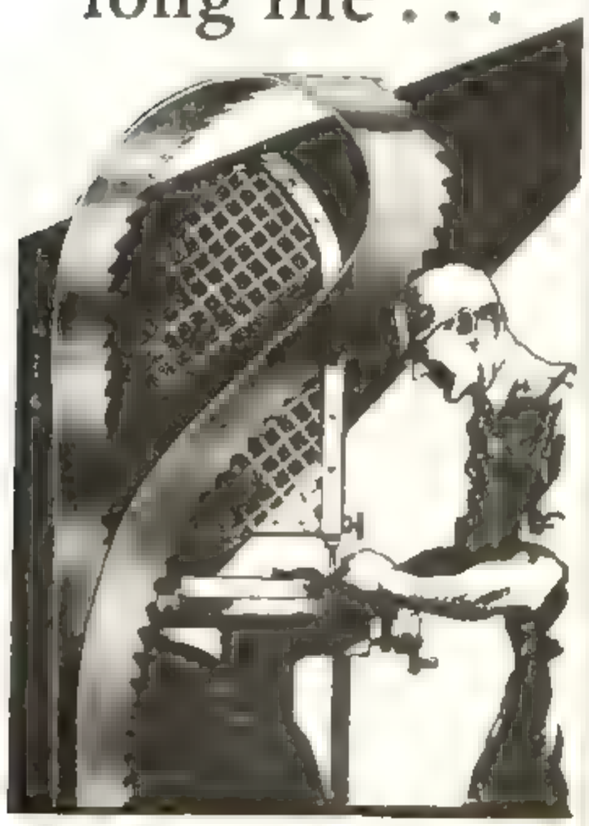

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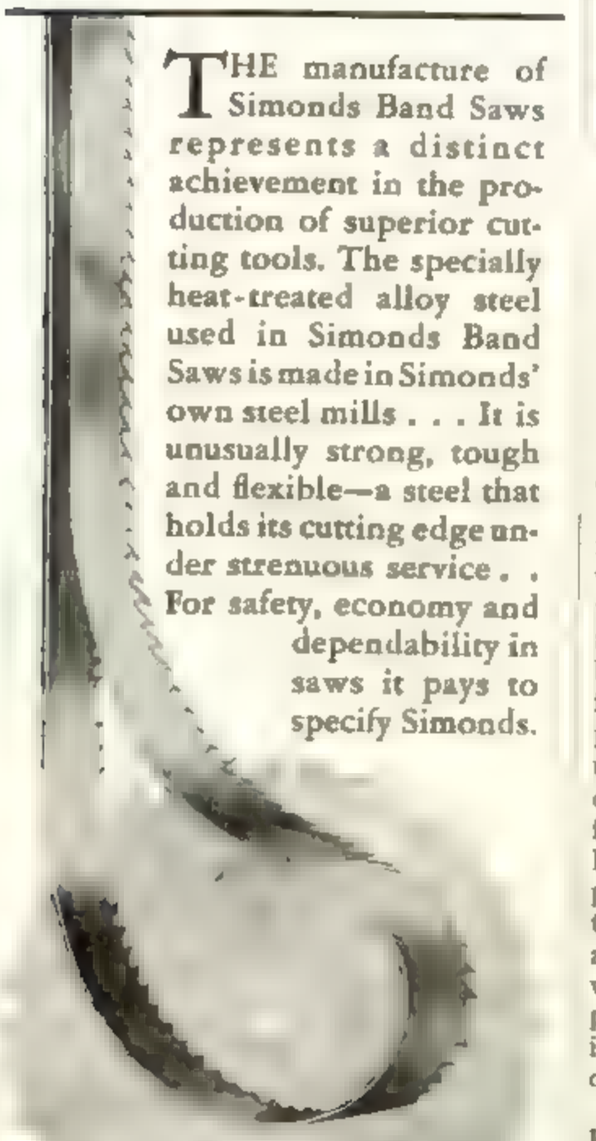

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THE WEDDING GIFT

(Continued from Page 15

that the tale of it had overflowed the news columns and found its way into comic strips and vaudeville gags. The Bull's Head Bank was thief-proof inside and out, by every means that could be suggested by science or suspicion. Every possible danger point was safeguarded—excepting only the man selected to do the safeguarding. That was Barron Wilkes. They were still checking up after him, to find out how much he got away with. He had left a handsome wife behind, but nothing else—not even, marvelous to relate, a fingerprint. He seemed to have cunningly eradicated everything that would be of use in tracking him.

Oliver shook his head.

"No, Parr," he said decidedly. "It's out of drawing."

Parr said nothing.

"Did he ever play a violin?" asked Armiston.

"I doubt it."

"Was he left-handed?"

"Apparently," said Parr, looking up, "he had practiced writing with his left hand recently. We found evidence of that. But he was not left-handed."

There came a rustling in the corridor, and Morel entered. At his heels appeared Pelts, his side partner, from some other point of the compass—probably the backyard fence. This strangely matched pair, Parr's twin shadows, dovetailed their every thought and act; yet they never traveled together, were never seen together except under lock and key, so to speak. The pair stood before their chief—Morel with the easy grace of an elegant cicerone, sure of his patter; and Pelts, always shabby, modestly trying to repress a smile of satisfaction for some deed well done. Parr eyed them sharply, let something of a pause intervene.

"So you have identified him, have you?" he said smoothly. "How?"

Morel, before replying, looked questioningly at Oliver, but no hint was forthcoming.

"He turned up a fingerprint, chief," said he, indicating Pelts.

"So?" said Parr. "Where?"

"There was an old safety-razor blade that had fallen behind a ledge in the bathroom," explained Morel. Pelts had taken one last try at the house. It seemed impossible that a fugitive, no matter how thorough, could get away and leave no track to be picked up and followed. Pelts had gone this last time as a window cleaner, union card and all. Of all the transcendental occupations surreptitiously engaged in by the deputy as opportunity offered, none yielded better returns than that of window cleaning. It was a privileged calling that enabled a good soft-shoe man, working inside and out, to do a complete job. Pelts, between wringing out shammies and trips for fresh water, had probed in unseen places for just such a find as he had turned up. When he produced the razor blade downtown, Lemaire, the fingerprint professor—who had been searching his files hopelessly for a left-handed fiddler—pounced on it like a cat—printed in rust on the tarnished metal wafer were the whorls and apices of somebody's thumb. It was what he was looking for—it was the thumbprint of the man with the deficiency of salt in the left ventricle. There could be no doubt of it.

A pause followed the telling of this tale. Pelts produced the telltale blade, unwrapped it, and laid it before his chief.

"Oddments and remainders," thought Oliver. He was watching the group—Parr and his two interlocking shadows. They said nothing in words. But they were in perfect accord. Whatever illusions the pair may have fetched with them into this room a moment ago, they put aside all pretense now. Before Oliver's very eyes there had occurred one of those swift dramatic transitions for which the Greeks coined the word *peripeleia* the about-face. Greatly pleased with his strategy, Parr turned to Armiston.

"Do you get it, Oliver?" he asked, beaming.

"You mean he planted the razor blade for you to find?"

Parr raised a quizzical eyebrow.

"We were expected to find it—and we did," he said. "We seem to have done everything he expected of us, so far."

"But wait a minute!" interposed Armiston. "Do you realize where it takes you—do you follow through to the inevitable conclusion?"

There was a little hush in the room, and the man hunter's teeth showed in a grim smile.

"That he planted the body? Why, certainly," replied Parr. "For us to find. Well, we found it. He is very clever. But I still maintain he is not a very good harbor engineer."

"Does it look like him, Morel?" asked Oliver.

"Reasonably so, yes. Ordinarily I should say there would be no question. There are discrepancies in drowned bodies we make allowance for. I should say the fingerprint would clinch it for the insurance people," said Morel.

"Oh, there was life insurance too?"

"One hundred thousand dollars!" said Parr.

"In whose favor?"

"Hers," said Parr.

At this point there came another pause, the four men turning the idea over and over in their minds.

"The difficulties seem insurmountable," said Armiston, speaking out and capping his own thoughts. "Yet, successfully accomplished, it presents a pretty picture for any defaulter to contemplate—to be comfortably dead and buried. That's what he expects you to do, Parr—bury him."

"That's what we will do," said Parr.

"To enjoy the use of an independent fortune," went on Oliver, thinking aloud, "one must remove the fear of pursuit. That is what he has done. Even those inveterate surety-company sleuths wouldn't continue to pursue a dead man."

"That brings up a point, sir," put in Morel. "What am I to do about the surety and insurance people? Their sleuths are beginning to horn in. Am I to invite them in on the ground floor?"

Parr knitted his brows. He shook his head.

"No," he said, "we won't interfere with their line of reasoning. Why clutter up their logic? They are pretty high class, and I should hesitate to intrude on their inveterateness."

The eerie question that had been at the back of Oliver's head from the beginning now came out.

"Where did he get his dead man, Parr?" he asked. "Not in Eighty-sixth Street. That is too near home. He couldn't risk a hue and cry."

Parr had picked up his telephone again and was talking in low tones with his *scientificos*—gentlemen of the police who work with test tube and microscope.

"Anything in the ears?" he was asking.

The answer came startlingly distinct, audible to all.

"Portland cement, sir, in the cerumen."

"Put me on my desk," commanded the deputy; and in a moment he was telling his secretary: "Brewer, we'll have to go farther north than Eighty-sixth Street. Forget those ads. Get up a list of towns east of the Mississippi with Portland-cement plants—preferably those without precipitators. There is cement dust in the earwax. Wire the police of those towns for a missing fiddler, left-handed preferred." He set down the instrument and turned to Oliver. "One more break in favor of the bank," he said grimly. "I wonder how many expectant murderers consider earwax as hanging evidence! . . . Morel, I don't want to do anything he doesn't expect us to do. Be very careful how you seem to fall in with everything he wants. Go up and get her and take her down there. Let her identify him. Don't prod her. Don't make her look too close. It's hard on a woman, you know."

"She will probably bear up," put in Oliver.

"'Bear up' is hardly the phrase," said Parr, with a smile. "She seemed to have been bearing down on him. She was an expensive piece of bric-a-brac to have around. There were some things she wanted that he couldn't afford to buy for her when he was building up his good reputation. But she got them, one way or another. I think there must have been a third party. He was away from home a good deal. Wilkes seems to have been something of an authority on thief-proofing, and he was loaned to various banks about the country as a consulting engineer." He turned to Morel. "Look up this business of the third party, Morel," he said. "Pelts, put Terry and his partner, Clancy, on the house. If she spots either of them, I put the two back in harness. If she gets clear, I break them!"

II

THE defaulter's wife, whom, it seemed, he left behind with much the same care as he did that fingerprint, sat at her piano, musing over the keys. It was a fifteen-foot interior, one of those narrow-waisted private houses that are still to be found holding out in some side streets, waiting for the block to come down. Everything in this room was cut to size, including the abandoned wife, who was petite.

A maid appeared at the curtained doorway.

"Yes, Mary?" said Nora Wilkes, without looking up.

The servant explained that one of the surveyors working in the street asked permission to go through the house to the roof. The story was that the owner of this precious parcel had applied for still one more mortgage, and that the trust company—hopeful, suspicious creature that it was—was searching the title with transit and tape, to surprise an overlooked half inch.

"Tell him to fetch the policeman," said the mistress. "If the policeman says he is all right he may come in."

The girl withdrew, and in a moment there came the murmur of voices at the basement areaway and the closing of a door. A winged chair at the one street window now moved, revolving as if on a turn-table, and presented to view a good-looking young man, slight and dark, who could have made up well as a gypsy or Hungarian.

"I haven't seen her before," he said. "Where did she come from?" He stressed the "her" significantly. The woman at the piano lifted a silken shoulder in a barely perceptible shrug.

"From the usual agency," she said, with a sigh of weariness. "Must I suspect even that dull clod?"

"No. Leave that to me," said the young man idly, and he turned to the window again.

He had possession of his hat, his stick, and his gloves, as if this were a formal afternoon call which presently would terminate with the mutual interchange of those meaningless Chinese courtesies reserved for such occasions.

For minutes on end the pair now paid each other the compliment of silence, not of speech. It was an intensely intimate silence. It was like that scene toward the end of the Henry James story—if you still read your Henry James—in which the American wife looks for a revealing second on her husband and Madame Merle, seated in deep thought before the fire. It was not what they were doing but what

(Continued on Page 140

Bright wings that never grow weary

LOOK up to the stars where conquerors ride, where engines whirr, where steel shafts spin, there is man, borne on and on by bright wings that never grow weary.

Conqueror of the air, he sits in the clouds—a symbol of other conquests less heroic perhaps to the casual eye but not less useful to our homes and our industries.

Look into the lanes of commerce, into the aisles of steel, into America's great laboratories where nothing is good enough but perfection—there too you will find surging hope and high ambition—bright wings that never grow weary.

Borne on such wings have come great achievements, great advances, great discoveries. Borne on such wings came Duco, from the laboratories of du Pont.

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It exerts a pressure of 37,500 lbs. with such velvet smoothness that a row of Clipper hooks are embedded flush with the belt surface, without injury to the fibers of the belt itself.

Its total weight is but 56½ lbs., and a single shopman can operate it.

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Clipper Belt Lacer Company

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Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer

QUALITY BELT LACING

(Continued from Page 138)

they were not doing that lent the implications to the situation. When our good-looking man just now came up the steps and rang the bell the policeman on post, polishing an apple at the vegetable stand opposite, said to the green grocer: "That's the feller. He used to come a good deal. Now he has begun again."

Three months had elapsed since the Bull's-Head Bank episode, and it had long since ceased to be news. The woman's consistent attitude throughout had seemed less one of outraged grief than of mute indignation. It gave the public, that takes its tinge of prejudice from the tabloids, no clew.

The young man at the window, while the woman mused over the keys, was watching the green grocer. This was a fashionable block, but, like all our fashionable blocks, it had its hovel, usually given over to some low trade. There was an awning in front, over a bank of greens from every clime; the entire business transpired out on the sidewalk, and for this reason it afforded an ideal lookout, if the Wilkes home was still under espionage, as undoubtedly—the young man thought—it was.

"Why do you sigh?" he asked, looking around the wing of his chair. She shook her head. She was unaware that she had sighed.

"Time passes quickly for me," he said. "I suppose it seems interminable to you."

"I'm tired of being poor," she said; she modulated a chord through a richer resonance, running in a suggestion of melody with the left hand. He arose and picked up a little straight-backed chair and carried it over to sit down beside her. He studied her for a moment in silence.

"Continue playing while we talk," he said under his breath. And as she struck into a bolder theme he asked, "Is it getting on your nerves?"

Her hands half paused, but she did not reply. He continued: "You recollect we anticipated it all, foresaw these long becalmed intervals. The hardest thing in life is not to lay out the difficult course, but to stick to it in all weather. We cut no corners!" he added decisively.

"That constant watch," she murmured, closing her eyes and throwing back her head, like a player enthralled by some celestial harmonies. "It still goes on."

"Naturally," he replied. "They are not fools."

There came a babble of voices from the basement court. The policeman on post had obligingly vouched for the targetman; and the young surveyor, who came tramping up the stairs, heavily burdened, paused at the drawing-room door and said, with a flash of white teeth, in a soft drawl:

"Please, ma'am, can I leave my case here by the do', where I can pick it up when I go out?"

She nodded assent. He mounted the stairs, and they listened till the sound of his footsteps died away.

"Do you recollect that good-looking gentleman who took me downtown the first day, to make the—the identification?" she asked through the prelude she was playing. "I thought I saw him in the street yesterday morning." She raised troubled eyes to his gaze.

"You did," he replied, nodding. "At ten o'clock. He stopped and bought some things at the grocer's stand. He has stopped there three times in the last four days. Don't look startled. Continue playing. I have thought it best to move into the neighborhood, where I could watch them while they watched you. I have a room down the block. Oh, never fear. I'm getting to be a genius at disguise. Look at me!" She turned obediently to him, her gaze flinching a trifle at the moment of contact, like that of a woman who felt her tenderness thrust back. "Do you recognize in these features a single lineament of your la——"

"Hush! Hush!" she entreated; she was in a panic at the moment. He smiled, but she had dashed into a mazurka. There was a red spot in either cheek.

"I do it before their very eyes," he said. "I can walk into a hallway and come out somebody else like poor Chevalier! That's the moment to change—at the very instant they lose sight of me. At that instant my image is so deeply printed on their retina that they can see nothing else. I confess I think myself rather clever, and find it very amusing," he said, with a little bow to his own image in the mirror.

"Is he really a policeman? He doesn't look like one," she murmured as she bowed over a slow phrase.

"This fellow Morel, you mean? Yes, indeed! Very special. They only use him for fancy stuff. They never use him among crooks. He is utterly unknown to the criminal world. He and his partner, Pelts." Her startled eyes sought his again.

"There are two?" she breathed incredibly.

"Pelts, the other, is a little fellow," he explained. "He looks like a tramp, usually walks on the cuff of his trousers. He glues his nose to a show window like a man starving to death. You'd think he was eating the things inside. Actually he is looking at your reflection in the glass. Oh, I know them!" he said with a short laugh. "I could write a full monograph that would be a best-seller in the trade. I spotted them," he added, with a peculiarly unpleasant emphasis, "before I stepped out, so I would know what to look for when the time came."

"I had begun to hope," she said absently; "things went so well at first."

"That's part of their game," he put in.

"Then I saw that man again yesterday," she went on, her tones wavering a little. "If we have t-to undergo that surveillance again I'm not—sure I can—stand it. It's having to sit still that's hard. They let us alone once. Why do they come again?"

He shook his head.

"They never let us alone," he said. "The screw is always turning—constant pressure. That's Parr! Just now he's—clumsy: letting us detect his espionage. That's another turn of the screw!" His eyes momentarily glinted. "He tries that and watches for the reaction."

"Oh! What are we expected to do?"

"Run away!" he answered flatly. "The guilty flee when no man pursueth. How he would chuckle if we took to the tall timber! It's anything to surprise us into some inadvertence. He knows nothing. He merely suspects. That's Parr—he persuades everybody to give up the case as solved with a funeral. Then, when nobody is looking, he comes sneaking back and watches and waits! I've seen him do it in a dozen big cases—play 'possum." He shot a quick glance at her. "That's what he is doing now. Just sit tight."

He arose and stretched his legs. He moved casually about the long narrow room; the sonorous chords, melting from key to key, rose on the air with a louder song. He managed to push aside the hangings and looked up the stair well. He could hear the man climbing about on the roof; from below came the clatter of dishes in the butler's pantry. In thrusting aside the portière he uncovered the surveyor's instrument case. He bent down and touched it with the back of his hand. It was slightly warm. He knelt down, put his ear to it. Something was moving in its interior with a barely audible whir. It was a listening device with some sort of amplifier. He went back and resumed his chair beside her.

"Play just a little louder while we talk," he said close to her ear. She burst into a brilliant cadenza; soon she dropped back into moody chords with heavy bass. He nodded approval, smiling. They were in a soundproof chamber so far as any eavesdropping was concerned.

"We should feel complimented by all this attention," he said sardonically. Her fingers slipped from the keys.

"I tell you," she murmured almost inaudibly, "I can't go much farther."

He lifted her hand lightly and laid it back on the keys.

(Continued on Page 142

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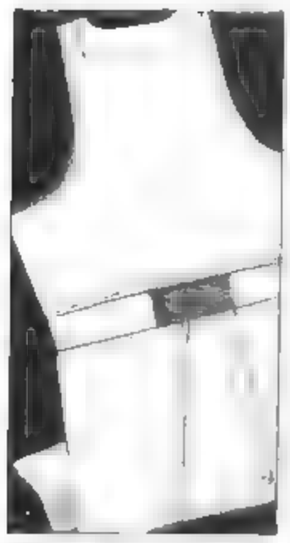

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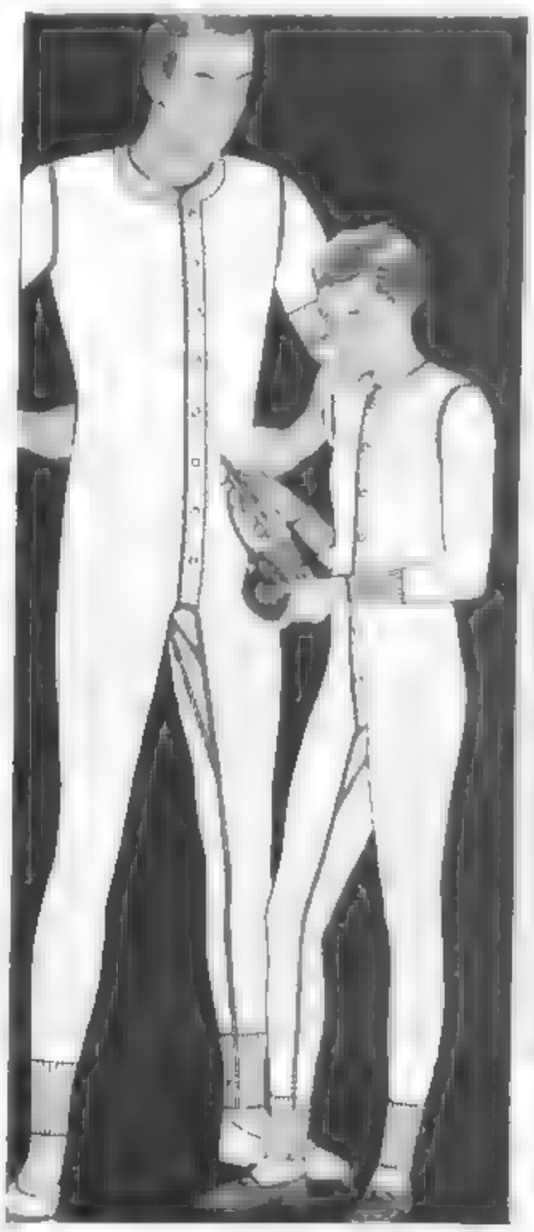

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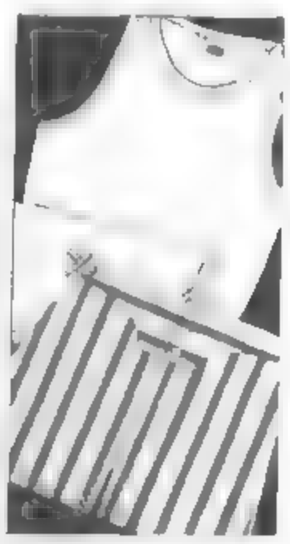

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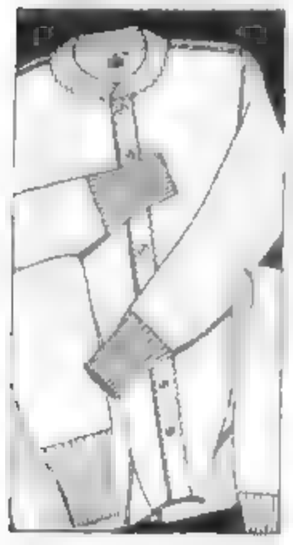

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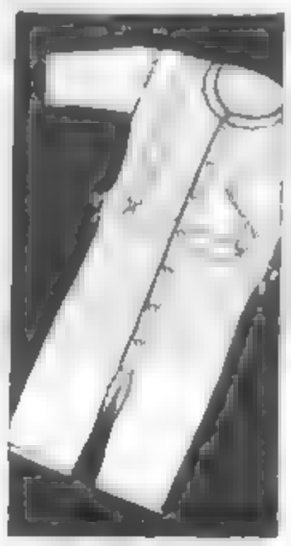

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FOR MEN AND BOYS FOR EVERY SEASON

HANES

Continued from Page 140

"They count on that," he said quietly. "They expect you to break, sooner or later." He eyed her sharply

"But they know nothing!" she muttered, improvising as she spoke. "Why endow them with a superlative intuition?"

"You need to steel yourself," he counseled. "They have already been out West, looking me up. They have found just what we planned they should find—that I am a harum-scarum young fellow, a devil among women, and so on. I haven't been home much, in the last five years, but there are plenty of reputable men in town who would identify me as Rising. I am Rising. Who else could I be? That rather puzzles them—Parr, I mean." He gave a sardonic smile to the mirror. "Sit tight!" he cautioned darkly. "They'll be playing their last card before long."

"What is that?" she gasped, her hands flying to her throat.

"They'll give you a chance to betray me," he said with a suddenly hardened gaze.

"Never," she breathed

"Don't be too easy with your 'never' and 'forever,'" he said. "In an ultimate emergency ——"

"Do you deliberately torture me?" she moaned. She kept on playing, nevertheless.

"No. I am preparing you for any contingency. You say you are tired of being poor. Well, so am I. And we won't be poor much longer. But I want you to know what you have to go through. I say don't be too free with your 'never' and 'forever.' What you might do in the security of your own drawing-room is very different from what you might do under other conditions. What if I had left you for another woman?"

"But you wouldn't!" The hands crashed into a sudden dissonance.

"No, I wouldn't. They have skillful ways of making it appear that I would—to seem actually to show me to you in the arms of another. They count on jealousy, not on love. What would you do? Would you squeal? Would you say, 'No, he isn't dead and buried! There he stands!' Would you do that?"

She said, in a low tone of utter despondency: "If I saw you with another woman in your arms, yes."

He arose to go. He indulged in a little gesture, sardonically egotistical. He had carried his point, no matter how terrible.

"No one, without being forever on guard, is a match for the police," he said. He was drawing on a glove. "Be armed! You are not going to see me for some time," he went on easily. "I think it well not to seem too assiduous. I won't be far away. If anything goes wrong or seems to impend I will be the first to know it."

"Sometimes, if I could merely see you just to be sure that you are all right! Anything might happen," she whispered breathlessly, terrified at the thought of his leaving her again for no one knew how long.

"That's fair," he conceded. He seemed to weigh a confidence. "I will confess something to you," he said. "I have to be near at hand, where I can keep watch. At the same time I have to be inconspicuous. The safest place to hide," he went on, with his odd smile at his own image in the mirror, "is in the very arms of the police. I am a taxi driver!" he explained, and at her sudden look of amazement his fingers pressed her arm warningly. "The police are my patron saints! They license me; they affix my portrait to my ticket; they vouch for me to my patrons; my permit is signed by the commissioner himself." The smile deepened. "I arranged it months ago, before—before I became famous."

A little shiver ran through her. Sometimes she wondered about him; he was like one fascinated, possessed.

"I cruise, nights," he was saying. "Early in the evening I park at the Lexington Avenue corner. You pass that way usually. I think it improbable that you would recognize me. It would be too dangerous to give you a sign. Whatever happens, never approach!"

He moved toward the door, and she hurried after him

"If I could only take you in my ——" she began convulsively

"Hush!" he commanded under his breath, with a terrible look. He pointed to the eavesdropping box. Standing over it, he bent over her hand, saying with elaborate courtesy:

"You are behaving so magnificently in what to most of us, I am afraid, would prove an intolerable situation! You are dominating the circumstances with such calm and courage that any help we have to offer would seem superfluous."

The young targetman was coming down the stairs, holding his staff like a petard. As he surprised this little scene he picked up his instrument case and, with a word of thanks, went out. The afternoon caller followed immediately on his heels.

III

"IT'S odd, how values change," said the happy bridegroom as he wrapped the carriage rugs about her. "I mean, when put to the actual test. Things on paper look shockproof. You can allow, so you think, the proper plus-and-minus tolerance for every eventuality. But only by actual trial -under field conditions, as an engineer would say can you detect the weak point."

He settled back comfortably in the broad carriage. They were driving along a narrow road that skirted a precipice at the foot of which boiled a soapy stream. Snow peaks looked down on them. On a little footbridge crossing the chasm an old pink sow and her little ones gazed up at them with humorous snouts.

"Actually, the most difficult thing we had to resist was each other," he said, laughing.

"And to endure time!" she replied, nodding.

"There were moments, I admit, when I was on the point of letting my Spartan resolve go to pot," he said. "There was always the temptation to yield to the sense of security, which every instinct told me could very well be false. I think probably we attributed to our friend Parr a little more genius than he actually does possess."

She laid her fingers lightly on his lips. That name, all reference to that personage, was prohibited now.

"You thought me hard and cold," he went on. He laughed. "It was only sheer fortitude that carried me through. I never knew I possessed that stoical quality."

He was watching her closely as he spoke. The thought came to him, as he studied the shades of understanding that came and went in her sensitive face, that she was not the beautiful woman she had been, never would be again.

"I thought it best to go to Kandersteg by carriage," he explained. "To get away from all those people at the hotel. We can make connections with the express there."

They were at a little watering place at the end of the railroad in the Kander valley, where the lesser mountain climbers go. He had found her there by chance—or so, at least, it seemed to her tourist friends, with whom she had become intimate during these last few months at the hotel. They all knew her unhappy history, and the chance coming of this handsome young American, Rising—who had been her boyhood sweetheart—promised a real romance. It was with some difficulty, only after he had enlisted the help of some of her new traveling friends, that he had finally prevailed on her. The wedding had taken place at the little English church in the village. There was no occasion for word of it to be cabled home as news now, as this valley was so remote from news centers. The event would pass unnoticed. Later, when his business took him back, there would be the disagreeable rehashing of her history in the newspapers, but time would minimize that too.

"I've taken a villa at Como," he said. "Fortunately, there will be some people from home there, and that will make it easier for you."

Continued on Page 145

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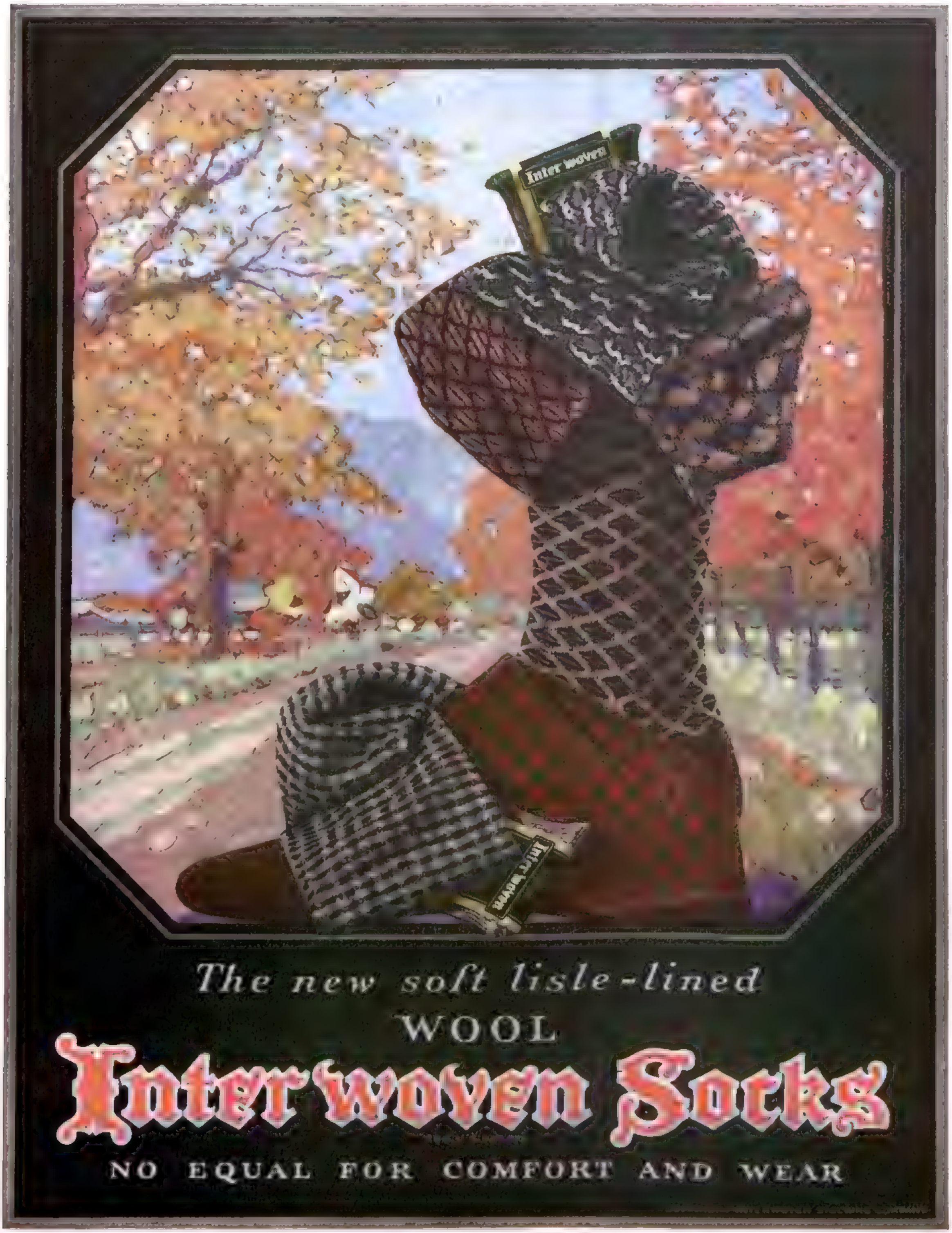
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NO EQUAL FOR COMFORT AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 142)

"Everything is easy now," she sighed. She nestled close. "You don't know what the wait has cost, especially these last few months, when nothing—nothing happened!" That surveillance had been finally lifted so gradually that she never could be quite sure it was gone.

They had a half-hour wait for the express connection. The depot functionary, with a very natural suspicion of all Americans, consulted their tickets and summoned a brass-bound superior, who summoned others; and they all marched pompously with them to the train and threw open the door of their compartment with jackknife bows. Force of habit caused the bridegroom to examine the interior before entering. It held only two passengers, one an official of some sort—to judge by his gold braid—and the other a traveling American from his shoes—who was reading an ancient New York paper.

At sound of their entrance the American looked up. It was Morel. The door shut behind them and the train moved. Wilkes, with a sudden rush of blood to the temples that seemed to bring him to the very verge of a stroke, was aware that a little group of depot attendants—who probably knew what it all was about—were running alongside, peering in. But the accelerating speed of the train soon left them behind. The official with the gold lace rose and took some papers from a pocket. He bowed, first to madame, then to monsieur. He said, in an English tinged with French, German and Italian:

"M'sieu', madame, it is my painful duty to inform you that you are under arrest. This gentleman, as I see you recognize, is M'sieu' Morel of the New York police. Before the proper authorities he is prepared to make the necessary representations looking to your extradition on the charge of murder. I am Ferrand of the Swiss police."

There was a ghastly silence. Morel looked up from his paper as if he were a mere outsider. The bridal pair stood frozen.

"My name is Rising, inspector," said the bridegroom, clearing his throat and speaking with a great effort. He pressed the arm of the woman, who gave no sign beyond a waxy pallor. "This is my wife," he said. "We have just been married."

"That is correct," said the inspector, reading from his documents. "The name is Thomas Rising, alias Barron Wilkes. You are charged with the murder of one Samuel Herden, a musician, of Gary, Indiana."

It was evident the man was not prepared to withstand the impact of that identification. It was the name of the man found on the sand of Box Inlet with a deficiency of salt in his left ventricle. He trembled violently. He put out a hand to support himself. The woman shrank against him, staring wide-eyed.

"I never heard of him—this—what is the name—Merden—Herden? I've—I've never been to Gary, Indiana." His words came wildly; he made an effort to get a hold of himself again. "We are on our way to Como; there are people there who can identify me from—from childhood. . . . Who is this Barron ——"

Morel looked up from his reading.

"It's no use, Wilkes," he said quietly, in a not unfriendly tone. "Better not try to say anything just now."

Morel resumed his paper. The trapped pair sank down, fell back against the cushions, their fingers interlaced. The train sped on, faster and faster. From time to time the woman closed her eyes and put back her head, a habitual gesture with her. The dignitary of police turned the crisp leaves of the *dossier* he held, going back to reread a line or a page occasionally. Concluding his perusal, he folded the *dossier* into a flat package, snapped a rubber band on it and put it away. He turned and looked curiously at the pair in the corner. His moody eyes passed from them and, traveling about the compartment, finally lit on Morel, and he moved over beside him. Speaking with the careful intonation of one used in the delivery of those Chinese courtesies of speech that serve so well for any occasion, he said:

"M'sieu', permit me to felicitate you, and through you your distinguished colleagues, on the successful termination of one of the most remarkable and difficult cases in my knowledge. You are a young people, burdened with problems of police in the solution of which our experience and our archives, going back for centuries, can suggest no help. Accept, I beg, this expression of my admiration for what you have succeeded so brilliantly in accomplishing, as most heartfelt and sincere."

Morel, something of a Chinaman himself on occasions, laid aside his paper and cogitated for a moment before replying.

"I am afraid," he said, "you do us the honor to exaggerate a little in your praise of our cleverness. We, in our country, are only beginning where you over here left off a hundred years ago. Our methods are crude, compared with your finished masterpieces. In the matter of this identification of the drowned man, which, after all, is the crux of the case, we merely applied your time-tested theories. The horny finger tips indicated the dead man's calling; the residuum in the ear wax revealed his habitat."

"I thank you, m'sieu', for myself and my colleagues," said the functionary. He rubbed his chin through his beard. "Yet your dead man has lain buried under another man's name for a year," he interposed.

"Yes," agreed the American. "Fortunately for our purpose, he was one of those obscure, unknown persons with no one to mourn him. In fact, except for a poor widow who inquired because he owed her room rent, we might have, even then, failed to identify him."

The functionary hovered over a phrase.

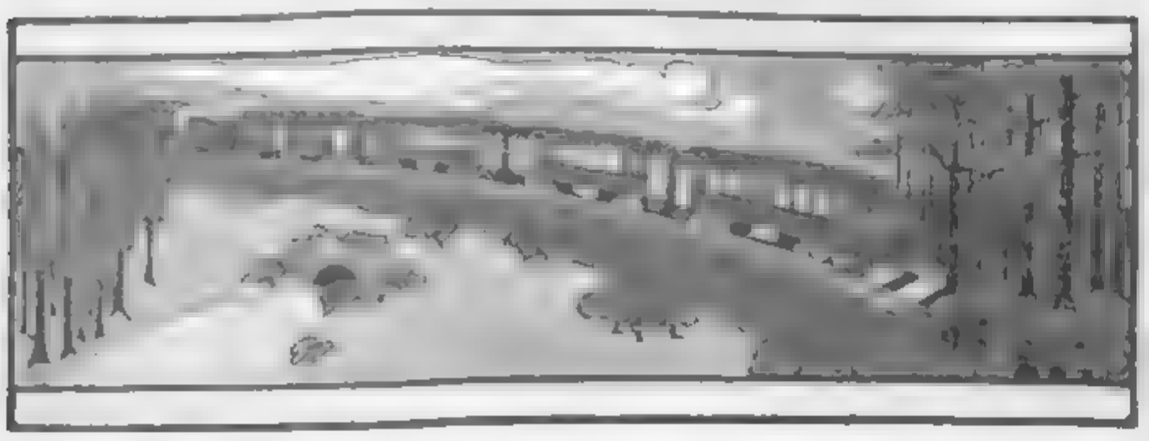
"Pardon me, m'sieu'," he said. "You say 'fortunately for your purpose.' What was your purpose, if I may ask? As I read your so admirable *dossier*, the mystery of the murder was solved completely on the very day the body was found. Within three days you had identified the dead man. Why did you wait one year—until, in fact, this very day, m'sieu'—to make the arrest?"

Morel, before replying, examined the pair in the corner. They were oblivious to everything.

"She was equally guilty," he said, close to the police official's ear. "But we could not prove it to a jury! We had no choice but to wait until she had completed her part by accepting the insurance money and marrying him again. When she did that, we stood ready—with the bracelets for a wedding gift."

"Ah!" gasped the Swiss explosively, touching his wrist significantly. "*À mettre les menottes!*"

The train, with a warning scream, suddenly plunged into the gloom of a tunnel. At the next stop they would change to the northbound express for Bern.



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THE BUSINESS BOGEYMAN

(Continued from Page 29

was a marionette and the author pulled the wires which made him dance—awkwardly—and make love—distastefully—and do business—dishonestly—and the author supplied the voice which made him speak—stupidly—and sing—Rotarian songs—and deliver addresses—full of hypocrisy. As everyone knows who has seen a Punch-and-Judy show, there are moments when the little wired figures seem more real than life itself, but in spite of Victor Herbert's old song, no one marries a marionette. The wired man is very animated, but he hasn't a soul. He is busy enough, he looks like a business man, but he is not a man—a human being—who happens to be engaged in business.

I suggest that the business man has been a sort of whipping boy on whose bloody, but unbowed, shoulders a number of blows have fallen because he happened to be the most conspicuous and the most available figure. Angry novels appeared in England and France after the war precisely as they did in America, but there the typical figures were different. The novelists were almost as venomous, but they took their bitterness out on other scapegoats. In England the notorious type was the powerful newspaper proprietor, and Rose Macauley, Arnold Bennett and W. L. George, among others, used a Northcliffian figure as a medium for social criticism.

In France the politician served the same purpose. The novelists of each country took a prominent type, an easily recognized figure, because they did not want to bother with the human being underneath; what they wanted was to work off a specific amount of dislike and criticism and anger and disillusion. The excess hatred which overflowed when the war came to an end had to be turned against someone. Those who could keep alive their war emotions cherished the old enemy, the Hun; conservatives gave first place to the Reds; and Reds and artists chose the dominant type in their several countries—in America, the business man.

The career of that figure—the business man in fiction—is amusing. For nearly two generations he was a hero; then he became a black villain; from that he changed to a worshipful idol; and now he appears as a social outcast, a hypocrite and a fool. He is, in all these phases, seldom a good business man and almost never a human being. The novelists had to use him—because for fifty years he has been the mastering type of American—but they were dazzled by him or afraid of him. They used him, but they made very few efforts to understand him.

Set Off to Advantage

The result is that the American business man in fiction is a queer and unreal creature. Considering the circumstance that since the 1870's he has abounded in our novels, he remains remarkably shadowy. We know all about him, but we never know him. The novelists have either been dazzled by his power and adored him, or been afraid of his power and reviled him. Give them a priest or a poet or a pioneer to render in a book, and they do it not only with accuracy but with penetration. Give them a business man and they dress him perfectly and shower him with flowers or brickbats and then pretend he is alive.

To gain a perspective on the recent bitterness about the industrial and commercial American, one has only to look back a few years and see how he has been treated by earlier American writers. The first thing that comes to mind is that the novelist was ignorant of his character either as a man of business or as a human being—sometimes he was ignorant of both. The next thing is that the novelist used the figure of the business man for his own purposes. And the third thing is that every decade or so a new style of business fiction was set and the great majority of writers meekly followed the style.

As for ignorance, the obvious example is Henry James. At the beginning and at the end of his life James wrote a novel about a retired American business man. The first one—The American—appeared in 1877, and the central figure is very little short of a saint. Yet the late 1870's were the years in which American business men were effecting those combines and consolidations which were to appear in fiction a generation later as corrupt and antisocial. James' early American is naïve and childlike. He goes to France and his simplicity and kindliness are sympathetically shown in contrast to the rapacious greed and decadence of the French nobility. Whereas in the 1920's, when an American business man goes abroad, he is made to appear ill-bred and full of guile and wickedness. About James' second American business man all we need to know is that in the whole book James never once mentions or describes the object his hero is supposed to be manufacturing; it is dismissed as a small article of domestic utility, and the chances are that the author himself never decided what the article was.

The Heartless Victim

The next significant appearance of the business man is in the figure of Silas Lapham. He is one of the exceptions—although we know little of him as a man of business, we do know him as a man. But he is used chiefly as a stick to beat the cold, snobbish Boston society which refused to accept him on his merits as a man and demanded family and social graces. Forty years later the crude untutored business man in society became an object of derision; in The Rise of Silas Lapham, Howells gave him all the sympathy in the world. The same thing was true in Harry Leon Wilson's great success, The Spenders, where the same ingredients in different proportions came to a similar end. His business man was not a manufacturer, but a prospector and mine owner; his family tried to make headway in the social sea of New York, instead of Boston, and society was not cold, but corrupt. Again society is the villain and the simple-hearted business man is the hero. In the 1890's, Babbitt would have been held up as an ideal character in contrast to the Smart Alecks of New York and shoddy noblemen from Europe, and the heartburnings of Carol Kennicott because she couldn't make Main Street as arty as a tea shop would have been set down for the purposes of laughter alone.

In the time of the muck rake, the business man figured as the partner of the political boss, and they shared the loot of the cities and the center of attention in fiction. The business man was the enemy of society—and again time's revenges are very pretty, because twenty years later the business man is reviled for precisely the opposite reason. The fact that he goes to church, respects the flag, and votes the straight Republican ticket is part of the jeering condemnation of the modern business man. The criminal business man of the 1900's was put in the pillory because he refused to believe in Roosevelt; the fat-headed business man is ridiculed today because he does believe in Hoover. There's no pleasing these novelists.

Oddly enough, Frank Norris, who created the spectacular plunger in The Pit, refused to follow the style in business men and took the trouble to think for himself. In his earlier and better novel, The Octopus, he brings this poetic liberal face to face with the president of the railroad which has crushed the wheat growers of the California valley, ruined their crops, stolen their land, and even shot them down. According to the pattern of the time, the head of the Octopus should have been cruel and malignant and violent. Instead, Norris lets the president explain, without hypocrisy and with profound logic, that he himself is a victim of the railroad. He does not say that cruel and murderous things have not been done. He says only that there are forces greater than the farmers or the road, and that these blind forces, creating the continent, demanding the wheat, forcing the railroad to smash its way through, are as indifferent to the individuals who profit as they are to those who are ruined. It is one of the few independent and penetrating things said about American business—and it was said by a man who hated the brutality and corruption of business as much as anyone ever did.

But in the era of The Shame of the Cities the novelist needed to paint his business man black as Satan, and did so. The result was that, like Satan in Paradise Lost, he ran away with the show, he became far more interesting than the wishy-washy district attorney who married the heroine, and a reaction set in. The business man was announced as a prince, a captain, and a king. He was, of course, only a prince of dollars, a captain of industry, and a king of finance, but the royal and military attributes were draped handsomely over his shoulders, and rulers of kings in the shape of American potentates hobnobbed with the Kaiser and married their sons to Hungarian princesses. The business man was being glorified. He sat in great offices—before the days of being in conference—and threw railroads across desolate Siberia, financed a revolution here or stopped one there, argued down radical agitators and won the strikers over by his good will and personality, and was possessed of large ideas, world vision, supreme mastery.

The bigger they are, the harder some people work to make them fall. After the war the idolized business man was put under the small end of the telescope and shrank amazingly; as soon as the novelists made him small enough they began to pelt him. They had to get him fairly low in the scale before they felt at ease in his company, so they deserted the railroad president and the international financier, and picked on the moderately successful man of affairs, the prosperous manufacturer, the active salesman, the real-estate man in a middle-sized town.

The vast endeavors of postwar business, the realignment of the scientist, the technician and the industrialist did not move the writer of fiction; the great rivalry for raw materials and for markets was left to writers of detective stories and socialist pamphleteers; the restoration of Germany—a huge financial and industrial and political manipulation in which American business men figured with some prominence—called forth no novels. The writer wanted his business man small for a very good reason: He wanted to examine his table manners!

Portrait of a Business Man

He made a good job of it. A Russian peasant, totally unacquainted with America except through contemporary novels, would recognize the American business man by the fountain pens on his desk and the push buttons, by the go-getting letters he dictated, by the whole ritual of his office life; he would recognize him by his remarks about prohibition and golf and art; he would know where the business man went to luncheon and what he ate and what he said about the service; he would know in advance the entire conversation about motor cars and fishing. He might even be prepared for a moderately shady story, and if he eavesdropped at the man's home, he would know in advance what complaints would be addressed to the wife or the daughter, what jokes made about the food, what stations turned to on the radio, what guests were expected, and why. The Russian peasant would also know that in every

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one of these attitudes, the American business man was somehow ridiculous or despicable. The one thing he would not be prepared for is the human being behind all these surfaces.

And if the Russian asked, "Were American business men always so contemptible socially?" the answer would have to be no. The small-town banker and horse dealer, David Harum, was respected not only by his familiars but by his author, and David Harum not only was awkward in a dinner jacket but got a lot of fun out of people who were serious about their clothes. He jeered at breakfast in bed, the theory and practice of valets, and the high-flown conversation of society. The Self-made Merchant who wrote letters to his son at the turn of the century was in big business, but he held to his contact with the rustic background which, twenty years later, was an object of ridicule. He warned his son against the seductions of golf because it interfered with business; today the critic laughs at the business man because he plays golf and doesn't let it interfere with business. The Self-made Merchant advised his son to eat, think and dream hog; today the business man is called narrow-minded if he talks about his business while other people are repeating the chatter of the art studios, and is called pretentious if he talks about politics or economics or art.

If the Russian further asked whether the American business man was always considered a hypocrite, the answer would also be no. There used to be an ideal code for business men the Self-made Merchant expressed it when he advised his son to find something good in the man just above him and also in the man just below him. Manufacturers and financiers and department-store owners were supposed to believe in mutual aid, in pulling together, in working for the general good. Today these sentiments are put down as hypocrisy in the man on top and slavishness in the man underneath. If the typical business man of today utters a lofty sentiment, it is immediately followed by a secret bit of chicanery or corruption.

Changing Styles in Fiction Heroes

The old business man was criticized for what he did, the new one is under fire for what he is socially. His intelligence and his breeding and his morality are all debunked, and he is shown as the enemy of decency, the destroyer of beauty, the man who reduces all lovely things to the terms of money.

Naturally, Booth Tarkington grew tired of this constant vituperation and, like Frank Norris before him, took an independent look at the business man, calling him The Plutocrat. He brought in a representative of culture—a young man who was so superior that he might almost have been a novelist himself—to despise the business man. And then, with an ironic stroke, he introduced the fine flavor of European civilization to worship the plutocrat and to discover that with all his lack of culture, with all his contempt for art, with all his deficiency in social grace, the American business man was a conqueror, a Roman emperor, throwing his legions—not of soldiers, but of workers—into action to subdue and civilize. A few years later, when Sinclair Lewis was ready to take his business man to Europe, he had to modify him. He couldn't accept the Tarkington formula, but he couldn't stick to his own. He called his man Dodsworth, not Babbitt. He let Dodsworth spurn a few phony Europeans and made rather a fool of Mrs. Dodsworth, who adored Europe. The fact is that Dodsworth is essentially Babbitt and his wife essentially Carol Kennicott; the only thing that has changed is the style.

Styles in clothes and styles in slang and styles in business have to change, but there is very little change in styles of human beings and the reason the business man changed every ten years or so is that he wasn't essentially real to begin with. The American novelist who did not know him wrote as if he were a monstrous apparition, too great or too wicked or too stupid for human life. Their fury and excitement might have been checked if they had remembered that they were only repeating what Balzac had done nearly a century before. After the Napoleonic epic and far into the Second and Third Empires, France was caught in a tremendous sea of financial and industrial exploitation, and the novelists, notably Balzac and Zola, faithfully reacted. The master of men and the scoundrel promoter, both so dear to American drama, run through a hundred years of the French theater. The "typical American, so engrossed in business that he neglects his wife" is a stock figure, as a Frenchman, in the amorous triangle plays of the French. Even the showy braggart salesman, the go-getter, appears as early as 1833.

If the American writer had felt that he was dealing with a human being, as that human being had existed in fact and in fiction for several generations, he might have made his business man complete inwardly as well as on the surface. He might have assisted in the profound change which has to come over the spirit of business in a changing world. Actually, by concentrating on the surface, he has only helped to change incidentals. If fifty years from now, Rotary has given way to something else, he may pride himself on having killed the Rotary spirit. But he will hardly be able to say that he created a new spirit.

Saved by a Sense of Humor

The fact is he hasn't been creative—which means he has fallen down on the first and essential job of the novelist. In his enormous trilogy of The Titan, The Financier and The Genius, Dreiser has put down all the facts about the American business man—following the career of a famous promoter with accuracy in every detail—and left him as unreal as he would appear at the end of a tedious obituary notice. Yet, whatever his faults may be, the business man, like most other human beings, is alive. It is too late to go on reviling the American business man and a little too early to start glorifying him again. The question remaining is what type will now step into fiction, replacing the types of the past. That the business man will reappear is certain, because he can't be kept out of any complete account of America. Even in our murder mysteries we use the retired millionaire as a victim, instead of the duke or prime minister who appears in the European variety.

The novelty would be a business man whom business men recognized as true to themselves. The defect of all the angry novels was that they overreached themselves; they were so anxious to make the reader hate their characters that their characters refused to come alive, and the business man who read satiric accounts of himself shrugged his shoulders and laughed. At most, he winced a little when something peculiarly accurate got home. But on the whole he bore the attack well enough; his sense of humor—denied to him by the novelists—was sufficient to let him smile while his attacker remained grim and bitter.

The business man himself knew that he was neither so noble nor so ignoble as the writers made him appear. He was aware of the bunk in his business. He checked the go-getter and the high-pressure man and the apostle of service—for publicity only—much faster than the writers checked the similar nuisances in their own trade. He had no means of answering the attack, because he was, after all, a business man, not a writer, and the attack didn't matter. It left his business prosperous and it never touched his soul.

Perhaps that is what the novelty of the next style will be—a business man who is as fully equipped internally as externally, who can be put into a book with as little idolatry and as little rancor as any other person. After some fifty years in fiction, it might occur to someone that, in spite of his business, he is a man.

THE LAST GLADIATOR

(Continued from Page 37)

quantities of gold in the prize-fight business. He inherited his pugnacity and his frame from Irish parentage, and also the euphonious name of Muldoon, which since has been associated with physical solidity.

Before he was seventeen young William A. Muldoon marched south with a regiment in the Union Army. One of his memories of this is seeing Gen. Phil Sheridan ride up to Winchester. One of his achievements during those days was the invention of the shower bath, or the principle of the shower bath, which fact alone should entitle him to a monument or other public recognition. The first shower bath, as described by Muldoon, was a bucket through which holes had been bored.

Sports in the War of the Rebellion were not so varied as they have been with subsequent American armies. Maj. Abner Doubleday, from Cooperstown, New York, introduced baseball; while Lieut. William Muldoon popularized the ancient sport of wrestling in a section of the Union Army.

After the war the white lights of New York attracted the young Muldoon. The first white lights were at Harry Hill's saloon and amusement hall. Electric lights then were new, and this Tex Rickard of the 70's had them installed in his place, so that it came to be known as Harry Hill's Electric Light Hall.

Young William Muldoon became a fixture at this place, for there were gathered the "gentlemen of the fancy." There he found opportunity to do some congenial work; for at Hill's the sporting fraternity always was willing to contribute for exhibitions of boxing and wrestling.

For a four-round bout the proprietor would contribute a purse as large as five dollars—three for the winner and two for the loser. It was much easier for the solid young Muldoon than doing odd jobs, for he had no trade. He was so successful at these odd jobs that he was put on the pay roll regularly at Hill's as a fighter and a wrestler. They gave him the magnificent guaranty of fifteen dollars a week.

One of the prominent figures at Hill's in those days was Jem Mace, champion once under the London prize-ring rules of Broughton. Richard K. Fox, of the Police Gazette, the arbiter of all professional sports, was a frequenter of the place. There all the matches were made and all matters concerning pugilism or wrestling were settled.

There are no record books to show Muldoon's progress in boxing and wrestling at this period. It became evident that he was a better wrestler than boxer, and he specialized in this work. Even at that age, Muldoon exercised the same physical self-discipline that he does today.

He Had to be Good

On nights off from his wrestling with all comers at Harry Hill's, Muldoon wrestled with the rudiments of an education at the Cooper Union night school. He had won the preliminary rounds when adventure and opportunity called him. He started trouping with Hallen and Hart's Variety Show.

In this troupe Muldoon's act was to challenge any man in the house to wrestle with him. The terms were that the person accepting the challenge was to be paid twenty dollars a minute for every minute that he lasted over five.

It will be seen from this that few lasted with the Solid Man. The assets of the Hallen and Hart show were not so ample that they could pay Tom, Dick and Harry twenty dollars a minute for grappling with William Muldoon. Of course the cynics will insist that the opponents were hand-picked, but they will not maintain that in the presence of Muldoon.

Concurrently with his first attempt to assist in the elevation of the drama with something moral and inspiring, Muldoon obtained a more impressive and more lucrative position in New York. He was made a member of the police force and served on it for five years.

The departmental records show that Muldoon was a model and efficient policeman. He had little trouble on his beat, for the reputation of the Solid Man was established. Evildoers shunned the vicinity of the streets that were patrolled in stately fashion by Muldoon.

When it was necessary for him to make an arrest—which was seldom—Muldoon would gather the peace disturbers by the armful and proceed with them to the station house. But there were wider fields ahead for this young policeman.

On January 19, 1880, William A. Muldoon met Thebaud Bauer, the Greco-Roman wrestling champion, and Muldoon won the match. Immediately there appeared on the first page of the Police Gazette a picture of Muldoon, with folded arms and an ornate belt, as champion of the world.

They took their wrestling seriously in those days, and to be Greco-Roman wrestling champion of the world was something, though it did not mean a great deal financially. Probably Muldoon received only a few hundred dollars for this feat, but he was a champion, and in his favorite sport.

Meeting His Match

In picking his early vocation, Muldoon chose wisely. Prize fighters die young and theirs is a nervous and precarious existence. Wrestlers, to a large extent, live to a ripe old age. Today, for instance, there is Stanislaus Zbyszko, the elder, who held the title of heavyweight wrestling champion of the world when he was old enough to be somebody's grandfather; and it was wrestling that played a great part in building up the wonderful physique that is still the Solid Man's.

After winning the championship, Muldoon rested a while on his laurels, though today he is the member of the New York State Boxing Commission who insisted most strenuously that a champion should be forced to defend his title once every six months. But there were sports writers on the Police Gazette and other journals of the period who would let no champion rest on his laurels, no matter how hard won they were.

William Miller hurled challenge after challenge at Muldoon, and the all-powerful Police Gazette began to get annoying. Muldoon finally accepted the challenge and it was announced that the champion would go into training immediately; which sounds strange, for Muldoon has been in training all his life and will continue in training to the end.

One of Muldoon's stunts in training for this bout was to swim around Blackwell's Island at night, starting from a resort called Rhinehurst, at Fifty-fifth Street on the East River. Muldoon, always an abstemious man, was forced to do his training at resorts with bars; for these were the only resorts open to professional athletes then, and the only places where the "gentlemen of the fancy" could see him and judge of his condition.

The bout with Miller was an epic affair. There was a crowd of two thousand present, a record for the period for paid admissions to a wrestling bout. The thing started at 8:45 in the evening. At 3:20 the next morning it was still going. Miller could not budge the Solid Man into the required horizontal position, with both shoulders touching the mat, and it began to be apparent to the sleepy crowd that the Solid Man could not throw Miller.

It might have proceeded indefinitely until one or both reached a state of complete exhaustion as they lay straining on the mat. But there was a commotion from the rear. The proprietor of the hall announced that

For the Man who Cares

YOU'LL go farther in FLORSHEIMS! Farther in miles—because they are so comfortable. Farther in months—because they are built for long wear farther towards success—because their style puts you in step with the leaders.

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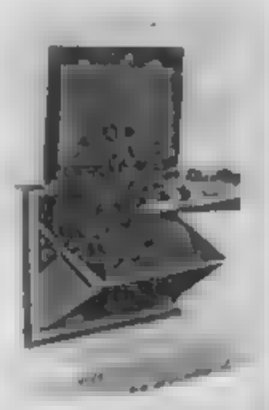
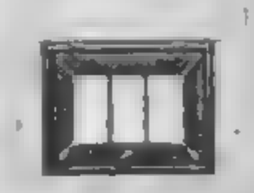


A Majestic gives necessary protection when coal or wood is delivered



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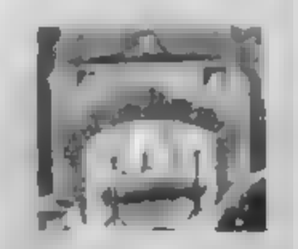

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The heart of a really efficient heating system—The Master Majestic Down Draft Furnace.

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—for coal or coke burning, warm air, hot water or steam heating plants.

Now . . . $48 gives you the same automatic heat control over your furnace that homes using oil burners have. And it gives you this with the economy of the fuel you now use.

Doctors will tell you that 68° to 70° is the healthful home temperature . . . that most homes are kept *too warm for health*. Overheated homes cause most winter illness.

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It costs less than a penny a day for electricity to operate and it saves you fuel money and doctor bills. Thousands are in use saving their owners money each year. It is trouble proof—fool proof—nothing to get out of order. It is guaranteed by this 40 year old firm.

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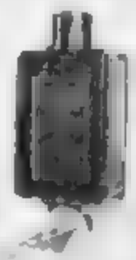

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unless he had a cash guaranty for the gaslights necessary to continue the bout, he would summon the police to have it called off. Already they had consumed more gas than the rental of the hall warranted.

An effort was made to pass the hat to collect the gas money, but by this time the crowd was fed up on the bout. The backers of neither wrestler would come forward. After a hasty conference of the backers and the referee, it was agreed to call the bout a draw. Muldoon retained the championship.

There was another epic bout with Clarence Whistler, who was known as the Kansas Demon. This lasted for several hours; but, after it was seen that the spectators who had come to be thrilled were falling asleep, it was called a draw. Gaslight was too expensive to continue a wrestling match of the period to the conclusion. They met again three years later, and after four hours Whistler was forced to resign. Muldoon, in hurling him to the mat, broke his adversary's collar bone.

Once more they met and again they wrestled to a draw. There was no demand for a return match, and if there had been, Muldoon probably would have paid no heed. He was hearing a far more inspiring call from the stage.

At the time Helena Modjeska was playing Shakspere with Maurice Barrymore. As You Like It was part of the repertoire. A Belasco of the period suggested that realism and a box-office attraction would be added if William A. Muldoon, the champion of all champion wrestlers, could be induced to play Charles, a wrestler. It was an easy part, but the earnest Muldoon might have mastered a more difficult one. Madame Modjeska is authority for this.

The life of the trouper seemed to give the Solid Man considerable ego satisfaction. He reveled in it, though it irked him no little to be forced to fake a wrestling match night after night. There was always the temptation to add a touch of realism that would have been fatal to the plot. One of the wistful memories of the Solid Man of his life on the stage is about one night when Georgie Drew handed him a tiny bundle of clothing, saying, "Here, Mul; hold this a minute." The little bundle stirred. It was Ethel Barrymore.

But it was in the Spartacus drama that the Solid Man scored most effectively in a histrionic way. He entered with stately tread at the command to "Bring on the gladiators," and died impressively after some magnificent Roman short-sword play with Robert Downing. It is the picture of himself as the gladiator, with folded arms, defying the Roman populace and the world in general that Muldoon prizes most. This he gave to Tex Rickard to hang in the lobby of the new Madison Square Garden so that all of the cauliflower-eared world might see.

Anyone in the House

In the meantime Muldoon was building Olympia. This has come to be known also as Muldoon's Farm.

The late Chauncey Depew was one of Muldoon's patients. Elihu Root, when he was Secretary of State under Theodore Roosevelt, an admirer of Muldoon, suffered a sudden nervous break. They bundled him off on the presidential yacht, the Mayflower, and took him in the night to Olympia, where he underwent the course and came out remade.

Exercise is a rite with the Solid Man and robust health is his religion. He is a martinet with his disciples, but he is serene in the conviction that it is for their own good.

It was while Muldoon was at the head of his own company of troupers that he first saw the Boston Strong Boy, John L. Sullivan. The entertainment was billed as Muldoon's Athletic and Variety Show. The manager and leading man strayed to a Boston hall where John Lawrence Sullivan was to fight a gladiator, who became discreet at the last moment and failed to appear for the meeting.

The Boston Strong Boy was bellowing his splendid defiance: "I can whip any man in the house." Muldoon listened quietly, and as he gazed at the Herculean form of John L. Sullivan he was impressed. He had himself presented to the young giant and had his address with him when he returned to New York.

There he told Harry Hill of the new gladiator, but it seems that the experts of those days were quite as cold toward a newcomer as are the experts of today. Jeffries once was hailed as the "human punching bag." Jack Dempsey, on his first appearance in New York, was branded as a "palooka."

Boston Strong Boy Makes Good

But Muldoon was determined. He raised fifty dollars, which was a considerable sum in those days, though ridiculous in comparison to the fifty-thousand-dollar guaranties that are offered so airily today. Also he sent John Lawrence Sullivan the fare to come to New York. The first appearance of Sullivan in New York was entirely engineered by William A. Muldoon, who felt, no doubt, that he was about to do humanity a great service by revealing the champion of champions.

To the Solid Man a heavyweight champion was the noblest work of his Creator and would serve as a model and an example to the young manhood of the land. And certainly those searching blue eyes could pick the lines of a champion.

The notice was posted in Hill's that the Boston Strong Boy would fight any challenger for the purse of fifty dollars—winner to take all, naturally. It was a more polite phrasing than John L. Sullivan would have given it. He would have said, "I will whip any man in the place."

Jem Mace looked at the notice and was contemptuous of the newcomer. The meager purse was not worth his while. But at Hill's then there was a younger fighter, a friend of Mace, named Steve Taylor. Taylor needed the fifty dollars and agreed to the bout.

It was short and sanguinary. In a few rounds, Taylor, to the amazement of the habitués of Hill's, was beaten into unconsciousness. It was some time before they could bring him to, and then he was in need of a physician's care. There always is some maudlin sympathy in the quiet moments of the fight followers. Somebody brought out the fact that Taylor had a wife, and the ready hat was passed.

The first contributor was that magnificent prodigal, the Boston Strong Boy. He tossed his fifty-dollar purse into the hat, though it was all the money he had. Naturally John Lawrence Sullivan endeared himself to his crowds from that moment.

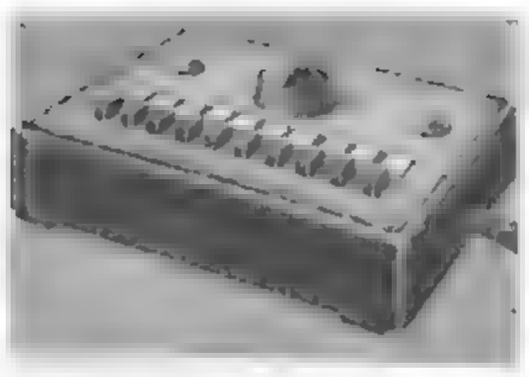
But Muldoon was disappointed with his discovery. John L. Sullivan, serenely confident in his terrific strength, walked a way entirely different from the Spartan Muldoon. He was a sybarite, and the fleshpots and the strong potations of Hill's got him. Sullivan and Muldoon, outside of the arena, did not talk the same language. This saddened Muldoon. A man who could whip anybody in the house, in his mind, should be a disciple of clean living.

Muldoon and Sullivan drifted apart. They came together again when Sullivan was matched to meet Jake Kilrain in a final bare-knuckle fight on the turf. Sullivan's friends were alarmed for him. He would not buckle down to the work of serious training. They sought out Muldoon and convinced him that it was his duty to take Sullivan and get him into condition. This was a challenge that the Solid Man, who feared nobody, not even John L. Sullivan, could not refuse.

They tell of the meeting. Muldoon, looking through Sullivan with his piercing blue eyes, said quietly, "Will you be a man, John, or will you not?"

The Sullivanic scowl blazed and Sullivan was about to bellow back a defiance, but the scowl faded under the steady gaze of Muldoon, and it is related that the great John L. Sullivan burst into tears. At any rate, he went off with Muldoon to Olympia.

(Continued on Page 153)



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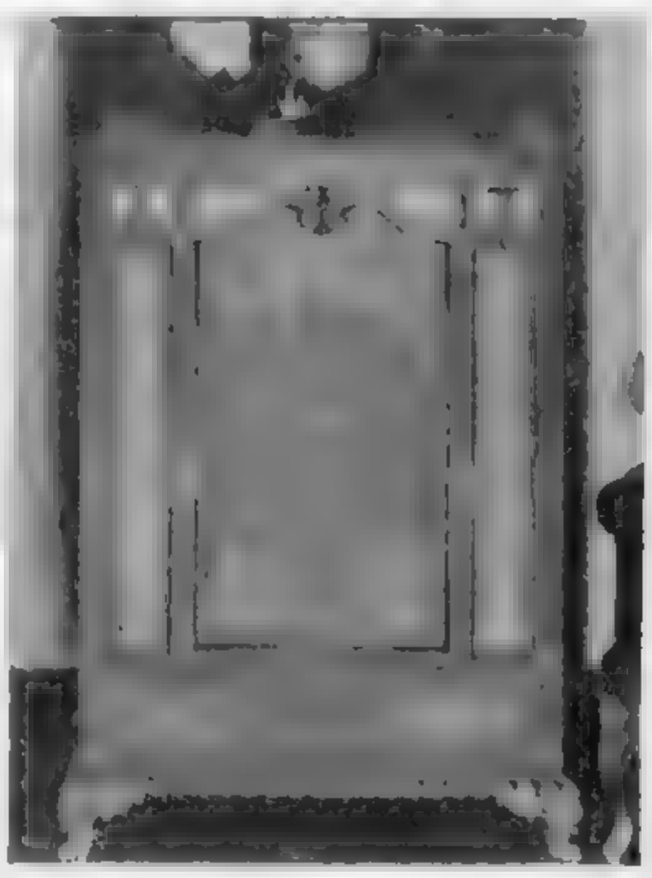

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WILL
BUILD
THEM

IT WAS the immortal Stevenson who said, "The best reward for having wrought well is to have more to do."

The men and women of America have bestowed that reward upon Buick in overwhelming measure by ordering more and more Buicks year after year throughout a quarter of a century.

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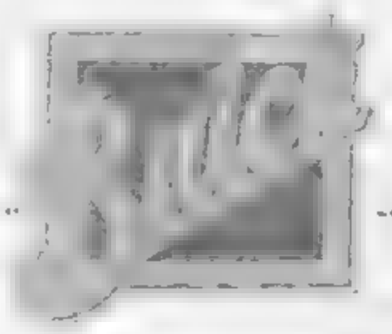
Buick owners have long re-purchased Buicks in greater volume than the total demand for any other fine car. But today they are re-purchasing Buicks with keener eagerness than ever before.

Thousands of motorists have turned each year from other cars to Buick. But today the swing to Buick is more pronounced and widespread than in any previous year.

These two groups combined have long purchased more than twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200. But today they are awarding Buick a stronger vote of preference than at any time in the past.

The motorists of America have studied the new Buick—compared it—and made up their minds that Buick has *wrought well*. And so they are calling upon Buick for a still higher percentage of America's quality automobiles.

Today more than ever before the demand for Buick surpasses the demand for any other fine car. Today more than ever before the tide is turning to Buick.



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Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 150)

Once or twice, the legend has it, Sullivan expressed his determination to quit the reservation. At these times some chroniclers insist that Muldoon menaced him with a baseball bat. Then John L. bellowed, "You could not hold me without the bat." Whereupon the Solid Man is supposed to have thrown away the bat and, grappling with the Boston Strong Boy, to have thrown him heavily with a favorite hold.

At any rate Sullivan emerged from Olympia in splendid condition to meet Jake Kilrain. He beat him in a long and sanguinary bare-knuckle contest, and this time it was the condition of John L. Sullivan that won the fight for him

In spite of the disappointment that Sullivan brought to him, Muldoon had a soft spot for the champion of champions—if there could be anything soft in that Spartan make-up. In the other champions, until the advent of Gene Tunney, the last of them, he had only an academic interest.

When James J. Jeffries was lured from his retirement by the clarion call to bring back the championship to the white race that and the cash guaranty of one hundred and one thousand dollars—Muldoon's interest in the manly art revived. Here, he decided, was a great crisis. There was the danger of the championship passing to a negro, and in the single-track mind of the Solid Man this would mean a calamity for the Caucasians of the world.

What Might Have Been

He rushed to join the ranks of the experts who were looking Jeffries over and pronouncing him fit to defend the proudest jewel in the diadem of the Nordic or near-Nordic civilization. Muldoon was dubious and I think that he annoyed the sullen, stolid Jeffries no little by glaring at him and demanding, "Jeff, do you know what this fight means? Are you sure that you feel fit for this one?" The result is ring history.

I came upon Muldoon again just before the Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo. Again the Solid Man was Cassandralike, "Willard is not fit," said Muldoon crisply. "Look at that paunch." If there is anything that Muldoon hates almost as fiercely as a cigarette, it is a paunch. "That man is in no condition to defend the heavyweight championship of the world." It certainly turned out as Muldoon predicted.

Dempsey the Solid Man liked and admired for himself, though he did not like his associates. He once even went as far as to say: "What a fight Dempsey at his best would have made with John L. Sullivan at his best."

Muldoon took an immediate liking to the last champion, Gene Tunney, who had neither the physique nor the fire of John L. Sullivan the Magnificent. But Tunney's mode of conduct was more in accord with the rules laid down by the Solid Man.

The system of training used by Tunney to prepare himself for the fight in the rain at Philadelphia was the system perfected by Muldoon. It was that system that enabled him to recover when he took the full force of Dempsey's blows on the chin in the seventh round at Chicago. It was condition only that saved him to win the decision, the experts agreed, and Tunney's condition was due to the influence of Muldoon and a will almost as strong as that of the Solid Man.

The Autocrat of the Ring

When Tunney confided in Muldoon that he was about to retire, the Solid Man was a little sad. "But I think that you are right. The game is not what it used to be," he said. "It is tainted with commercialism and money madness. You, perhaps, are wise." This was the Solid Man's farewell benediction to his last champion.

When they restored the prize-fight game to New York under a law drafted by James J. Walker, the present mayor of New York City, they were looking for a czar of the boxing game.

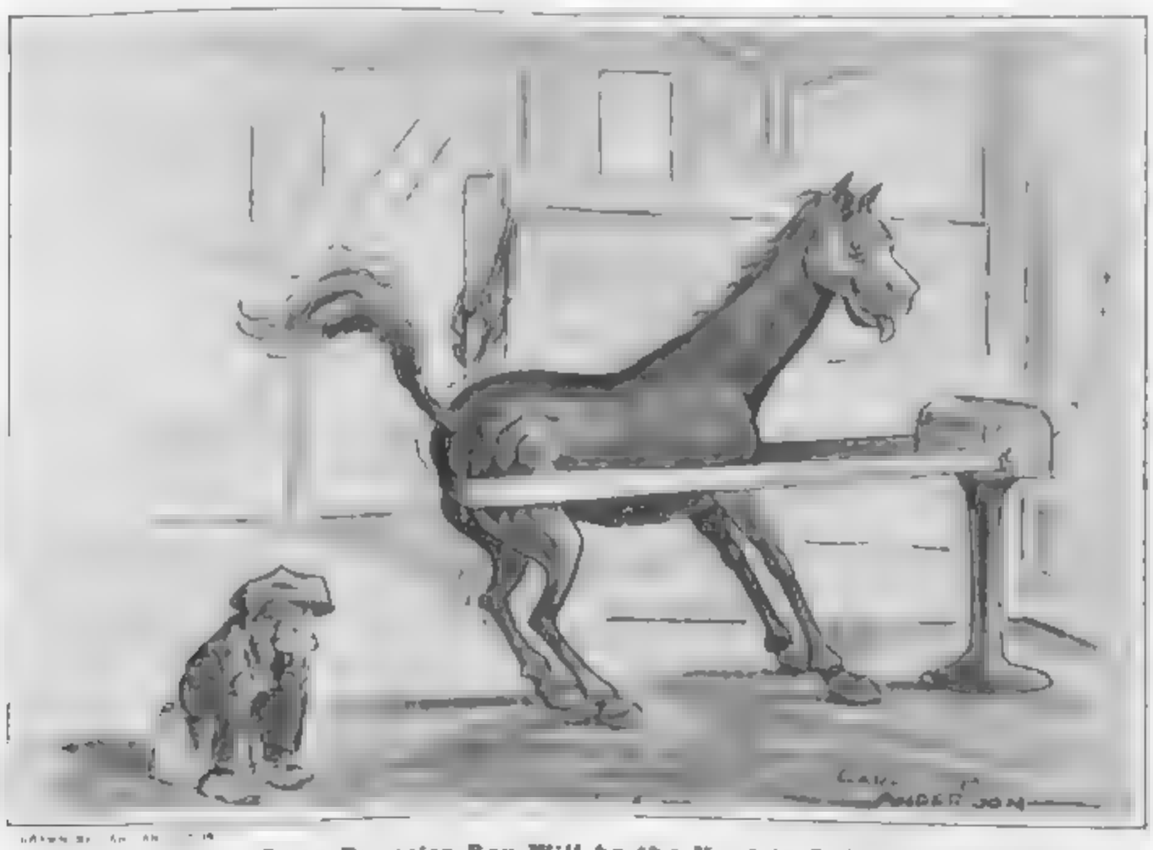
Muldoon was selected by Gov. Nathan Miller. He had the zeal and the urge for the work

Muldoon still remains the dominant figure and he forces his will against all opposition and against all logic. It was Muldoon who said that there would be no heavyweight championship fight between a white and a negro. It was Muldoon who insisted that there be no smoking at prize fights. If Muldoon does not approve of a match, that match does not take place. He still holds himself the autocrat of the ring and the rosin dust, and at Olympia, his own place, he is king

Opposition makes him the more stubborn. Derision wounds him but does not make him waver. He stands always as set and as defiant as he did the day he posed for the chromo that hangs in the lobby of the new Madison Square Garden. Rickard feared him. Everybody connected with the business of prize fighting fears him, for all those connected with that game are self-conscious about the forces of law and honesty.

There are many things to trouble his later—one cannot say "declining"—years. It looks as though the heavyweight championship might pass from America in the near future and that a foreigner would wear the mantle of John L. Sullivan. The most precious heritage of the modified Marquess of Queensberry rules is in peril.

Lest we forget in this crisis, let us pause to salute William A. Muldoon, the last gladiator in a deserted arena.



Perhaps the Race Exercise Boy Will be the Next to Suffer Through the Encroachment of the Machine Age

Photographed exclusively for Davis Clothes at Northwestern University . . . Chicago, Illinois

They Stay Young

On the leaf-strewn campuses of Princeton, Stanford and Northwestern you will find the men who set the fashions of the day.

The clothes they wear, the styles, patterns and colors they prefer, quickly become the popular trend. It is one way of preserving the youth that deserts us all too quickly.

Yet, these fashion pioneers are usually men of modest means. They buy with care and foresight. Their purchases of necessity represent real values. Their Davis Clothes stay young! For fit, style and permanent shapeliness are built into them.

Men in all walks of life . . . of all ages . . . prefer Davis Clothes . . . because they come direct . . . to them and for them . . . at an appreciable saving!

There is a well trained Davis man in almost every community. His name, together with a beautiful 32-page style booklet, will be sent on request.

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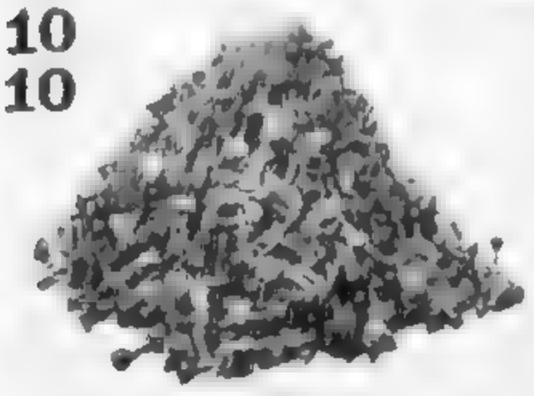
Now you can use your old numbering machine as part payment for a new

Bates

Your rubber stamp dealer or stationer is authorized to offer you a liberal allowance for your old machine, *regardless of its make or condition*, against a new Bates.

The Bates Eight illustrated above is light strong and flexible designed to do all the numbering work of every office. Its movements run from consecutive through octuplicate and repeat, thus giving a most complete performance. The lessened weight of the new Bates Eight saves energy and arm fatigue; especially in long numbering jobs and it is built for long wear under hard usage.

Many have availed themselves of this unique exchange plan—replacing worn-out machines and saving the cost of expensive repair jobs.



This picture shows only a few of the thousands of machines of all makes that have been turned in for new Bates machines.

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Est. 1891 Orange, N. J.
New York Office: 20 Vesey St.

BATES NUMBERING MACHINES, TELEPHONE INDEXES, AUTOMATIC EYELETERS, INKS, ETC.

If you don't know where to take advantage of this offer, just fill in and mail this coupon.

THE BATES MFG. CO.
20 Vesey St., New York.

Please give me the name of the nearest dealer authorized to take my old machine in part payment for a new Bates.

Name

Address

City & State

AN ANCIENT MARINER

(Continued from Page 9)

Captain Samuel Billing and Miss Nancy Lane strolled skyly homeward through long avvenues of ellum trees, and at first they only talked about the Sermon and the weather. But pretty soon the Close-ups and the dyelog ought to begin to show the awakening into action of love's young dream. She speaks very pleasently to him of the adventurus life he must of led in many ports, and he takes her hand and tells her about some of his adventures, among which is a storm at sea, and all the perils that he talks about are seen and heard while he is telling them—you can use your judgment about music, the sound of waves can be made by rolling buckshot back and forth in a shoe box—what you want is a swishing noise.

Her Mother is seen waiting in the portico of their home, standing anxiously with her hand to her forehead, scanning the paths in every direction with tearful eyes that must of seen better days, and she speaks as follows:

Where, O where has my Little Girl gone?
I never trusted that Captain Morgan.
She left so innocent this morn,
To sing in Church and play the organ.

This is the true story of my own life in this sceenario I am mailing in to you, and the fact is that Miss Nancy Lane never did play the organ in church, but she did sing in the choir and all the other facts are exactly as set down here in black and white. But if some of the dyelog goes into poetry it is pretty hard to get away from the organ, because you have got to get it in that Mrs. Lane never had any real liking for this Captain Morgan.

Nancy comes tripping home with the hero of this picture who she politely interduced to her Mother, and when they sit down to the fried chicken and hot biscits Captain Billing rolls his eyes about the room and remarks as follows:

Well, Mrs. Lane, in glancing around
I notice that better days have been seen,
Your once costly furniture's somewhat broke down,
Though what you have left is spic-and-span clean.

Mrs. Lane answers as follows:

MRS. LANE Well, Captain Billing, it would surprise you how prosperous this family use to be, and we are still quite arristocratic. I will show you some trinkets and photographs. Nancy, bring me the Album. And there are quite a few classy heir looms left, although the real valluable ones I had to pawn, a Mother must have bread for her child, also a genteel edducation.

Then there is a session with the Album, you can leave that out if you want to. It really happened, but it didn't interrest me very much, and maybe it wouldn't be of much interrest to the movie fans, and finally Mrs. Lane summons a bright smile through her tears and says:

My husband sailed the seas a Rover.
I hate to think he has perished.
But now it has been twenty years or over
Since I said farewell to him I cherished.

This way of making tears with glisserine has got to be almost a joke these days, so many of the fans are onto it and laugh about it; they could be made just as easy by holding a little piece of onion in a hankerchief and be a good deal more real and natural, but use your own judgment. Miss Nancy Lane says as follows:

MISS NANCY LANE—I was a Babe in arms when father sailed away on his last voyge. O my poor Father, sometimes I wake up at night screaming and thinking about Sharks and things.

There could be a Close-up run in here of Mrs. Lane holding Little Nancy as quite a young child in her arms, and the little girl is lispping, Oh, Mamma, do you think a Shark got my Pappa?

And her Mother says, Oh, I cannot believe it was a shark, Baby, that would be too cruel a fate, besides he always carried a Testament. No, Baby, something we cannot understand has detaned Pappa from home.

Then a Close-up of waiting through the years.

Well, next you got to get it across some way that Mrs. Lane is kind of kidding the little girl along too. Mrs. Lane has got her own idears all the time and that Testament was just mentioned to make Baby feel happy. His wife was wise that Captain Lane was a good deal more likely to be grabbed off by a girl somewheres than by a shark, it had happened before. From what facts his wife knew about him he was a pretty bad Egg, maybe she would of forgive him for some of his rough stuff if he had turned up again, and maybe not. But she kept all this from Nancy, she did not want to sullify the girl's purity. And Captain Billing at this time isn't wise to it either. Captain Billing says to Nancy as follows:

If upon this voyge of mine
I should discover your dad
As a reward of what I would find
Would you be willing to wed?

Nancy gives a happy laugh and says it is a bargain, you bet, if you want that in poetry I can mail it in to you later.

But we get a Close-up of Mrs. Lane with her face turned away from the youthful Fond Ones, and by the look onto her face you can tell she is wondering to herself wether it would be such a darn good thing if her husband was to come back, you could show her quite nervously twisting her wedding ring around on her finger, and she steps into the kitchen with some of the dishes off the table and as she puts them absentminded into the sink she says as follows:

I wonder should I tell them all,
Or keep them still within the dark,
How often he into sin would fall,
Oh, I almost hope he did meet a shark.

But Mrs. Lane makes a great Sacrifice for their sakes, she decides not to tell them, and goes merrily with them down to Captain Samuel Billing's schooner. Captain Billing takes a bucket of paint and paints the name off of his schooner and Christens her the Nancy, you want to be sure and get this in, I spoiled a pare of white-duck pants painting that name, every word in this sceenario is gospel Truth from my own life and adventures.

This was in the old sailing-ship days when I was a young man nearly fifty years ago, the Nancy could show a clean pare of heels to any craft afloat, I will mail into you some newspaper clippings of fast runs she made if you want proof, every word can be backed up with proof in black and white. Now you got to show the farewells, with some dyelog I will write later, and Captain Billing goes into poetry as follows:

Bounding over the Briny Deep
The Nancy soon will be,
And Miss Nancy Lane on shore will keep
Sacred the dimond ring she got from me.

Captain Billing then said he hoped from the profits of this voyage he would come home with sufficient money on him so they could wed and he would pay off the morgage on Mrs. Lane's home and she could start keeping boarders and he would stay there when he was in port. Right on top of this should be a scene of a big storm cloud at sea, and right across the black cloud are flashes of lightning, and the lines of the lightning flashes had ought to make letters and words spelling out man proposes but God disposses.

CAPTAIN BILLING—Mrs. Lane, if I find Captain Lane I shall bring him back to live in the boarding house too.

MRS. LANE—Thank you, Captain.

But we see by her face she don't know wether she would want him around or not, probally he would be one of these boarding-house husbands everybody apollogizes for and drunk half the time.

The ship sails quickly into the South Seas and is seen surrounded by islelands and adventures, if it is too expensive to go to the South Seas maybe you could use parts of Cattalena Isleland.

These South Sea islelands is made by Corral insects. It would surprise you how long it takes these insects to make an isleland but they stick to it, there is a great Moral lesson could be brought out here. If real Corral insects under a microscope is too expensive you could use ants with grains of sand in their mouths, and as they worked away there could be a voice going into poetry as follows:

Little bits of Corral,
Little grains of sand,
How patient they are and indusstrios and Moral,
Making their Native land.

Well, maybe you better leave that out, it is innstructive and riligious, but what the fans like is something with speed to it, and beleive it or not but it takes millions of years to make a good-size isleland, look it up, it would surprise you.

Captain Samuel Billing dives into the South Seas and breaks off lumps of Corral which he makes into a neckliss for Miss Nancy Lane. There was more than one tussle with Sharks but he had his sailor's clasp knife and they learned here was a man to who they better give a wide berth.

Next is shown battles with pirates and attacks by cannabel Nativs and hurricains and navel battles with Maylays that would come down in ships to rob the poor Nativs and sell them into Slavery. More than once they tried to make Captain Billing king of some isleland for deffending them, but he taught them against haveing Kings and how to vote and wear clothes and often he set his foot on islands no white man ever discovvered before and hoisted the American flag, and quelled a Mutiny. You can't go too far in this part of the picture, this was in the early days, you couldn't show anything that didn't happen, I was a young man then and full of pep, you can go as far as you like and it will all be gospell Truth. I will write the dyelog for it later when you decide how far you want to go.

Captain Samuel Billing was approached more than once with a propposition to marry and settle down by one of these here isleland Queens, he could of been a king, and it would surprise you how beautiful some of those Dusky Beauties are.

You got a great chance here to run in a lot of pictures of Isleland beauties, you could show Captain Billing teaching them to wear clothes, some break down and prommise to join the Church and wear clothes, some do not, if it costs too much to send to the islelands for a lot of Dusky Beauties you can find lots of extra girls around Hollywood out of work would be willing to tan theirselves up a little and would wear any quantity of clothes or not as you might designate, there is a chance here for some nice dances and songs.

Never but once was Captain Billing tempted to wed an Isleland queen, she was a lollapalooza, some queen, some looker. When we think maybe he is about to yeeld his fingers close on the neckliss of Miss Nancy Lane. Close-up. Besides he thinks maybe a lot of stuff might get back to San Francisco, you never can tell, he will be ever faithful to his Nancy.

Well, we got to hurry along now, the big drammatic stuff is all comeing. What I am going to write now is all Gospel truth, but there's places you've got to use your judgment.

Captain Billing was wrecked on a dessert isleland there was not even a bread fruit tree or other sprig of veggetation or yerbs, all sand and Corral, not even clams and

(Continued on Page 157)

At Mason, Ohio, twenty-five miles from the studios in Cincinnati, is located the giant transmitter of WLW—recognized as the most advanced radio station on the air today

WLW

the bright spot on the dial

The most advanced radio station in the world is now available to practically every American home—true to its reputation as "the Nation's Station".

For nearly nineteen hours every day WLW is on the air—the "bright spot" of all radio, because its signal is clear and strong and because of the infinite variety of programs which it brings.

NINE YEARS ago the station which is now WLW was the personal hobby of one man—Powel Crosley, Jr. Today it's an institution of nation-wide respect and importance.

Tonight millions of hands will spot the dials of radio sets on WLW. Tonight and every night WLW, unfailingly, will be there—to counsel—to entertain—to instruct. Because the audience of WLW is greater than that of any single station, its responsibilities of service are correspondingly greater than any other.

Behind the Scenes

It perhaps will be interesting to step back of the scene and see some of the things which take place in this most important of all broadcasting stations—the organization at work producing nearly nineteen hours of entertainment daily; the endless streams of lecturers, musicians, artists who make up the WLW cast; the powerful 50,000 watt transmitter accurately digesting every sound in its giant yet minute mechanism, and flinging its signal half way around the world.

First in command is the director of broadcasting. His is the job of retaining the confidence, studying the reactions, and continuing to please a great and varied audience which he has never seen, and from which he has never heard the echo of even a single hand clap. The director has mail, of course—piles of it from WLW listeners. This is his most important guide.

Each day's program is a single and complete unit of production. Not a show, which once staged might run six months. Not a picture, which once made can be duplicated in a thousand film copies. At WLW each day's program is virtually a new show, a final and finished unit.

Around the program director are continuity writers, orchestra conductors, music writers, a squad of announcers, and a staff of authorities who conduct permanent departments of the station—on running homes, planting and harvesting crops, caring for children, etc. Variety of appeal is the fine art of radio. WLW takes all possible interests into account and plans its programs so as to appeal constantly to the greatest of all radio audiences.

Putting it on the Air

Back of the producing organization are perhaps the most complete and advanced broadcasting facilities in the radio world. WLW is recognized as the most powerful of all stations—its signal being full 50,000 watts. The sponsors of WLW, from the beginning, have thought there was no substitute for power, and now after less than a year of operation under this greater power rating, new and far-reaching results have been attained. These results are in the form of greater service to the radio public—static interference has been vastly reduced—clear, uninterrupted broadcasting over distances never thought possible before is now a daily occurrence—bringing a new usefulness to the nine or ten million radio receiving sets now in service.

100% of the Power

The great WLW transmitter is an engineering development of first importance. It employs entirely new principles to achieve its greater results. There are *two* impulses in radio—the carrier wave, and the sound wave (modulation) which is imposed upon the carrier. The sound wave is what you hear—the words or music coming from your set—the carrier wave is the conveying force, which, in the absence of wires, brings the program to you.

Putting a carrier wave of full strength into the air is simple enough, but causing the sound wave to completely modulate the full carrier wave is a more difficult task.

At WLW the difference in principle followed is this: the sound wave is first imposed (modulated) on the carrier, then amplified. The other and less modern method is to amplify, then modulate.

A bit technical perhaps, but this is the essential reason why WLW is the first of all stations to consistently put off from its aerial a clear, distinct signal of full 50,000 watts 100% modulated.

Cutting Through Static

More importantly, it is the reason why in static saturated conditions WLW cuts through and brings its program, when far closer stations are feeble and indistinct.

It is the reason why WLW is the easiest station on the air to find—the driving power is constantly there and the receiving set instantly responds

The air is free and the property of all people. Radio places no tax on air entertainment—it is a great national theatre with no box office.

The operating expense of a station such as WLW is enormous. Naturally no one organization should bear such expense or its entire benefits. Therefore various businesses have seen fit to share in the good will which WLW has built. These businesses are the sponsors of many WLW programs—contributing an important share toward the entertainment cost of this station.

This suits everybody—for the public it has resulted in more and better entertainment at no cost; for the commercial sponsor it has won a definite good will for his institution and product; for the station operator it has provided part of the means of making radio in a few years one of the greatest and most vital public influences of the day

At 700 kilocycles

Near the center of the broadcasting band (700 kilocycles) you'll find WLW. Turn there today or tonight. You'll find a tremendous program variety which undoubtedly will prove interesting to you. Set the dial and follow WLW through the great pageant of radio.

The present WLW is the outgrowth of our determination to establish a station which would serve, under reasonable conditions, practically every radio home in America.

Powel Crosley Jr.

The Crosley Radio Corporation, which owns and operates WLW, is the manufacturer of Crosley receiving sets—firmly established for their performance and value.

* * *

WLW commercial programs are available to the manufacturers of highly meritorious products . . . Full information concerning available hours and approximate cost may be had by addressing WLW, Cincinnati, O.

WLW
the Nation's Station

RADIO OWNERS EVERYWHERE WILL WANT THIS BOOKLET

WLW, The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send, without obligation or cost, a copy of your booklet, "Behind the Scenes at WLW

NAME

STREET ADDRESS)

(CITY) (STATE)

Please check this question: Do you frequently listen to WLW?

Yes ☐ No ☐

"The public be pleased"

—*With the Quietest, Smoothest Street Cars Ever Known . . .*

Your street railway company is anxious to merit your patronage and good will. It is deeply interested in giving you the benefits of every service improvement, as fast as all the factors in the situation will permit.

On modern development programs a foremost place belongs to the Timken Worm Drive Truck, as the most exhaustive tests now prove. This drive in itself is dead silent. It also quiets the wheels on curves, because a differential is used —so familiar on your motor car.

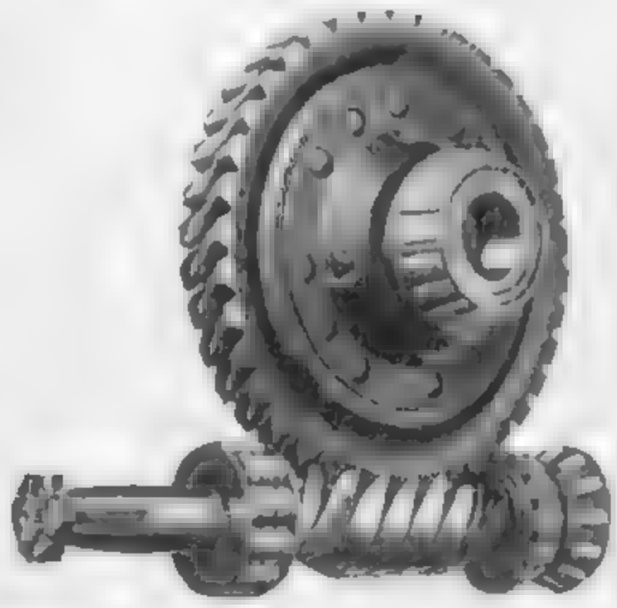
The car starts smoothly, quietly—it's equipped with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. It picks up speed rapidly, without jerking. It goes faster, yet without lurching or swaying. You scarcely notice when you cross rail joints and switches. You stop quickly, too—but smoothly, comfortably. The Timken Armature Shaft Brakes take care of that.

You have an interesting and agreeable experience in store—your first ride in a Timkenized street car. It is the latest impressive confirmation of the luxurious riding comfort always made possible by Timken Worm Drive.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY, *DETROIT, MICHIGAN*

TIMKEN

Worm Drive



(Continued from Page 154)

oysters and mussles along the shores, and he was the only one saved from the wreck.

At the same time a few miles away another ship was wrecked by the same storm, and the Captain of it swum to the same dessert isleland, he was the only one saved from his ship.

He is a tall powerful man with bushy eyebrows and a bad reccord, he is pretty thoroughly tattoed all over, you can see he is an old-timer amongst the South Sea islelands.

Flashes show the hard life he has led as pirate, smuggler, kidnapper, murderer, gambler, black maler, bigamist, robber, and so forth, as he swims ashore. He is a pretty hard case, this was in the early days, he is wanted for general crime all along the coasts of China and Honnoluloo and Ausstraylia, for years now he has gone by the name of Bully Jackson.

See here, said Bully Jackson, landing onto the dessert isleland, who went and put that American flag up there?

I did, said Captain Samuel Billing, he had swum ashore from the wreck with his ship's flag.

CAPTAIN BULLY JACKSON—Take it down, I hate that flag, once I was an American, but they have made it too hot for me on the high seas.

CAPTAIN BILLING—Touch that flag at your perril.

You work in a good fight here, neither has got any weppons, it is a fist fight. Well, you can't go too far with it, it was a terrible fight, but I was a more sientiffic boxer than Bully Jackson, I knocked him out with the same soaler plexis blow Bob Fisimmons give Corbett, you better take a look at the old films of that fight. Captain Billing now goes into poetry as follows:

The Star-Spangled Banner forever,
The flag of the brave and the free,
Even here amongst the islelands you shall never
Pull it down on land or sea.

Bully Jackson sits up and sneers but later they are thrown so much together they get quite well acquainted.

Missery loves Co. even on a dessert isleland, and they sit down on the sand and watch for a sail and tell each other the story of their lives while they are beginning to starve. You can have the story of their lives flashed on the screen if you want to but my advice is to leave it out for we got to speed it up now into the big drammatic stuff.

Hungryer and hungryer they get and no sail in sight.

BULLY JACKSON—Well, sir, have you ever been cast away before on a dessert isleland, Captain Billing.

CAPTAIN BILLING—Just as often as you have, I guess, Captain Jackson.

CAPTAIN JACKSON, with a Sneer—I doubt it, young man.

Captain Billing, going into poetry, as follows:

Although I may seem young in years
Long have I sailed the Briny Deep,
Captain Jackson quit your sneers
Or another punch will put you to sleep.

CAPTAIN JACKSON—Keep your shirt on and don't be trying to pick a row all the time for we both got trouble enough ahead of us. What I meant was do you know the invarriable custom that castaways have got of eating the fattest one to avoid the dangers of starvation. Well, now, Captain Billing, you are the fattest one of us two. It is one of the invarriable rules of the sea like women and childern first, but we got no women and childern here so it looks like you was ellected.

CAPTAIN BILLING, with scorn—Yes, a coward like you, it goes without saying, would eat women and childern first, if there was any here.

CAPTAIN JACKSON, looking like a hard case, gives a brutal laugh—Well, it is a rule of the sea that I always lived up to.

CAPTAIN BILLING—I deny that I am the fattest. Most of this is mussles. You ought to know but if you don't beleive it I will swing on you again.

CAPTAIN JACKSON—Now, Captain, you keep trying to pick a quarrel, all I want is this matter settled without trouble according to the invarriabel rules of the sea.

Captain Billing's feelings get the best of him and he goes into poetry again as follows:

No matter how hungry I was for food
I would pass by the innocent childern
And have more respect for American womanhood
Than to prepair it in a caldron.

CAPTAIN JACKSON—mockingly makes a low bow—I have got to respect your chivvelry, Captain Billing, but as a matter of fact we are both starving to death, will you play cards for it?

Bully Jackson has saved a pack of cards from his wreck, although what Captain Billing saved from his wreck was the American flag and a Bible, it shows the two kinds of men they were.

CAPTAIN BILLING—No doubt you are a Card Sharker but I, too, have a keen eye.

CAPTAIN JACKSON—with another Sneer—Maybe your keen eye will avale you somewhat, Captain Billing, but pride often goes before a fall.

CAPTAIN BILLING—No doubt you think you are a great card player, but remember that all that glitters is not gold.

So each took a thousand clam shells for poker chips and agreed the one who was cleaned out first was the loser.

Well, now, if I was you I wouldn't show too much of this poker game, maybe a few Close-ups of Bully Jackson cheating and slipping aces and being caught at it, and despare slowly settling deeper and deeper onto his face is enough, but the game really lasted three days. But you got to speed it up, the fans will walk out on you even in these air cooled theaters unless you make it snappy, and the big drammatic stuff is comeing.

Bully Jackson loses his last chip, and we have a Close-up of Bully Jackson with all his wicked past life rushing through his brains, and he says as follows:

O while the lamp held out to burn
I wisht I'd led a better life,
For now I don't know which way to turn,
I'd settle him if I had a knife.

His remorse is something terrible, you could have Close-ups of severil of his wives and families in different ports he is thinking about.

Now here comes a place you got to use your judgment. It is all true I was compelled to go by the invarriabel rule of the sea and make him my viands or else starve and it has been done a million times at sea and nobody ever blamed for it.

But if I was to use my own judgment I would leave out a good many of the detales. I could mail them all in to you if in your judgment you wanted them. But I don't think the fans would like a terrible traggedy like that shown with all the detales and there has been a time or two I kind of hated to think about it myself.

In my judgment it would be a good deal more genteel and refined to skip right from the place where Bully Jackson is shown to be loser to the place where Captain Samuel Billing is sitting on the shore by himself looking out to sea again and you could have him say a little sadly as follows:

CAPTAIN BILLING—Alone on the isleland once more!

If you should want him to go into poetry here again I could mail you in a couple of verses. You got to use your judgment, and wether you would want music.

Captain Billing was beginning to get hungry once more when a British gunboat arived, one of these H. B. M. S. ships, Captain John Barker in command, which is cruseing through the islelands for castaways.

They really did that in the old days, every word in this sceenario is gospell Truth, sometimes they would pick up hunderds of castaways in a year. Next we see him on board the H. B. M. S. navel vessle in Captain Barker's cabbin and the following dyelog occurs.

CAPTAIN BARKER—Well, Captain Billing, I must say from the way you been displaying your appetite you must of got quite hungry on that dessert isleland.

CAPTAIN BILLING—It would surprise you, Captain Barker, the demeenor to which an appetite will deesend during starvation.

CAPTAIN BARKER—What, Captain Billing, you don't mean to tell me you got to that unfortunate posittion where us old sailors sometimes find ourselves compelled by necesity to make our companions figure as viands?

CAPTAIN BILLING—Such, indeed, was my unfortunate necesity, Captain Barker.

CAPTAIN BARKER—Well, well, well, Captain Billing, don't take on so hard over it, you couldn't help it, some mighty good people have been compeled to susstain life that way, I guess the King of England himself would of done the same thing if he had of been faced by the same necesity.

And after some more genteel dyelog like that Captain Barker says as follows:

CAPTAIN BARKER—Could you by any chance identtify this man you was compeled to make figure as your viands so I would get a notion who he was? Or do you forget his looks?

CAPTAIN BILLING—His face and appearance will always remane in my memmory.

CAPTAIN BARKER—What markings or detales of apearance did you notice?

CAPTAIN BILLING—It would certainly surprise you, Captain Barker, how tattoed he was.

CAPTAIN BARKER—Do you remember any picture or senttiment tattoed on him that stood out from the rest, have another glass of grog and refresh your memmory, as I have orders to look out for a man of his genneral description.

Captain Billing jogs his memmory with the grog and goes into poetry as follows:

Of all the beautiful pictures
Tattoed on Memmory's wall
Two turtel doves on his shoulder blades
Stands out the clearest of all.

CAPTAIN BARKER—That sounds like Bully Jackson the very man I am in search of now.

BILLING—Yes, he said his name was Captain Jackson.

BARKER—The pirate and murderer and generral all around criminal.

BILLING—Yes, we got into each other's confidence before the end came and he told me much of his life.

BARKER—Tell me all you can remember about these turtel doves.

BILLING—Their was one turtel dove onto each shoulder blade and there bils reached out to each other like they was billing and cooing.

Next Captain Barker made a joke you can put in or leave out as you please. When I said they was billing and cooing he said they used to be billing and cooing, but now they was both Billing, meaning my name was Billing. You got to use your judgment, he really said it, and this is a pretty tragic dramma, and it may be the fans would like a little joke now and then, maybe not, I will leave this to you.

CAP. BARKER—Those doves were tattoed there in his young days, so the reports we got on him tell us, before he got to be such a hard case, they representted his fondness for his wife, the legal one, and hers for him.

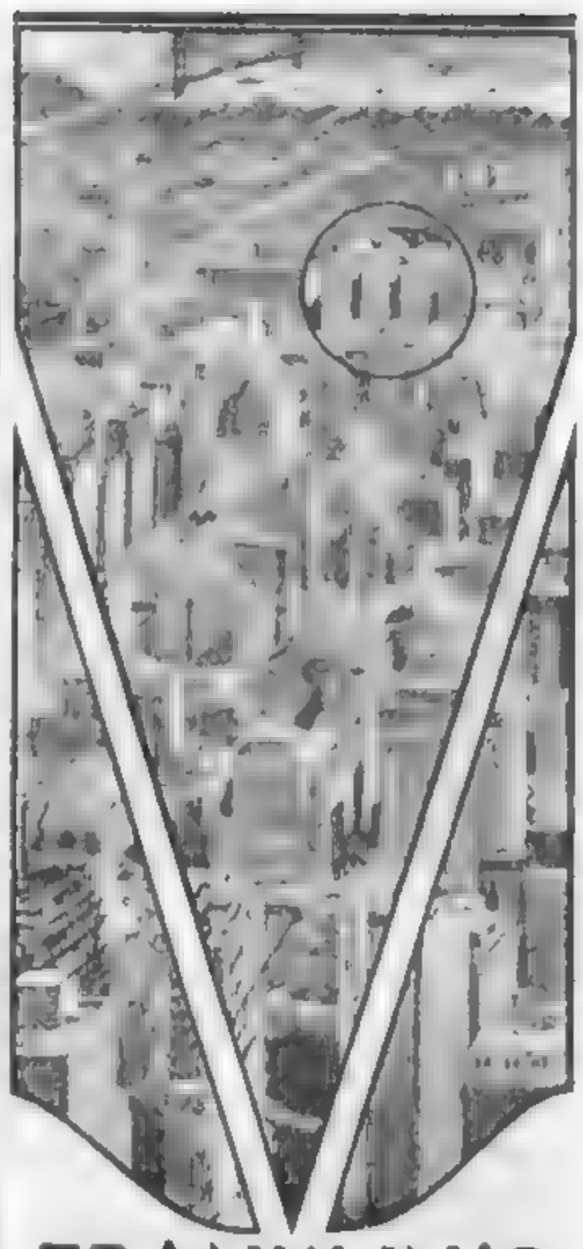
CAP. BILLING—I guess the man was not all bad

BARKER—But see here, Billing, I have got great news for you, the turtel doves make the identtity complete, as you sit there you are a rich man.

BILLING—How do you mean, Barker?

BARKER—There was a price on Bully Jackson's head, whoever took him dead or alive is to be rewarded by several governments. Why, man, you got a fortune coming to you.

BILL—I could use money, my ship was not insured, and I owe money for my cargo.



FRANKLIN'S PROPHECY

SO EAGER was Benjamin Franklin to have Philadelphia become one of the leading cities of the world that in his last will and testament not only did he recommend certain municipal improvements, but he even bequeathed a certain amount to provide for their ultimate realization.

Franklin's will has been followed out and, as a result, Philadelphia's progress has carried it into the front rank of the world's great cities. But the city has not stopped growing. Every day, every week, sees greater progress, inspired by Franklin's example.

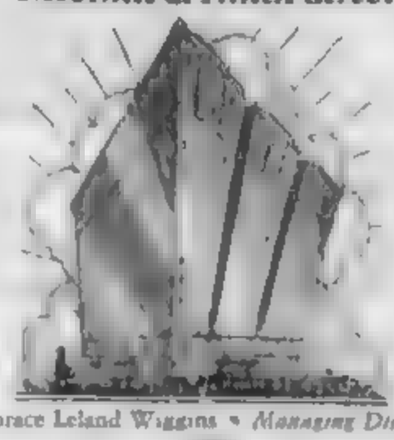
Among the many outstanding improvements wrought in Philadelphia in the past few years is this splendid hotel, bearing the honored Franklin's name. It is the city's largest hotel, situated in the heart of its expanding mercantile district.

The Benjamin Franklin combines in an unusual manner the traditional hospitality of more leisurely times with the most modern metropolitan hotel appointments. Twelve hundred rooms, each with bath.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

PHILADELPHIA

Chestnut at Ninth Street



Horace Leland Wiggins • *Managing Director*

Admiration—the final touch to a perfect shave

NUMBERS of men, because of heavy, fast growing beards, find it necessary to shave twice a day if they wish to appear well groomed at all times. It is then that the clean, smooth, non-irritating shaves of a Rolls Razor are so thoroughly appreciated.

Better still, the one blade of a Rolls Razor eliminates the continuous worry about packages of good, bad, or indifferent extra blades.

This one blade, of the finest Sheffield steel, is of the old straight razor type and hollow ground. Stropped in its case before shaving—Honed in its case when necessary, the blade, kept ever keen, shaves flat to the face, not at right angles; it cuts the hairs, does not hoe them out. Properly handled, it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.

The first cost may be slightly higher, but how many blades do you buy a year?

Ask your dealer to show you a

ROLLS RAZOR

THE ONE PLATE SAFETY

AN ENGLISH IMPORTATION

It is stropped and honed in the case

Simplicity itself! Just the one safety blade and handle

Imperial No. 1 Silver Plate....$15.00
Imperial No. 2 Nickel Plate...$10.00

We recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap in hygienic, indestructible bowl for a superior shave. Priced at $1.50. Or Rolls Shaving Cream. Priced at 75¢.

For sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with check or money-order and we will fill your order, postpaid, promptly

Descriptive Folder Sent on Request

LEE & SCHEFFER, Inc. U. S. Distributors
Dept. P.—11 East 44th St., New York City

BARK—Look at these figures.
And he jotted down as follows:

PRICES OFFERED FOR BULLY JACKSON
DEAD OR ALIVE BY GOVERNMENTS
TIRED OF HIS CRIMES

$50,000	Maylay Government, murder and piracy
$75,000	Chinese govt., robbery, smuggling opeium, piracy, kidnapping Natives
$100,000	American Govt, murder, perjury, robbery, piracy
$100,000	English parlament, similar complaints
$50,000	Australia, general crime and miss conduct
$25,000	Philipeen islelands govt., bigamy, murder, arson
$10,000	By Navy Chiefs S S Islelands, would have to be taken in copra, pearl, shell, etc., not worth claiming

$410,000, you can scan the figures for yourself

CAPT. BARKER—resuming dyelog—As you sit there you are worth nearly half a million dollars, Captain Billing.

CAPT. BILLING feels like the Count of Monty Carlo, he gets onto his feet and says—The World is mine!

But Captain Billing all of a sudden gets a sinking feeling and says.

CAPTAIN BILLING Is it collectible?

BARKER—Why, what do you mean?

BILLING—I mean I ate up the evidence.

BARKER—Well, you can make out some affadavids, can't you?

Next we see Captain Samuel Billing in a lawyer's office drawing up legal papers. But now along comes a part of this story that ought to be named the Evils of Red Tape. He showed his affadavids to government after government and described the markings on Bully Jackson, but one and all bowed him politely out with the words as follows:

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND CLERKS—You got to show us more evidence.

Month after month he goes to one government after another but always Red Tape stands in his way and finally he says what is the use of being an honest man and earning all that money by heroic actions and the sweat of your brow if you can't collect any of it? The way these governments have treated him he is allmost ready to turn into an Annarchist.

But one thing holds him back from it and that is the love of a good woman. And then he thinks maybe she will help me figure out some way to prove my story is true and collect my just dues, the old proverb says that love will find a way, I will go home to Nancy. He goes into poetry as follows:

Over the bounding billows
I am sailing home to my Nancy,
Worth four hunderd thousand dollars
But its collection is chancey.

At midnight in my sailor's tent
I'm often dreaming of the hour
When I'll straighten out this predicoament
And Nancy with wealth endower.

He sails rapidly to San Francisco when this thought strikes him and goes to the home of Nancy and Mrs. Lane and there is a joyful greeting, you can put in here all the love scenes you want to, I leave the detales to your judgment.

CAPTAIN BILLING—Nancy, as I stand here I am worth $400,000

NANCY—looking kind of cute and charming and with a kittenish way O, goody, goody.

MRS. LANE—O how I have prayed for this happy hour.

CAPTAIN BILLING—But come now dry your tears of joy, and tell me how to figure out some way to collect it.

NANCY—Why, what do you mean?

Captain Billing then tells them the story and requests them sincerely to put the sharpness of a woman's wit to work on his great mental probblem.

MRS. LANE—What were those turtel doves like?

CAPTAIN BILLING—he describes them to her.

MRS LANE she turns pallid and staggers

MRS. LANE—Was there a motto hanging from their beaks with reading matter on it?

CAPTAIN BILLING—Yes, it said that what Providence has joined let no man part asunder, or words to that effect. But tell me, Mrs. Lane, why do you ask, for I feel that all this questioning is leading somewheres

MRS. LANE—Nancy, get off of that man's lap right away, he connsumed your father. This Bully Jackson was really Augustus Lane, he had that motto and those doves tattoed upon our wedding day.

NANCY—getting off his lap—O, O, this is quite a shock to me.

CAPTAIN BILLING How was I to know it was your father?

MRS. LANE—Yes, that is true Nancy, everybody makes mistakes.

NANCY—It is a matter which I prefer not to discuss farther than to say that the sight of Captain Samuel Billing would always be of the most obnoxus nature to me, even though he were rich as Creesus, which he is not, O my poor father.

She goes and marries Captain Morgan, and Captain Samuel Billing goes out into the world a heart broken man.

"Well," said Captain Billing, laying down his paper, "can you figger it out? Why they won't take it—none of them? Is it the poetry?"

"I think it's the tragedy of it," I replied. "It's too sad."

"Well, then," said Captain Billing, with an air of triumph, "here's a happy ending they could have."

He drew from his inside pocket a smaller sheaf of manuscript and handed it to me.

"In case any of them wrote and said they wanted a happy ending I was going to send 'em that," he said.

I present it.

P. S HAPPY ENDING

In case a Happy Ending is desired, it is easy enough to fix. The true ending of what really happened is what was allready written, but will make changes to suit, what I want is to get some action.

If happy ending is desired, Nancy could be a mere chit of a girl, say about fifteen years old, and she was born when her Mother was sixteen, and that would make Mrs. Lane 31 years old now, but she don't need to look more than 26 or 27, and is quite beautiful

She says as follows:

MRS. LANE—I can understand, Nancy, how you could not wish to be associated in matrimoney with Captain Billing, for you were a blood relation to Augustus Lane. But I was no blood relation to him, I never liked him, and the same reasons for scorning Captain Billing do not apply to me, I regard Captain Billing as a hero.

CAPTAIN BILLING—And I prefer a woman of exxperience to a mere chit of a girl who does not know her own mind.

They get married and sail back to the isleland and find a dimond ring which was not consumed which is excepted by proof by all the governments, and that is that, I don't like it so well as what really happened myself, you got to use your own judgment: Or you could make it a gold tooth they find.

I handed the manuscript back to him. I did not like it as well either. While I was hesitating to say so, a shrill feminine voice cried out near us: "Samuel Billing!"

We had been so engrossed that we had not noticed the approach of the burly woman to whom the voice belonged until she was two-thirds of the way up the walk to the veranda.

"You old reprobate! You will run away from me and try to join the movies, will you?"

Here she came onto the veranda and literally took him by the ear.

"Now, Nancy ——" said he, in his gently melancholy tones.

"It's taken me three months to find you," she went on, drawing him from the veranda and totally disregarding me. "The idea! At your age! I've a notion to cart you right back to I'way, where you ought to be a-plowin' corn this minute!"

"Now, Nancy ——"

But: "Come on!" she said firmly, and jerked Captain Billing out of my life forever, and I still wonder about that beard. Was its maritime quality solely a matter of aspiration, created by the salty spirit of a baffled mariner, or was there some foundation of fact underlying his lively fancy?

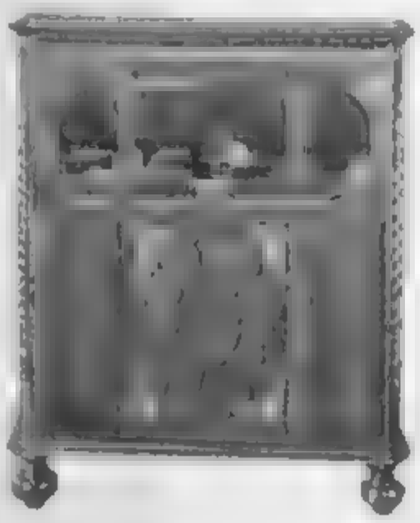
The Hudson River and the Beginnings of the Palisades Opposite the Upper End of Manhattan Island

Let's go . . . *where there's* *Capehart* Music

A congenial group—an evening out—dinner before a show—perhaps a midnight supper. *Where to go? . . . What to do?*

Of course we all prefer to go where there's music. Music means life, good cheer, a friendly atmosphere.

Until now, however, music was provided only by the more expensive establishments whose patronage was large enough to support an orchestra. But now, thanks to the Capehart Orchestrope, *there is music everywhere!* Hotels, restaurants, refreshment parlors and public amusement places throughout the country are offering their patrons Capehart entertainment. This amazing instrument has transformed many a dull, lifeless place into an inviting amusement center.



Now, no matter where you live, you may spend your "evening out" in an atmosphere of music. The most renowned artists will entertain you as you dine. You may dance to the captivating rhythm of the most famous Broadway dance orchestras. The Capehart has made it possible for the modest establishment in an out-of-the-way place to offer this Broadway entertainment to its patrons. And it is offered, as well, by palatial hotels as a supplement to their regular orchestras.

Next time you plan an evening out, go where there is Capehart music. There you will find life, pleasure and a joyful atmosphere. And there, too, you will find a proprietor whom you can patronize with confidence. For he is alive to every opportunity to improve his service and to add to the satisfaction of his patrons.

If you don't find such a place readily, write us. We'll give you the name of a Capehart owner nearby

THE *Capehart* ORCHESTROPE

CONTINUOUS AMPLIFIED MUSIC FOR ALL PURPOSES

The Hotel Columbus of Columbus, Ohio, uses the Capehart to lend an inviting atmosphere to its lobby and to provide dinner music for its guests. You will find this new type of entertainment in hundreds of hotels throughout the country where the management is watchful of those niceties of service which contribute to the comfort of its patrons.

THE FIRST TIME you hear the music of the Capehart—and *every* time, for that matter—you will be truly amazed. Nothing you have ever heard quite approaches it except the original music itself. For the Capehart brings you that music not in miniature but with the *full original volume* and with all the breadth and vibrant quality which characterizes the original tone. Because of the great volume of which it is capable, the Capehart is perfectly suited to dancing. In fact many establishments use it to supplement their regular orchestra, thus providing a continuous program of dance music at hours when the orchestra is not on duty.

The photograph above is *"The Show Boat"*, an exclusive recreation center in West Palm Beach, Florida. At the left, the *New Cumberland Dining Room* of Plattsburgh, New York. And below, the fountain and refreshment parlor of *Lewis E. Ireland,* Syracuse, N. Y. They are typical of the great variety of establishments, everywhere, who provide Capehart entertainment.

CAPEHART programs may be arranged in advance and may be suited to the character and the uses of the room in which it is placed. Thus any proprietor may offer you just the selections, exactly the type of music you most prefer—classical music, grand opera or popular airs. Once he has chosen his program, the Capehart continues to play without requiring a moment of his attention; a four hour program without repetition.

THE CAPEHART CORPORATION, FORT WAYNE, IND
Export Offices, 549 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Cable, Wurlitzer

To proprietors of public establishments:

The Capehart offers you an opportunity to enlarge the service which you render your patrons. Restaurants, hotels, refreshment parlors, amusement places of every description as well as mercantile establishments are installing the Capehart everywhere. And universally, they report increased patronage and popularity. *Your* patrons will be looking for Capehart entertainment. They will appreciate and reward your providing this new type of music. Sold exclusively through dealers, everywhere. Write us for full details.

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FINAL TOUCH

of

TAILORING

which denotes

TRUE DISTINCTION

in a Garment

COAT linings have a habit of springing suddenly into view. On such occasions, it is within their power to cause you pride or embarrassment.

The swift and silent appraisal of those present brings to you acute lining consciousness. What a satisfaction, then, to have them look upon the smooth lustrous surface of Skinner's Satin!

Style, beauty, pride of ownership—a lining of this world-famous material will emphasize these three things in your next suit or topcoat. Ask for it.

Skinner's Satins

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
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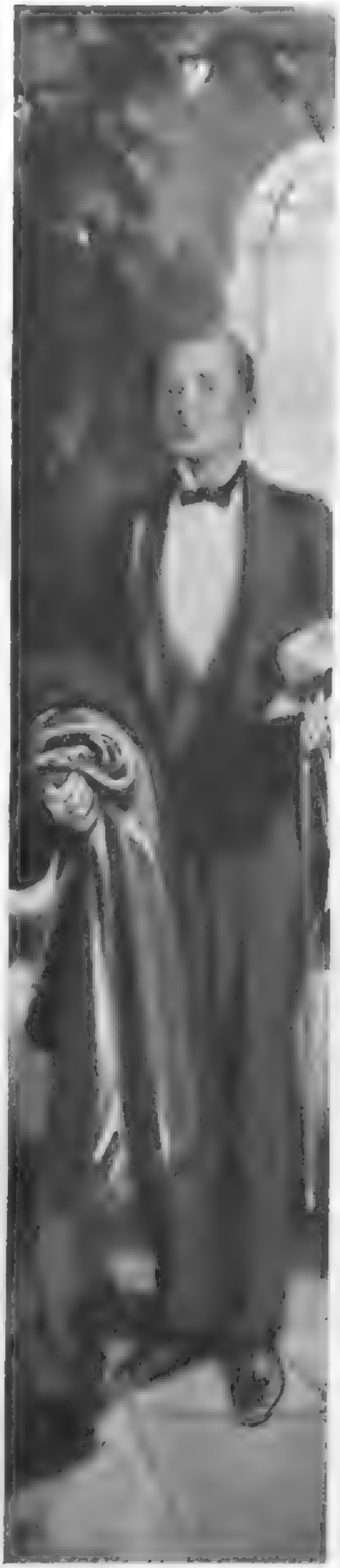
SKINNER'S CREPES AND CREPE SATINS
for women's gowns and wraps are styled in the newest modes, in many beautiful colorings. They have the qualities and lasting properties

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"



THE PERFECT GOLDFISH

(Continued from Page 25

sixteen dollars. One week's mess bill for breakfast and dinner alone cost him $225. Nevertheless, fees were large! His first retainer was $4000 in gold dust, and looked good to him, even with eggs at twenty-four dollars a dozen. He resolved to go to work in earnest.

After six months he felt sufficiently well-to-do to build himself a house about sixteen by twenty feet. "My furniture, just from Paris, was acajou and white and blue horsehair. My bed quilt cost me $250; it was a lovely Chinese floss silk shawl." His law firm was soon making $100,000 a year, and to him was delegated the duty of entertaining prospective clients, his father's injunction being "Be sure, my boy, that you always invite nice people." Modestly Mr. McAllister confesses that "such dinners as I then gave, I have never seen surpassed anywhere." Anyhow he paid—so he says, and let who can deny it!—his French cook $6000 a year salary.

And yet, for some unexplained reason, he stayed only two years in San Francisco. Was the family ambition to make ten millions or nothing so soon gratified? He does not say. Like Napoleon or Cæsar, he merely remarks, "Two years was the length of my stay in San Francisco."

To the Queen's Taste

Thereafter he spent a winter in Washington, where he "was dining out all the time." "On these occasions there was always a room prepared to receive a guest who had indulged too freely in strong waters. Men then—1853—drank in good earnest; a striking contrast to the days in which we now live—1890—when really, at dinner, people only taste wine but do not drink it."

From Washington he passed over to London, where his introduction to London society was a dinner and dog fight at the residence of a Regent Street dry-goods merchant, where he saw a contest between what seemed to him a myriad rats and a bull terrier who easily killed them all, the drawing of a badger—"a very amusing sight"—and fights between bull terriers.

"Such drinking I never saw before or since; the host, calling for bumper after bumper, insisted on every one draining his glass. I skillfully threw my wine under the table. The host and all the company were soon intoxicated. The footmen in green-and-gold liveries never cracked a smile. The master, after a bumper, would fall forward on the table, smashing everything. His butler picked him up and replaced him in his chair. This was kept up until three A.M."

This rather rough party was compensated for by the inestimable privilege procured for him by the tout, who knew Her Majesty's chef—of seeing the royal table laid out for dinner. Yes, he boasts, "I have seen Her Majesty's table at Windsor Castle all ready for her. I have heard her footmen, in green and gold, reëcho from hall to kitchen the note that 'dinner is served,' and then I was told to go; but I saw all I wanted to see." Alas, what anguish it must have caused McAllister, as he scuttled down the back stairs, to realize, as he confesses, that the table was laid only for "soup and fish."

Thrilled by his success, McAllister frittered and flirted away a winter in Florence and Rome, where he learned to cook turkeys fed on walnuts and had a cook to whom he paid twenty-four paolo—$2.40—a day, for which sum "he gave us breakfast and exquisite dinners."

In Florence, McAllister really learned "what a ball supper should be and what were the proper mural decorations for a ballroom and the halls opening into it." This was worth while, for it gave him that technical training necessary to his great social successes later on. Rome did well by him and he kept on wining and dining, following the hounds—he would "quietly take to the road when he (L) met a formidable jump"—and avoiding the American ambassador, because the latter was reputed to have said that though his countrymen were an enterprising nation, "there was not a gentleman among them." It seems unnecessarily cruel on the part of McAllister to have deprived his country's representative of seeing the exception, even if it might have proved the rule.

He summered at Baden-Baden, dined daily within a table or two of the then Prince of Prussia, who appeared to be no judge of wine at all, but which defect McAllister forgave on account of the intense admiration he bore for him. "His habit of walking two hours under the trees of the Allée Lichtenthal was also mine, and it was with pleasure I bowed most respectfully to him day by day."

The Opening Gun

And so, after two winters at Paris, where he "dashed into society with a vim," and two summers at Baden-Baden, giving balls at both places, our hero at length returned to New York full of fame and foie gras, resolved, with the impassioned zeal of a crusader, to make the social world a better and more appetizing place to live in. In his chapter called Home Again he gives the account of the opening gun of his campaign—a dinner to Commodore Vanderbilt at the New York Hotel, January 5, 1859 It was no doubt very good, and better than his French.

Carte du diner

Les huitres, salees
Le Potage du Consomme de Volaille, a la Royale
Le Basse payee, grillee, Sauce Remonlade
Le Pommes de Terre, a la Lyonnaise
La Mayonnaise de Homard, decoree a la gelee
Le Filet de Boeuf, pique, roti, aux champignons
La Cailles, truffees, a la Financiere
Le Cotellettes d'Agne au, a la Soubise
Les Tomates, a la Americaine
Les Petits Pois, a la Francaise
Canvas-back Ducks, roasted
Le Celeri au jus
Les Huitres, grillees, a la Ste Augustine
Le Pouding de Cabinet
La Gillee, au rhum
Les Meringues, a la Chantilly
Les Glaces de Creme, a la Portugaise
Les Quatu Medniants
Les Fruits
Le Cafe, etc.

The "etc." probably refers to the liquid refreshment not otherwise noted, although how McAllister could have forgone the pleasure of advertising the variety and

The Sir Roger de Coverley at the New Year's Ball in the Metropolitan Opera House, One of the Balls Supervised by Ward McAllister

Cash for You

Ralph Young has now built up a subscription business in his thriving Ohio home town that pays him a comfortable income for his full time.

1. What You Should Earn—
Easily up to $1.50, or more, an hour.

2. When You Can Earn It—
In your spare time.

3. Where You Can Earn It—
Right in your own locality.

4. How to Earn It—
As our subscription representative.

Dan Banks, for more than ten years, has enjoyed a liberal income as our representative in his New York home city.

Now is Your Chance

THE men pictured here are but two of the thousands of successful workers scattered all over the country. Men and women alike find in our plan a quick way to "cash" in their spare hours. You are probably busy with your daily duties; even then you can utilize your lunchtime, your evening hours and your Saturday afternoons to make money this pleasant way.

---------CLIP HERE---------

The Curtis Publishing Company
443 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Please tell me all about your cash offer.

Name .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

City .....

State ..... *Age* .....

No matter what your age, or whether you need $50.00 or $500.00, we'll be glad to explain how you may start earning extra money now. There's no obligation in asking us to do it.

The Coupon Brings All the Interesting Details

Stubborn Stains vanish from teeth

HARD-TO-WHITEN

The splendid thing about IODENT No. 2 is this:

With absolute safety it cleans teeth that have not been white since childhood—teeth that are naturally hard to whiten.

With amazing swiftness it erases the stubborn stains of tobacco smoke, the yellow shadows of neglect, and the discoloration that appears after long use of ineffective dentifrices.

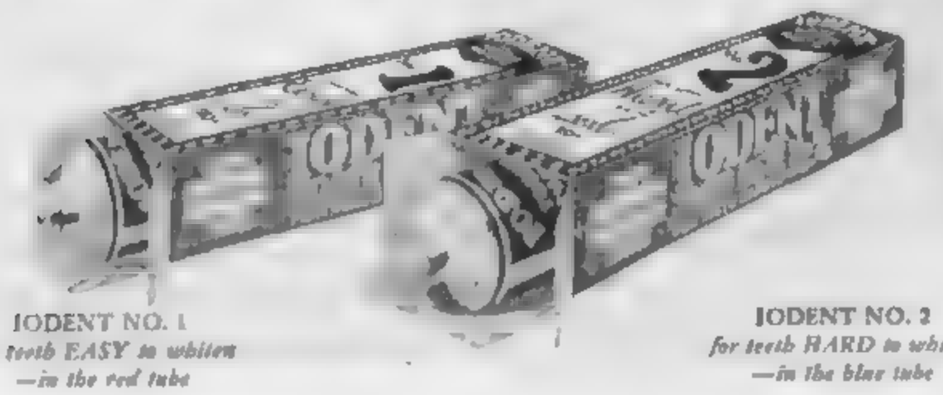
If other tooth pastes have failed to do these things for you, try a big blue tube of IODENT No. 2 and see how quickly your teeth sparkle with new whiteness!

And your gums should become firmer, pinker and healthier—for *both* of the IODENTS (No. 1 and No. 2) contain that excellent gum tonic—calcium and potassium iodides *in easily soluble form.*

IODENT No. 1 is specially recommended for children and for those fortunate few whose teeth are easy to whiten. And no other tooth paste in the world is made in two textures for these two well-recognized classes of teeth.

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY · IODENT BUILDING · DETROIT

IODENT No. 2



IODENT NO. 1
for teeth EASY to whiten
—in the red tube

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for teeth HARD to whiten
—in the blue tube

quality of his drinks is hard to understand. Wherever he was he kept on giving dinners, luncheons, clambakes, picnics and balls—always balls. He was a clever dog too. When he utilized his farm for a picnic he would hire "an entire flock of Southdown sheep, and two yoke of cattle, and several cows from the neighboring farm, for half a day, to be turned into my pasture lots, to give the place an animated look." A very resourceful man, certainly, this McAllister.

These picnics and clambakes were wonderful affairs, with an "army of skirmishers in the way of servants," a band, elaborate viands cooked by French chefs, and plenty of champagne. But they were not merely gastronomical engagements by any manner of means. Far from it! "Beauty was there to look upon, and wit to enliven the feast. The wittiest of men was then in his element, and I only wish I dared quote here his brilliant sallies." Why not? Was it that modesty forbade him?

A Pastoral Scene

"The beauty of the land was there," he continues, "and all, feeling that they were on a frolic, threw hauteur, ceremonial, and grand company manners aside, and, in place, assumed a spirit of simple enjoyment. . . . At these entertainments you formed lifetime intimacies with the most cultivated and charming men and women of this country. These little parties were then, and are now, the stepping-stones to our best New York society. Men and women enjoyed a freedom that these rural surroundings permitted, and, like the lambs gamboling in the fields next them, they frisked about, and thus did away with much of the stiff conventionality pertaining to a city entertainment." How sweetly simple it all was! It is a pity that Mr. McAllister does not include a photograph of the frisking. But the long skirts and huge hats of the time may have made it difficult to frisk picturesquely.

"Now, do not for a moment imagine," he warns, "that all were indiscriminately asked to these little fêtes." Rest assured, Mr. McAllister, we do not. "On the contrary, if you were not of the inner circle – " Quite so!

Yet even among these elect there were occasional little contretemps. Once when McAllister was giving one of these simple little entertainments and had sent to New York for Delmonico with all his staff, all the coachmen and grooms "made a foray on the abundant supplies, tumbled Delmonico's French waiters in the cellar and locked them up; thus taking possession of the dining room, held high carnival. Every mouthful of solid food was eaten up and all the champagne drunk. . . . Every coachman and groom was intoxicated, and as the whole party at once took flight to secure dinner at home, the scene on the road beggared description. The coachmen swayed to and fro like the pendulum of a clock; the postilions of the demi d'Aumonts hung on by the manes of their horses when they lost their equilibrium. The women, as usual, behaved admirably. As one said to me: 'My man is beastly intoxicated, but I shall appear not to notice it. The horses are gentle, they will go of themselves.'" The horses, on sober thought, appear to have had quite the best of it. Anyhow, it is comforting to realize that somebody, at least, had a good time.

McAllister, conscious that this admitted "hauteur" on the part of his inwardly simple friends tended to exasperate the hoi polloi, loyally rallies to their defense. "The mistake made by the world at large is that fashionable people are selfish, frivolous and indifferent to the welfare of their fellow creatures; all of which is a popular error, arising simply from a want of knowledge of the true state of things. Progress is fashion's watchword; it never stands still, it always advances; it values and appreciates beauty in women and genius and talent in men. It is certainly always most charitable; it surrounds itself with the elegancies of life; it soars, it never crawls. I know the general belief is that all fashionable people are hollow and heartless. My experience is quite the contrary. I have found as warm, sympathetic, loving hearts in the garb of fashion as out of it. Fashion selects its own votaries. You will see certain members of a family born to it, as it were; others of the same family with none of its attributes. You can give no explanation of this: 'One is taken, the other left.' Such and such a man or woman are cited as having been always fashionable. The talent of and for society developes itself just as does the talent for art."

And now, having given us this charming sketch of the manners and customs of a bygone era, our author skips twenty years or so and tells us why he organized the Patriarchs' Balls.

"When you become very rich and powerful, and people pay you court, it follows in many cases that you become exacting and domineering. It soon became evident that people of moderate means, who had no social power to boast of, must needs be set aside and crowded out if the one-man power, or even the united power of two or three colossally rich men, controlled society. One reflected that it would not work. The homage we pay to a society leader must come from the esteem and admiration which is felt for him, but must not be exacted or forced. It occurred to me then, that if one in any way got out of the powers that be, his position might become critical, and be so forced out of the way as to really lose his social footing. Where then was the remedy for this?" Answer: The Patriarchs' Ball Committee, where the odium for exclusions could be equally distributed. But instead of heading the list of twenty-five leaders of society, Mr. McAllister cleverly contented himself with fourth place. "Social Unity," he called it, and the "patriarchs were chosen solely for their fitness."

I am informed by one in a position to know that McAllister did not himself organize the Patriarchs and that, instead of being the leader of society, he was the servant of it. However that may be, his wardenship of the portcullis enabled him to let in and keep out whom he would. He had charge of the mailing lists, and invitations requested for people he did not like or approve of never reached them.

The Autocrat of Drawing-Rooms

This man McAllister divided those members of society worthy of his attention into two classes: Nobs and swells. A nob was a person entitled by birth and breeding to an exclusive and exalted social position, and hence not required to make any social effort whatever to maintain it—he was what he was—while a swell was a person who paid for the privilege of knowing the nobs and had to keep on paying. As the swells did the work, they were necessarily more in the public eye. But they couldn't fool McAllister! He knew who the gouty old Misses Whosisses were that pulled the wires.

Followed the Golden Age of Feasting, the organization of the Family Circle Dancing Class, and so on. Mr. McAllister was now "the autocrat." He was, he declares, "assailed on all sides, became in a sense a diplomat, committed himself to nothing, promised much, and did as little as possible." Indeed, he gave his entire mornings to the great work of keeping the wrong people out and letting the right people in.

One of these parties at Delmonico's, described in verse in a daily chronicle, concluded:

And by whose magic wand is this
All conjured up? The height of bliss!
'Tis he who now before you looms,
The Autocrat of Drawing-Rooms.

One is inclined to suspect that the lines were, perhaps, composed by a certain gentleman there present for the edification of

(Continued on Page 165)

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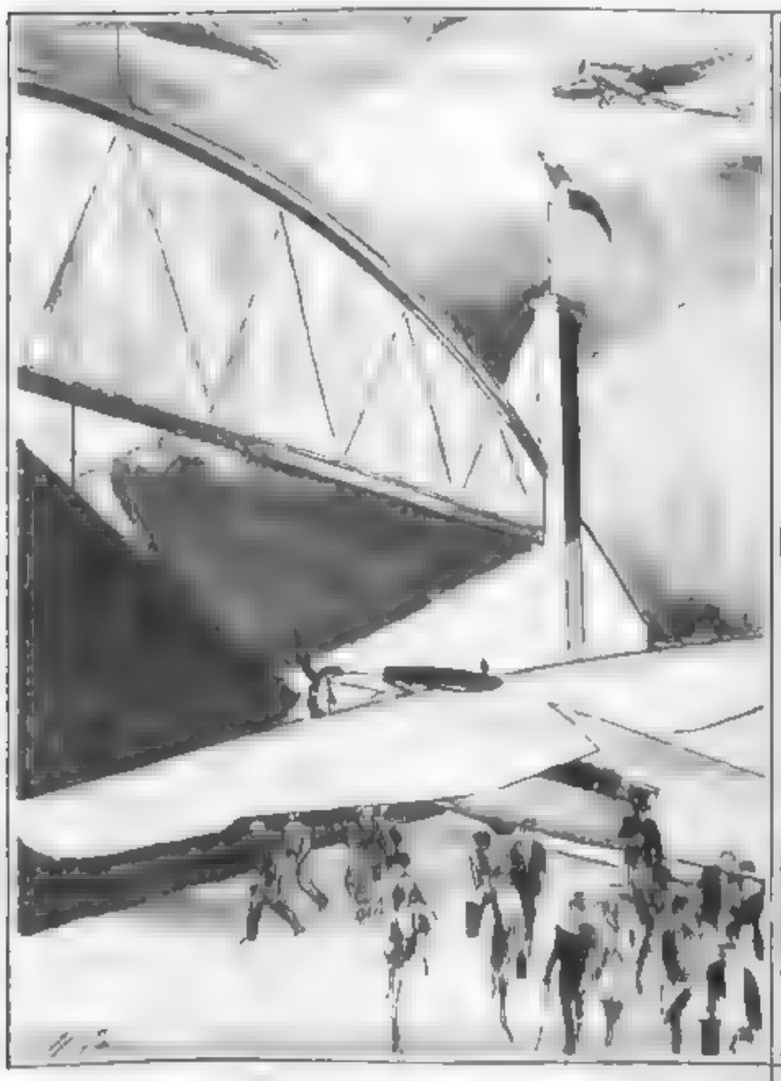
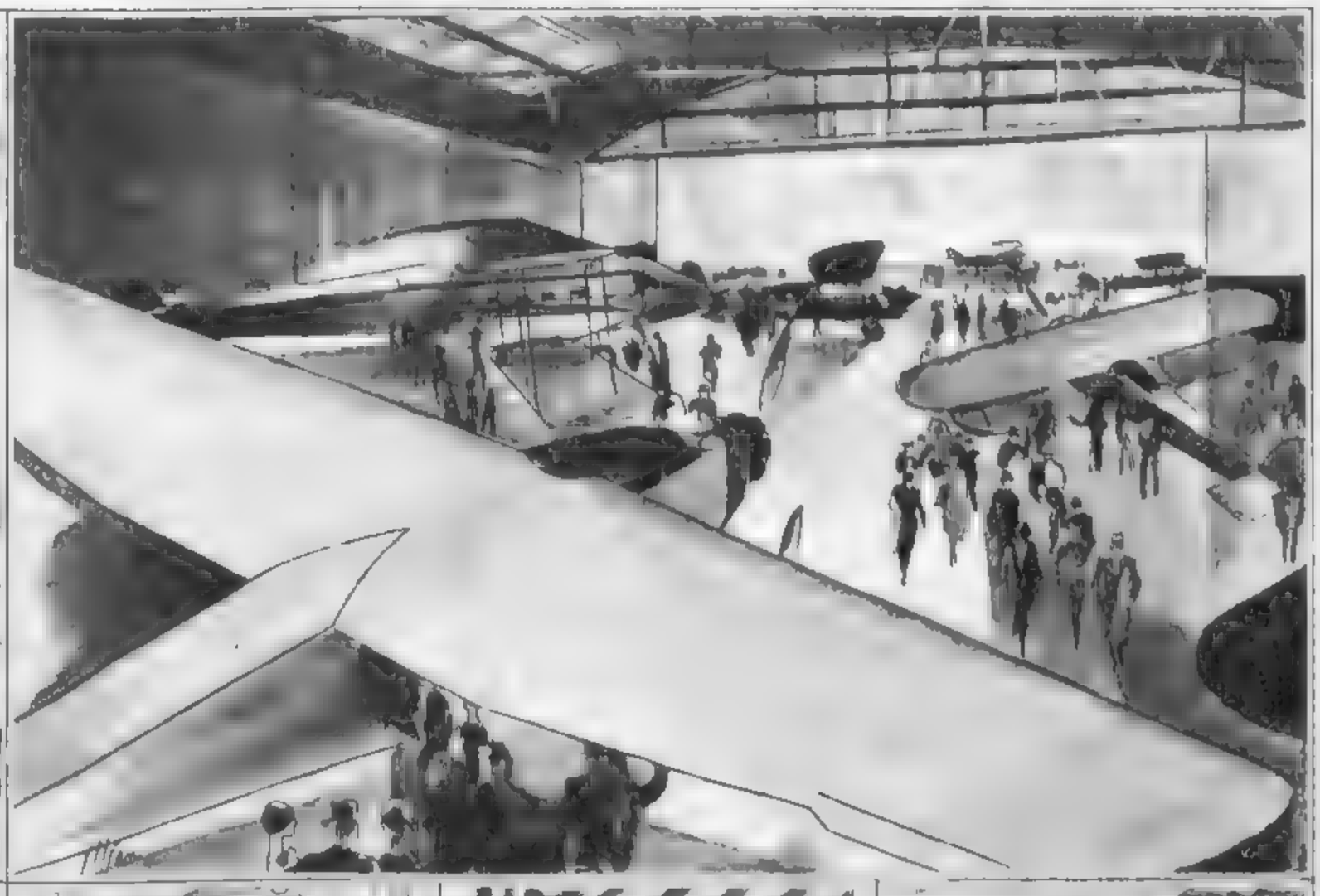
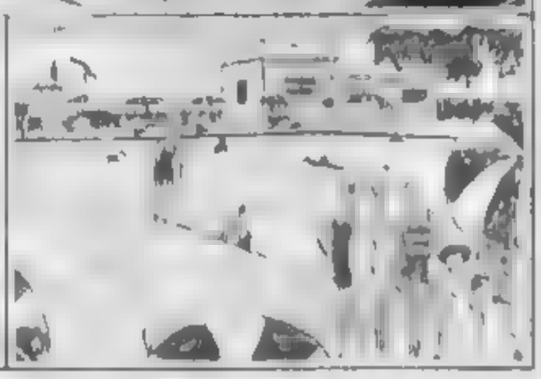
has been built at CENTRAL AIRPORT







CENTRAL AIRPORT is but 15 minutes' drive from the heart of Philadelphia over broad highways and the Delaware River Bridge. Among the features of its equipment, in addition to enormous, fire proof, heated hangars, are weather service radio, complete lighting for night flying, ticket and administrative offices, waiting and rest rooms, a splendid restaurant, two swimming pools with a sand beach, parking space for 4000 cars. The field has eight runways of 2500 feet, 3600-foot runway in the direction of the prevailing wind, macadam taxi and take-off strips. Perfect natural drainage in all seasons.

CENTRAL AIRPORT is the aviation crossroads of the East. Situated midway between the financial and political capitals of the country, and near to both; at the population center of the Atlantic coast, and almost at its geographical center, Central Airport is the heart of the growing system of eastern airways.

Since its establishment, every eastern event of sectional or national significance in commercial aviation has sought the safety, the accessibility, the complete service and equipment of Central Airport. All the eastern divisions of the National Air Races started from here late in August. The official dedication, this past week, was attended by the foremost figures in aviation in America. The mighty armada of the National Air Tour, contesting for the Edsel B. Ford Trophy, will come to rest at Central Airport early in October.

Central Airport is the focal point for aviation in the Philadelphia-Camden area, with its three million people, its thousands of factories, its industries devoted to the production of metals, woods, textile, finishes, equipment, instruments and parts for the aviation industry.

Every form of airplane and engine service is established at Central Airport, organized to serve both the private flier and the transport organization desiring the enormous mail, express and passenger loads originating in this vast community. Land adjoining the field is available to the aircraft manufacturer; storage, display and office space, to the airplane and engine distributor. A great aviation center has been built at Central Airport. And the aviation industry is rapidly making it greater. Detailed information will be furnished any one requesting it. Central Airport, Inc., Fidelity-Philadelphia Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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In which Radio rises to new Heights of Magnificence

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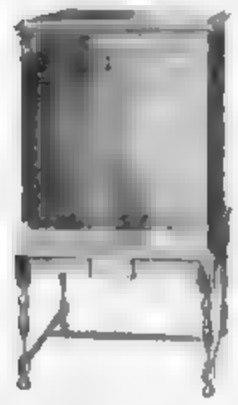
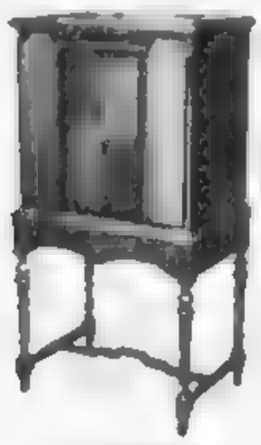


The ARIA

Beautifully proportioned console of butt walnut and African walnut veneers. Contains standard Amrad screen-grid chassis and built-in full Electric Power Speaker.

Priced at $198 (less tubes)



The SERENATA

This richly beautiful, sliding door art moderne console of fine diamond matched Walnut, inlaid with Ebony, and panels of curly Maple. Contains the Amrad eight-tube screen-grid chassis, extra heavy, with two 245 push-pull power tubes. Built-in RCA full Electric Speaker mounted on baffle.

Priced at $245 (less tubes)

The SYMPHONY

Beautiful cabinet of art moderne design. Front and sides veneered in highly figured East Indian laurel wood, with base rail of Macassa, decorated with inlays of ebony. Inside panel of matched Oriental Walnut Veneer. The Amrad chassis in this set is especially designed for utmost selectivity and sensitivity and has built-in RCA 106 Electric Power Speaker mounted on a baffle board.

Price $295.00 (less tubes)

Here, in four notable screen-grid models that breathe the spirit of art moderne, are new tonal-brilliancy, new life-like fidelity of reproduction, new hair-line precision of performance, new depths of dynamic power.

Only an organization like AMRAD—equipped to quality-standards, and committed to a policy that brooks no compromise—could conceive and create radio of Bel Canto magnificence. And only the sweeping demand of discriminating buyers for radio performance hitherto unmatched, could bring AMRAD quality within reach and reason of those homes where appreciation transcends the bounds of price.

Until you've heard the thrill of the Bel Canto Series AMRAD, you have no adequate standards by which to judge radio's worth.

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Will you let us send you an exquisitely illustrated brochure on modern radios, with full detail of the Amrad Bel Canto Series?

The DUET

(Left)

A combination electrical radio and phonograph inspired by the finest modern furniture. The beautiful veneers in this cabinet are of oriental laurel wood, appropriately decorated by inlays of ebony and maple with a base of African ebony. The balanced spring hinge controls the top, which lifts to disclose the phonograph compartment, the rounded surface and top being of the finest oriental walnut. The inside front panel is of finely matched oriental walnut veneer, with extremely beautiful grille, escutcheon plate of silver, scarlet and blue. The door pulls of this cabinet are of antique silver. In recessed compartments four phonograph albums are provided bound in dark red fiberette embossed in blue and gold. Has built-in RCA 106 full Electric Speaker.

Priced at $195
(less tubes)

The Amrad chassis designed for new screen-grid tubes in three stages, uses eight tubes, including the powerful 245 power tubes in push-pull. Extremely sensitive; simple in operation and selective—with illuminated calibrated dial.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

(Continued from Page 162)

the company on the previous evening, but who, unfortunately, found no occasion to deliver them.

So there he was! He had achieved his ambition. "There is no power like the social power," he boasts; "it makes and unmakes." "Beauty in woman, genius in man," he admits, "happily I never fail to discover." He knew that the laurel crowning his brow belonged there. No one could dislodge or tear it away. He was undisputed emperor of society, with a faithful bodyguard of twenty-four impeccable gentlemen "chosen solely for their fitness." But nobody wanted to displace him. Society was glad to have a leader, to be relieved of responsibility, to let George do it. And George did do it. He made himself genuinely useful to the sort of people he regarded as important and gave the world a good time laughing at them.

A Shock for the Governor

After nearly two hundred pages, in which there is not a single wise or witty remark recorded, Society as I Have Found It peters out into a combination handbook of etiquette and cookery—Entering Society, Entertaining, Madeiras, Champagnes and Other Wines, Dinners, Cooks and Catering, Balls, Famous Newport Balls, An Era of Extravagance, Washington Dinners and New York Balls, and the latest fashions in visiting cards. He laid down the rule that "a dinner invitation, once accepted, is a sacred obligation. If you die before the dinner takes place your executor must attend the dinner." If he had only stopped there we should think more highly of him, but he spoils it by adding naïvely in parenthesis: "[This is not to be taken literally, but to illustrate the obligation.]"

It all ends with a sample of a slipshod but obviously highly cherished invitation to a tea on board a yacht:

MR. ——
REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF
MR. AND MRS. WARD MCALLISTER'S COMPANY
ON BOARD THE YACHT ——
ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 15TH,
FROM FOUR UNTIL SIX O'CLOCK
BOATS AT THE N. Y. YACHT CLUB LANDING
NEWPORT, R. I.

and corrected in a scrawl so careless that the "August" might have started as "December."

Had he been an educated man he could have left behind him an invaluable collection of memoirs instead of merely a cookbook. It would have been worth while had he recorded the stories he must have heard from old Mrs. Mason Jones, weighing 350 pounds and known as Bloody Mary, about New York in the 30's and 40's, when the pigs ran in the streets and rooted in the gutters. Alas! Instead he tells us what kind of gloves to wear at the opera and warns us, in selecting a shin of beef, to remember that "a fresh shin is always the best for soup."

Nevertheless, as we run through these pages we occasionally stumble upon an item of historic interest, such as the stupendous amount of drinking that went on, as well as the tolerance with which it was regarded; the fact that at one time it was customary both in this country and in England to place a large square of red satin in the middle of the table in order that the silver placed upon it might show off to advantage; that shortly before the Civil War it was a fashionable stunt for gentlemen and ladies to ride on horseback to New York, "sending the servants ahead by rail to engage apartments, have our rooms ready, and dinner prepared for us at the village inns;" and that at this period—1863—"there were not more than one or two men in New York who spent in living and entertaining over sixty thousand dollars a year."

The horror with which mixed bathing was viewed sixty years ago is illustrated by an anecdote of what happened when the governor of the Bahamas was visiting him at Newport. "On one occasion we visited the beach together when the surf was full of people. We saw an enormously tall, Rubenslike woman, clad in a clinging garment of calico, exhilerated by the bath, jumping up and down, and in her ecstacy throwing her arms up over her head.

"'Who is the creature?' he exclaimed. 'Is this allowed here? My man, you should not tolerate it a moment!'

"I gave one look at the female and then, convulsed with laughter, seized his arm, exclaiming: 'It is your wife's English maid!' If I had given him an electric shock, he could not have sprung out of the wagon quicker. Rushing to the water's edge, he shouted: 'Down with you! Down with you this instant, you crazy jade! How dare you disgrace me in this way?' The poor girl, one could see, felt innocent of all wrong, but quitted the water at lightning speed when she saw the crowd the governor had drawn around him."

It was not unusual for gentlemen who entertained to give valuable presents or "favors" to the ladies present. "At one dinner, on opening her napkin, each fair guest found a gold bracelet with the monogram of Jerome Park in chased gold in the center. Now it must be remembered that this habit of giving ladies presents at dinner did not originate in this city. Before my day the wealthy William Gaston, a bachelor, gave superb dinners in Savannah, Georgia, and there always placed at each lady's plate a beautiful Spanish fan of such value that they are preserved by the grandchildren of those ladies and are proudly exhibited to this day."

W. E. D. Stokes, to my own knowledge, continued this custom down into the present generation, to the embarrassment of some of his female guests and to the great delight of others.

Mr. McAllister deplored the increased cost of entertaining. In the good old days, on those informal Dutch-treat picnics where everybody rollicked in simplicity and "frisked," the cost was insignificant, since each family took its own butler and carried out the wines and all the dishes. "We would pay twenty-five dollars for the farm or grove to which we went for the day. Twenty-five dollars for the county band, as much for the hire of silver, linen, crockery, and so on, and ten dollars for a horse, wagon and mare to take everything out, making the entire outlay in money on each occasion eighty-five to a hundred dollars." And he could give himself a picnic dinner and dance at his farm for sixty people for $300, everything included. "What a difference to the present time!" he mourns. "I got up one of these country dances and luncheons summer before last at my farm—1889—when, under a pretty grove of trees I had built a dancing platform from which you can throw a bisquit into the beautiful waters of Narragansett Bay. Lending the farm to the party, everyone bringing a dish, hiring the servants and music, cost us in money $806.84." One wonders about those eighty-four cents!

McAllister's Lament

He also laments the rise in the wages of domestic servants. He says—1890—"An A 1 chef's wages is $100 a month"; today a woman cook in a smart household in the Park Avenue district gets from $125 to $150. He is pained to chronicle that in the Era of Extravagance of the 80's butlers' wages jumped from $40 to $60, and then to $75 a month. A good English butler in New York City today receives from $150 up; $200 is by no means unusual. He also speaks of second men's wages jumping from $20 to $35 and $40. Today a second man commands from $100 to $125.

But then, everything else has gone up too. You could not get a man like Ward McAllister today at any price. His concept of life is revealed in his delighted account of dinner giving in the 80's, when "soft strains of music were introduced between the courses, and in some houses gold replaced silver in the way of plate, and everything that skill and art could suggest was added to make the dinners not a vulgar display but a great gastronomic effort, evidencing the possession by the host of both money and taste."

Society as I Have Found It is cheap and tawdry without a concept of anything finer in life than terrapin and champagne. And yet its author cannot be thus totally dismissed.

Ward McAllister illustrated two great truths—the inertia of the social mob and the power of an earnest fool consecrated to an idea. McAllister believed in the nobs and the swells. To him they were the real people—the only people worth bothering about. He regarded himself as ordained by Nature, if not by God, to lead them and to show them how to get the most out of life. That he considered food and fashion the most important things in life does not greatly differentiate him from many other men. But that sensible, kindly, altruistic and educated people accepted his standards and suffered his control is something to give us pause.

All That Glitters ——

It is not improbable that those to whom McAllister awarded the accolade of social knighthood were deserving of it. Among the twenty-five names are those of families who meant and still do mean much in the life of New York City. And those who attended the Patriarchs and constituted the so-called Four Hundred were neither foolish nor vulgar. There was a society in those days composed of refined old families, and less ostentatious than it became in later years. Why, then, did they stand for this man and let him lead them by the nose? Why did they accept his standards even for a single evening? Unquestionably the answer must be sought in the willingness of the great mass of people to let others do the work for them, even if it costs them money or even dignity and permits the volunteer to acquire unworthy merit. We live in a world of one-man corporations, governments and societies—not of "controlling minorities" but of "controlling individuals."

Ward McAllister was no buffoon, but a social fanatic capering earnestly around ballrooms and determined that social honor should be bestowed only where social honor was due; a second-rate fellow obsessed with a delusion that what was really brass was in fact gold. His conviction carried conviction with it. Besides, people of sense had other business to attend to. And so, because merrymakers are always more amusing to watch than those who mourn, and because most people are curious about the rich, the insignificant collection of people in the larger sense who centered about Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Belmont, and Mrs. William Astor, of all of whom Ward McAllister was the Grand Vizier, became objects of interest and newspaper publicity. Certainly their doings were not of the slightest importance even as a study in social economics. But McAllister drew public attention to them, and when he published his book, Society, as such, heard the first rumble of its doom in the laughter of the gods.

There is nothing peculiar, and there should be nothing to excite jealousy in others, in the prominence of the nobs and the swells. The eye of the observer is naturally attracted by what is most conspicuous. He knows, or at least should know, that the Jungfrau is no more beautiful than a hundred of lesser, practically unknown peaks and that an eight-foot doorman in front of a theater is no more of a chap than the rest of us, except in height. The fact that somebody lives in a marble palace or possesses fifty millions is a fact like any other fact. It may or may not interest us, depending on a variety of factors, but generally speaking it is calculated to attract attention. There is no harm in that. It is only when it is assumed that because one dwells in marble halls or has a pot of money he must necessarily possess greater intelligence, ability or charm than others who have not these material assets, that danger arises.

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"SUCH a handy little stove," say women everywhere. It *quickly* boils, broils and fries everything from eggs to steaks. Makes scores of tempting dishes, too. Makes delicious toast—boils coffee—heats water for shaving—heats curling irons, pressing irons—warms baby's milk—makes candy. Good for hundreds of uses.

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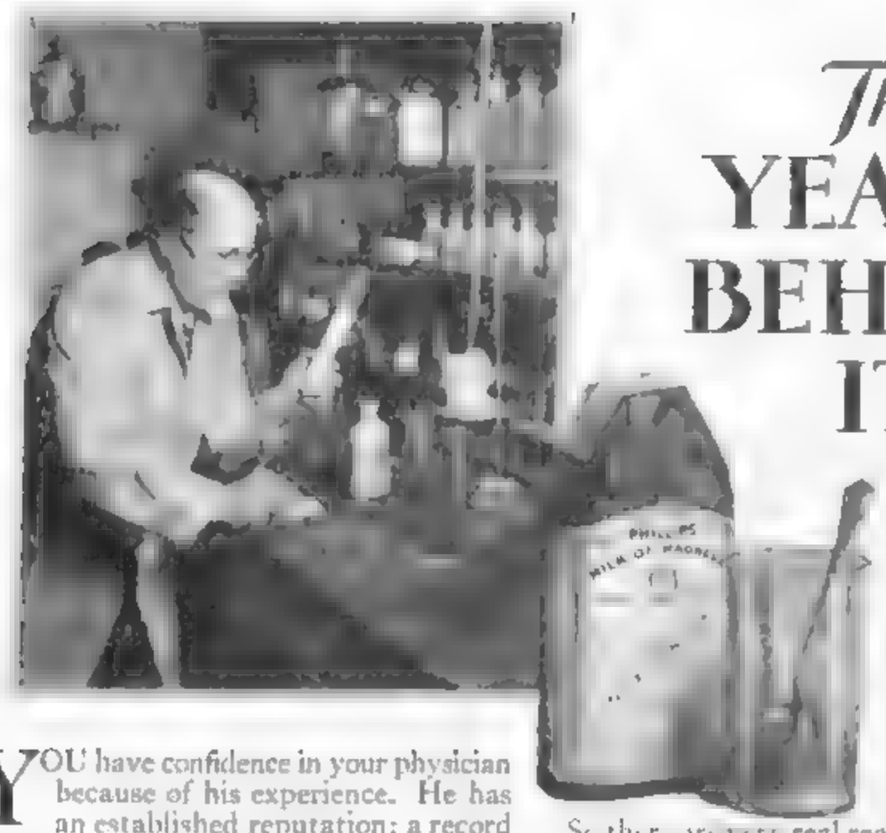

The YEARS BEHIND IT

YOU have confidence in your physician because of his experience. He has an established reputation; a record you respect. Physicians have the same thought about the preparations they prescribe. And for fifty years they have endorsed Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

For sour stomach, biliousness, indigestion, or other gastric disorder, there is quick comfort and real relief in Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

In the Phillips formula authorities have recognized the most perfect anti-acid. Its form is the most effective in the opinion of the U. S. Dispensary.

So there are very real reasons why Phillips Milk of Magnesia has become the standard remedy for acid stomach. It is in perfect colloidal suspension. You never find it all settled on the bottom of the bottle. It clings to the lining of the stomach, so its alkaline action is most thorough. It does not generate gas and cannot irritate or hurt the most sensitive membrane. And it neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

There is only one form of milk of magnesia; it's a liquid, and comes in a bottle. Phillips is the genuine. It takes more than a blue bottle to make Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

PHILLIPS
Milk of Magnesia

Try this new one-

HERE is a 1929 model. Simple and easy to load. Bottom ejection. Solid breech to protect the shooter's face.

The new Model 29 Remington has a small pistol grip and fore-end, finely checkered—symmetrical lines—perfect balance. Points naturally as it jumps to your shoulder. Mechanically a wonder—smooth and certain in operation.

See this beautiful new example of the gunsmith's art at your dealer's. Descriptive circular on request.

Model 29-12ga., hammerless, Remington Repeating Shotgun. Price, standard grade, $49.50

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington

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Gold has largely lost its glitter. I hear that there is but one service of gold plate still in use on Fifth Avenue, and then only on state occasions when royalty brings grace to the table.

The trouble with McAllister was that he thought the swells were better and certainly happier than other people in direct ratio to the size of their bank accounts. He sought rich people and he got them, but he saw to it that the strain of millionaires was properly blended with the blood of Old Father Knickerbocker. He called admission to society "a badge of royalty" and sought to make it more and more exclusive. The phrase The Four Hundred became a slogan uttered, at first, as much in awe as in jest. Later he reduced the sacred number to one hundred and fifty. His penchant for lists led to his being called Mr. "Make-a-lister." Yet he made them and they were definitive. No aspirant for social honors could get by his veto. This King of Snobs gave every nob and swell due credit for his exact nobbery and swellishness.

"I well remember being asked by a member of my family: 'Why are you so eager to go to this leader's house?' My reply always was: 'Because I enjoy such refined and cultivated entertainments. It improves and elevates one.' From him I literally took my first lesson in the art of giving good dinners."

An Unkind Word From Critics

Yet what sort of refinement and cultivation could have been found in a society that catered to this shallow man who misplaced his pronouns and, according to one who knew him well and liked him well enough, "could not carry on a conversation upon any matter of public interest, since he knew nothing about anything except eating, drinking and party giving"? The "improvement" must have been purely stomachic, the "elevation" alcoholic, a fact deducible from his comment "from him I literally took my first lesson in the art of giving good dinners."

No, McAllister, in spite of being a gentleman of sorts, well-intentioned and punctiliously polite, was *au fond* a very second-rate person; and one is inclined to wonder whether his social world may not have been pretty second-rate also.

But though it is distressing to one's national and civic pride that women like Mrs. August Belmont should have accepted this man, it is a satisfaction to learn that his book was greeted with the derision it deserved. Said the New York Evening Post, October 25, 1890:

> The book shows little more conception of what society is, or should be, than a polo pony has of ancient history. To assume to describe a 'Society' destitute of humor, of wit, of position or distinction, of kindly deeds and generous, unostentatious hospitality, is but to make the author and his subject alike ridiculous. . . . Had he confined his ambition to feeding the Three Hundred and Ninety-nine, and his empire to the kitchen, no complaint would have been possible but dyspepsia. . . . The difficulty with the book, if such a book can be treated at all seriously, is that it assumes to treat of the drawing-room, when it should have been confined to the kitchen and the servants' hall. Its atmosphere suggests that the master and mistress are out of town and that the servants have moved up to the drawing-room.

The Times, in a lengthy review, said:

> Mr. McAllister is emphatically a man of deeds, not words. When he is induced to become a man of words for the benefit and enjoyment of the public, it is not surprising that his words should not in all cases be such as writers of grammars and dictionaries can conscientiously sanction. . . . Sometimes the incertitude of his English makes his meaning difficult to arrive at, though it is but justice to him to say that the thought itself, when it is reached, is never abstruse or recondite. It is superfluous to add that with this weakness of his English he combines an admiration for French which is even less according to knowledge. . . . While he is thrice weak in his parts of speech, our leader of society is not weak at all points. The man seems really to know something about eating and drinking.
>
> "When the demand for a social leader arises, the social leader appears." . . . The first requisite for success, as in so many other things, is intense moral earnestness. No suspicion that he is making a continental laughingstock of himself must disturb his mind or interfere with the singleness of his devotion. . . . The degree of fervor that the author puts into undertakings that adults commonly leave to adolescents is really wonderful. . . . "He who is serious about trifles is serious indeed." . . . In writing this remarkable book he has produced a social document of considerable interest; for he not only illuminates himself but he sheds a somewhat garish light upon the "society" whose leader he is.

The World said:

> That bright people will earnestly desire to get into society after reading Mr. McAllister's exposition of it is somewhat doubtful. They will come to the conclusion that they have something better to think about at this urgent hour. They certainly cannot form a very high conception of society if the author of this book is the result of its developing and refining processes. For the product is the most extraordinary example of trivial-mindedness and pretentiousness that it is possible to conceive of. He is in every attitude and sentence the exemplar of authoritative puerility, giving dignity to emptiness and striving to make a blatant idiocy official. . . . It is not apparent that he knows anything about the elemental factors in this great, seething and vital American life, with its pressing social issues. . . . But he knows how to cook a ham."

To an interviewer sent by the New York Herald, McAllister said:

"Society as I Have Found It was written to make money. I see no reason why I should hesitate to acknowledge the fact. And it has been a success. . . . There has been a good deal of personal abuse and ridicule of me, but not much honest criticism of my book. . . . They will persist—every one of 'em—in speaking of me as 'the autocrat of American drawing-rooms,' 'the leader of New York society,' 'the head of The Four Hundred,' and so on. Now, I don't deserve any such exalted rank, and have never set up any such claim. The newspapers alone are responsible for dubbing me with these titles. . . . I wish the newspapers wouldn't make it appear that I pretend to be the leader of The Four Hundred. It's just about as true as that I ever limited New York society to four hundred."

The Fate of Failing Fashion

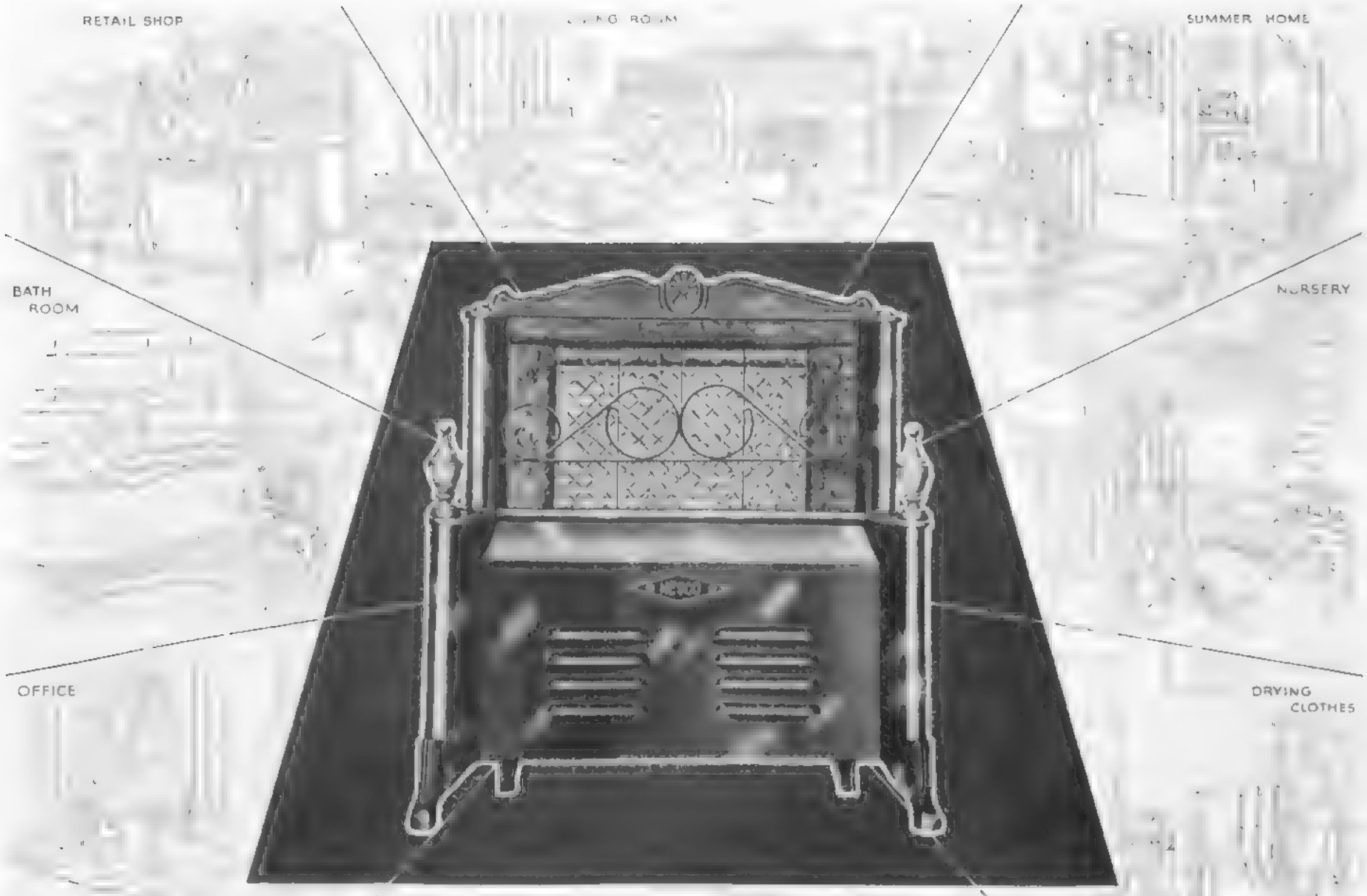
To do McAllister full justice, it is probable that he did not make the claim in the first instance. Others made it and he merely acquiesced. He would probably have been satisfied to plan dinners, engage servants and run social errands. This gave him a strangle hold on society and he made use of it. He was responsible for The Four Hundred—perhaps not precisely as interpreted by the public and the press, but as a phrase—and it certainly represented his idea of the number of persons qualified for admission to the inner circle. Justly or unjustly, it made him a butt. His ridiculous book finished him.

From the date of its publication his influence steadily waned and he was no longer taken seriously even by the snobs, who, once eager for the slightest of his favors, now jeered at him. The book itself was not the success he claimed and he netted only $2000 from it. His last years were spent in gossip, in walking about the town, in marketing and writing self-revelatory articles for the newspapers which only detracted still further from his reputation. He died in 1897.

Ward McAllister has been dead more than a quarter of a century—why exhume him? Simply because his book is one point from which to estimate a possible social progress. He himself was unimportant. What fame he had has vanished. He is almost totally forgotten. His name cannot be found in any biographical dictionary, roster of celebrities or contemporary equivalent of Who's Who.

Yet he alone decided who was who for thirty-odd years in fashionable New York life, and this may fairly be taken as evidence of the latter's true importance.

Ward McAllister's great error was in confusing fashionable life with good society. He was not a Puritan.



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THIS FOOTBALL BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 11)

on the decline but now show an upward trend, has signed Columbia and Princeton to replace Dartmouth and Harvard. Wisconsin has recently added Notre Dame, Alabama and Penn outside of its Big Ten alignments.

The schedule maker with the most difficult task is the man who is guiding a school which has put on a football revival or is experiencing growing pains. Most often he is a coach of some experience elsewhere who is put in charge of the business at a good salary with the hope that he can not only produce good teams but that his personal prestige will be able to secure worthy games. Sometimes he is said to be guaranteed a percentage of the gate receipts if he increases them to a certain figure—on the theory that if he is personally responsible for a great increase he is entitled to a share of the profits.

It is usually a part of the understanding that the new general manager will have good material to work with; and this implies activity on the part of alumni or sometimes the coach himself, which is forbidden by the numerous rules and regulations. Other schools watch such developments closely and usually shy away when it becomes apparent that the new general manager is seeking somebody to help him climb a rung up the ladder. One way to sidestep games of this dangerous quality is quietly to elevate an eyebrow and question the source of the fine material the new coach has at his disposal; and a gag in circulation just now is the statement that it is too bad such-and-such a school plays night students—even though it does not.

Because of this general shyness on the part of those who are "in," we have the annual spectacle of some of the best squads in the country unable to get games with the leaders in their section, sometimes even with natural rivals in their own cities.

Football Society Climbers

Here again, it is not a vicious motive; the schedule maker of the social school may be a close friend of the man who is climbing; but it is simply not good business for one to play the other; perhaps in a few years. . . . And the man who makes the schedules must also consider the wishes, sometimes the prejudices and emotions, of the members of the faculty boards who must ratify his agreements.

N. Y. U. offers a typical example of a college trying to improve its football position; and Meehan and Al Nixon, the graduate manager, are making the fight up the ladder, meeting all the difficulties and patiently overcoming them. Meehan was installed as coach in 1925, coming from his alma mater, Syracuse, where he had made a fine record. In his first year at N. Y. U., the football books showed a deficit of $30,000. The next season Chick had a profit of $9000 which he raised in 1927 to $38,000 and in 1928 to $86,000. In his first four years he won twenty-eight games, lost six and tied three; he placed Strong on the 1928 All-American team—always a good selling point in the battle for prestige—and he raised the quality of the Violet teams until N. Y. U. is now ready to take on the best of them on even terms. With the football lovers of New York to draw from and the great seating capacity of the Yankee Stadium to put them in, it looks, on the surface, as if liberal financial inducements should make it comparatively easy to get an attractive schedule.

But it hasn't worked out that way. N. Y. U. can improve its position only at the expense of other schools—and these usually find it possible to get adequate gate receipts from other colleges without placing their prestige on the line for the Violent Violets to shoot at.

The N. Y. U. receipts for 1928 would have been much larger if well-laid plans to bring Nebraska to New York in that year had not failed. The Violet made the long trip to Lincoln in '26 and '27, hoping to have the powerful Cornhuskers reciprocate by signing a home-and-home agreement for '28 and '29. Nebraska demurred, giving as a reason that it was playing Syracuse in the East in '29 and did not wish to make the trip twice. N. Y. U. arranged with Syracuse to go to Lincoln so that Nebraska might come to New York; but still the Cornhuskers hesitated and negotiations were dropped. A short while later Nebraska saw a chance to get on the Army schedule. It finally landed the game at West Point, taking less money than it would have received from N. Y. U., and transferring the Syracuse contest to Lincoln.

The Team That Beat the Team That—

N. Y. U. then arranged a three-game series with Missouri, the team which had defeated Nebraska for two straight seasons.

Carnegie Tech is one of the most aggressive of the ambitious gridiron schools at the moment. The Tartans turn out good teams under difficulties. Wallie Steffen, head coach, is a Chicago jurist who spends only week-ends with his squad after a month of conditioning before the season begins. I have been on the Tech field and found that practice does not begin until four-thirty; but Clarence Overend, graduate manager, is doing fine work with the material Steffen and Bob Waddell, his assistant coach, provide.

Tech had its original impetus in victories over its city rival, Pitt; but it has made most capital from two defeats of Notre Dame. Overend took motion pictures of the 1926 Notre Dame contest as far as the Pacific Coast, showing them at alumni gatherings. The 1928 N. Y. U. game, although it marred a successful season for Tech, and the placing of Howard Harpster on the All-American elevens, turned more light upon the Tartans. Next year Carnegie is playing Southern California at Los Angeles; but it had a break in the luck to get this desirable game. A U. S. C. man came East last fall with instructions to seek N. Y. U., Carnegie and Alabama in that order. He stopped at South Bend to watch the Tech-Notre Dame game; and when Carnegie won that game he signed them immediately, never thinking that N. Y. U. might force the Pittsburgh Scotchmen to give up a victory the next week—which was what occurred. Original plans called for Tech to make the hop from New York, after the N. Y. U. game on Thanksgiving Day, to Los Angeles by airplanes—which would be the newest wrinkle in the business of football.

Oregon State is showing plenty of interest in the East, possibly because Paul Schissler, its coach, likes to get back home once each year. Last season the Western team scored a sensational victory over N. Y. U. after the latter had beaten Carnegie—this being a clear case of the perils in store for the careless schedule maker. Carnegie had gained a point by beating Notre Dame on the Saturday after Rockne's team had whipped an Army squad which had triumphed over Yale and Harvard. But along came N. Y. U. to take the glory away from Tech; and the Violet had no sooner begun to celebrate than Oregon stole the show. Evidently the boys are now taking no more chances with Schissler. This year he is

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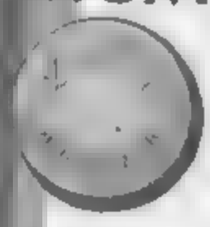

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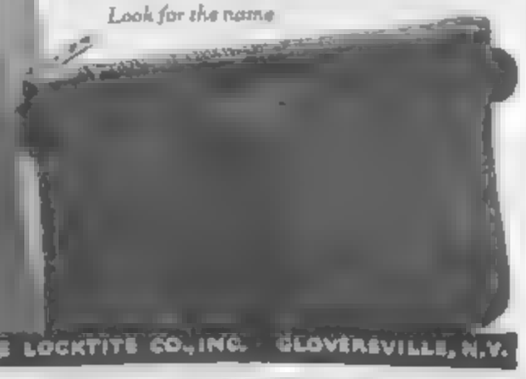

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playing Detroit, another of the outsiders with an unusually strong team; and in '30 and '31 Oregon is scheduled to play West Virginia. The first of these games will find West Virginia and Oregon playing at either the Yankee Stadium in New York or Soldiers' Field in Chicago—which is going the Dartmouth-Stanford game in Boston or Philadelphia one better.

Southern Methodist is doing well. The Mustangs almost stole a march on Army in the opening game of the 1928 season, and have scheduled Navy in 1930, beating N. Y. U. to this one. The ambitious Southerners, with vigorous support from the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, are making strong attempts to bring Army or Navy to Texas. Dr. Roy Blackwell is the man behind the Mustangs and is doing a brilliant job. This team riots with color. Doctor Blackwell brought six special trainloads of rooters to West Point, including a band that inspired its eleven in the tight spots by playing jazz tunes.

Seeing America's Stadia

Harry Stuhldreher, who has been gradually improving the quality of Villanova teams for the past four years, is another newcomer who is being watched carefully and avoided freely. Instead of taking a wild fling at glory—playing a big team for prestige and taking a chance at a sensational victory at the probable cost of crippling his squad for the games in its own class—Stuhldreher has adopted different business tactics. His contract permitted him to take his time and build slowly and surely; as a result, Stuhldreher is now ready to break into the ranks of the mighty—but schools which would have taken him on as a set-up two years ago now find it unwise to accommodate him as an equal.

The classiest job of escaping a virtual blacklist in his own territory was done by Knute Rockne at Notre Dame; and in doing it he led the way to the present nation-wide visiting by football squads and the consequent unification of the gridiron. The record of Rockne's success, outstanding in modern football history, was based on the fact of great teams, taught by a master coach and pioneering the forward pass which has been the chief factor in the amazing growth of the gridiron game. Notre Dame became a trail blazer, even against the expressed disapproval of intersectional football voiced by the Big Ten and Big Three, for two reasons—because it had no equipment for big games at home; and because it could not schedule contests with the outstanding schools in its own section.

Notre Dame had fine football teams as far back as 1909 when it defeated Michigan in the last game played between these teams. The groundwork for the Rockne régime was laid by Jesse Harper, who coached the team which defeated Army 35–13 in 1913 by the first sensational use of the forward pass. Rockne's régime began in 1919; and during the next three years, during which he lost only one game, a 10–7 defeat by Iowa, the Big Ten champions, Notre Dame was nationally established. In 1922, with his system well established and the team which was later to become famous as the Four Horsemen group, Rockne sought more big games. He could not get them at home and followed the trail which had led to the Army success by roaming abroad; and because the Notre Dame stands accommodated less than 20,000, he was forced to travel to get his games.

There has been much criticism of this policy; but what is not generally realized is that Notre Dame loses only a few more hours from class to go to New York than Harvard does to go to New Haven. The visiting team is always on the grounds where the game is played on Friday.

In 1922 the schedule expansion began with Carnegie Tech and Georgia Tech, both of which are still on the Notre Dame card. In 1923 and 1924 Princeton was played, mostly for prestige; and the Four Horsemen concluded their career by defeating Stanford in the Tournament of Roses game.

At the end of the 1924 season Rockne's teams had lost only three contests in six years of playing the best he could get. Notre Dame began to be accepted not only as a stadium filler but as a superior squad from which something might be learned to use on other teams, and from whom a defeat was no particular disgrace while a victory over it was sure to be sensational news. Offers for games began to pour in, and thereafter Rockne's task became one more of selection than of search. Northwestern, Minnesota and Wisconsin, all good Conference teams, and Penn State were taken on for series, some of which were played at South Bend where the wooden stands had been increased to 30,000 capacity. The Southern California games began in 1926, Navy was added in 1927, Indiana and Northwestern are being played this year, and series have been arranged for the future with Pitt and Penn. The Notre Dame schedule this year includes, in order, Indiana, Navy, Wisconsin, Carnegie, Georgia Tech, Drake, Southern California, Northwestern and Army, leaders in every section. Rockne's major work is finished. His schedule has more permanence than most. This will be the sixteenth year for Army, the eighth for Georgia Tech and Carnegie Tech, the fourth for Southern California, the third for Navy; while Northwestern, Indiana, Wisconsin and Drake are geographical opponents who have been intermittent visitors for many years.

Strange as the statement may seem, Notre Dame has not been a big money maker until the past few seasons. At the alumni dinner last June, Rev. Charles O'Donnell, president of the university, announced that during the season of 1928 gridiron profits had exceeded $300,000 for the first time. The Army game, now a sell-out, was played on the open plains at West Point until 1923, when it was brought to New York. Notre Dame's guaranty for the first Army game in 1918 was $1000; and it did not make a cent from this contest until 1923, as no admission was charged on the plains. The first Princeton game brought little more than expenses, and the second was also paid off in prestige, to a large extent. As he increased his schedule, having no home field of any size, Rockne was forced to take his games where he could find them and was in no position to exact heavy guaranties. It is my opinion that Notre Dame broke into the quarter-million class about 1926 when Soldiers' Field became available for big games with Southern California and Navy.

Gridiron Legerdemain

Previous to this time Notre Dame utilized its gridiron profits to build dormitories and other campus quarters. Now, however, a stadium is being erected to seat about 55,000. It will be available in 1930; and as long as the quality of its teams remains at the normal standard, Notre Dame should remain among the big money makers. Rockne now has something more than a football team and academic prestige to sell—he offers a magic name, a legend of invincibility, gridiron legerdemain; and he has one of those big steel-and-concrete tents for his show.

Army and Navy, the other prominent free lances in the field, also have plenty to sell—gridiron antiquity, the prestige of the government service, the colorful spectacle of marching cadets and midshipmen, the mule and the goat, and uniformly fine teams. Because of this array, the Army-Navy game was the headliner of all the profitable gridiron entertainments; given unlimited seating capacity, it might easily be a million-dollar game; and the qualities which made this contest such an attraction served to lighten the task of the service schedule makers.

But Captain Jones and Major Fleming at Army, and Commander Ingram at Navy,

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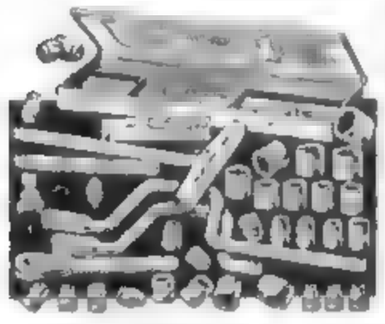

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have to contend with the blunt hand of politics. It has widened the gap between West Point and Annapolis by efforts to repair it.

The business of football, then, is flourishing and efficient. New factories are being built, the raw material is coming in, and a close check is kept upon the general managers. Coaching jobs in the upper circles are as perilous as in the lower. A losing coach is a doomed figure, except in such cases as Chicago, where A. A. Stagg is an institution—a noble old grandee of the gridiron. A winning coach is an idol on the campus, and a pet of wealthy alumni.

Winning teams guarantee the full benefits of the football business: Prestige, which attracts students, bolsters morale and keeps wealthy alumni close to the old school; and money, which pays the freight for athletics for all, erects buildings and sometimes pays salaries.

The money is used for worthy purposes, which outweigh any wounds which amateur ideals may experience; and as the culmination of such worthy purposes does not damage prestige, the business goes on, regulated by the economic law of supply and demand.

The climbers, who have least to sell, realize least. N. Y. U., having only academic prestige and a football team to sell, and forced to pay off in hard dollars, made a profit of $86,000 in 1928, which was 40 per cent of the total gate.

Pennsylvania, with antiquity and some social prestige added, was able to get big games but apparently was also forced to pay good guaranties; for out of a total income of $936,838 in 1928, the profit was only $460,603, or just about 50 per cent.

Harvard's figures for 1927 or 1928 were not available when this was written; but in 1926 the Crimson, announcing a football income of $584,195, declared its profits to be $453,000, or 78 per cent of the gate. Harvard was selling antiquity, ivy, social and academic prestige that year but not much of a football team, as it lost to Geneva, Holy Cross, Princeton, Brown and Yale, while winning from William and Mary, Dartmouth and Tufts. As Yale, a social equal, probably, got a pretty good cut of the gate for its game, not much of the 22 per cent paid out for expenses was left for the other schools, which probably felt repaid, however, with the prestige of playing at Cambridge and defeating Harvard.

The money is there and the crack salesmen are going out after it. Glance over the following list of recent alliances in football and decide for yourself how many were influenced by the old norm of natural rivalry and academic interest; how many were arranged to advertise the university and attract students and interest alumni; and how many had at least one eye on the gate receipts:

Pittsburgh–Ohio State
Pittsburgh–Army
Pittsburgh–Notre Dame
Princeton–Chicago
Princeton–Brown
Yale–Georgia
Yale–Chicago
Columbia–Brown
Columbia–Colgate
Wisconsin–Alabama
Wisconsin–Penn
Notre Dame–Penn
Navy–Penn
California Penn
Dartmouth–Navy
Dartmouth–Stanford
Carnegie–Southern California
N. Y. U.–Georgia
N. Y. U.–Missouri
Army–Harvard
Army–Illinois
Army–Stanford
Army–Nebraska
Navy–Southern Methodist
Oregon State–N. Y. U.
Oregon State–Detroit
Oregon State–West Virginia
Harvard–Florida
Harvard–Michigan
Navy–Ohio

Getting On in the World

Brakes for Rolling Stones

A COMMON reason for the slow and painful progress of young people is a belief in the inevitableness of a certain amount of stone-rolling after graduation. It has been more or less expected of a college graduate that he try out two or three or even more jobs before he settles into his proper niche and digs in for the long winter of his apprenticeship.

The economic waste of this procedure has dawned upon the large corporations who draw upon the senior classes of our universities annually for their new blood. They lose money on the resultant turnover in personnel, and the rolling stone not only fails to gather moss, but rolls several yards in the wrong direction.

According to a survey made in a representative group of industries, not more than 5 per cent of our gainfully employed really decide upon careers during school years and follow up their resolutions until they reach their goal. Fifty per cent of the job holders surveyed shifted positions within a year.

These industries have, therefore, taken steps to avoid the employment of young men to whom the grass will begin to look irresistibly green in the other boss' back yard at a time when they are just beginning to be worth their salt to the organization.

One means of accomplishing this purpose has been found in the sending of junior executives or personnel managers around the country in the spring from campus to campus. These men secure personal interviews with applicants for positions. They hold discussion groups to which all interested students are invited. At these meetings the work is outlined in detail and the prospects for advancement analyzed. Students' records are studied. Estimates of their character and their suitability to the particular job under consideration are made. Some are taken on personally conducted tours of offices and plants.

When it is all over, the employer has the student sized up pretty well, and the student has a real knowledge of what his job is to be. Unless both reactions are favorable no connection is established, and six months or a year is saved which otherwise would be spent in fruitless experimentation.

Some of the larger corporations supplement these preliminary contacts with a training course at the expense of the corporation. At its conclusion the student is at liberty to withdraw if he likes. The corporation, on the other hand, is free to discourage him from going further if he has proved himself unlikely material. Statistics show that those who survive such a weeding process stand more than a fair chance of rising to positions of responsibility in the long run.

Some of the larger universities, realizing the importance of placing the right man in the right job, without a squandering of invaluable time spent in groping in the dark, maintain student-placement bureaus, which function as a sort of liaison agency between those looking for employment and their potential employers.

This attitude of the employer is not altogether a selfish one. It is actuated not only by a natural desire to save time and money for himself, but also by a knowledge of the unsettling psychological effect of a constant shifting from job to job upon the character of those whom they employ.

—W. THORNTON MARTIN.

Club men are wearing
ENGLISH BRACES

In the locker rooms of smart country clubs, English braces are much in evidence. President styles this smart new suspender for wear with either business suit or evening dress, offering a wide assortment in college stripes, novelty designs and fancy patterns; elastic and non-elastic webs.

President originated the famous Sliding Cord, the suspender worn by thousands of men who put comfort above everything else.

Whatever your preference — English, Sliding Cord, Crossback, or Police—the President label and guarantee are your assurance of quality.

President Suspenders

My DADDY Bought me this WINGY PLANE

Sonny's eyes sparkle, for this new-action, spring Rider with smooth, wavy motion thrills like riding on air, [illegible] easy for child to stay on, no humps or jolts. Easy to carry about; will not mar finest floor.

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Pat. Applied for
ROLY RIDER
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JANESVILLE PRODUCTS CO. Dept. 13 Janesville, Wis.
Makers of Janesville Hot Rod Racer, Wagons, Velocipedes

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Clark the Jeweler has perfected an automatic one-motion lighter—clean . . . safe . . . always lights! In beautiful enamels, paneled leathers and engine turned. Priced as low as $5. Local shops can get them for you.
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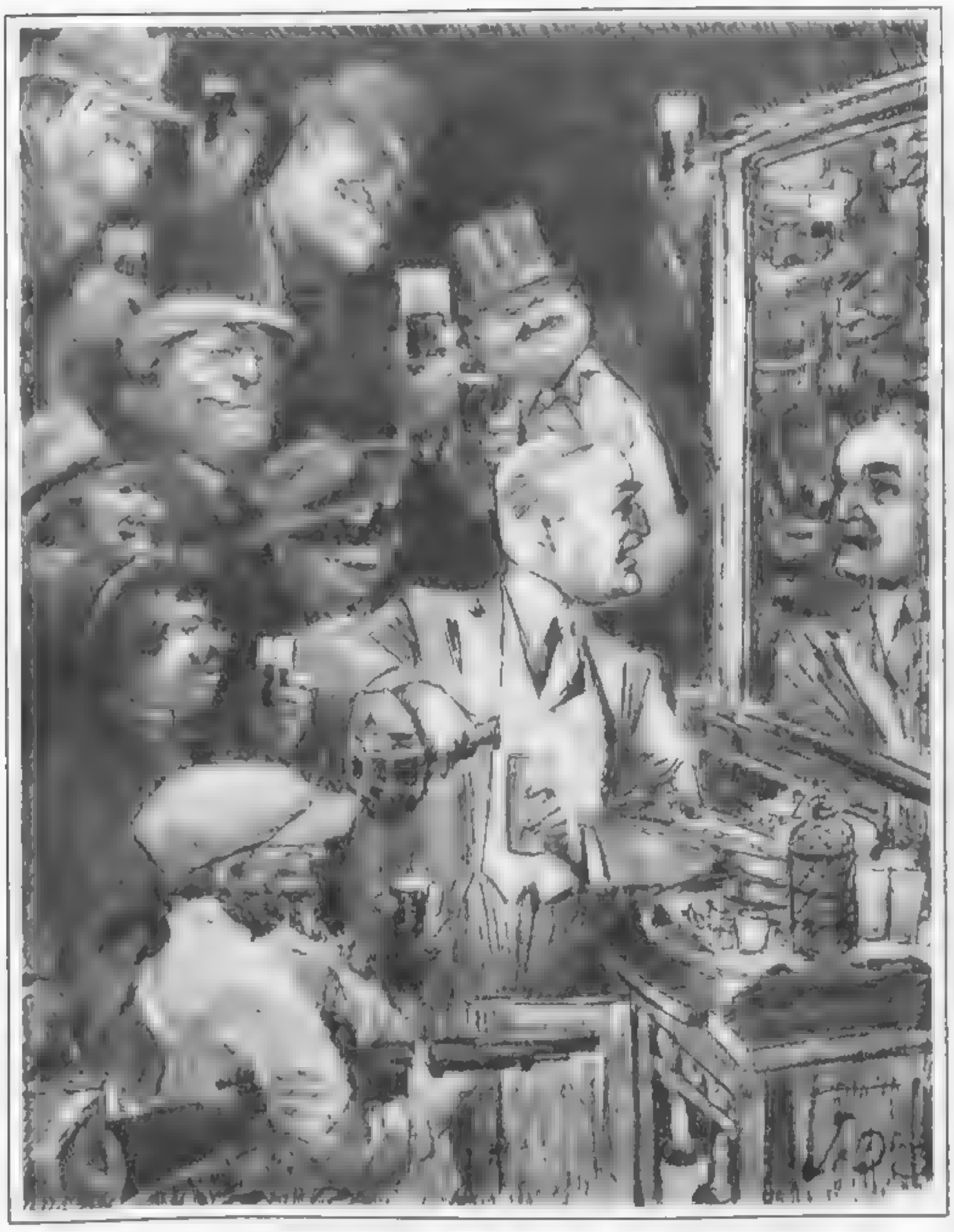

Lawlessness

By

George Wharton Pepper

DEFIANCE of an unjust law has been the moral right and the practice of conscientious rebels in all ages. But it has proved effective only when done publicly and in the open. Why the bootleggers' patrons' secret acts are not making a defiant gesture at a law, but are supplying, in the aggregate, many millions of dollars in funds for the protection and advancement of organized crime, is told in a sensational article by George Wharton Pepper, former United States Senator from Pennsylvania, in the October Journal.

Safeguarding Our Assets

By Alfred E. Smith

A STATE is not big cities, great mountains, fertile fields, or even money. It is people! A good, strong, vigorous people is the greatest asset a state can have. Former Governor Alfred E. Smith talks to you in the October Journal about the subject closest to his heart and to which he has always devoted himself wholeheartedly throughout his career—what a state can do to safeguard its greatest asset—our children.

When Night Clubs are Trumps

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

"WHY do people go to night clubs?" asked Mr. Kummer of the manager of New York's smartest club.

"Because they are fools!" was the reply.

So, with two members of New York's smartest society, Mr. Kummer, author of "Maypoles and Morals," visited these clubs, and in the October number he describes, in words that do not soft pedal, the famous Whoopee Palaces—and you may draw your own moral.

JULIA PETERKIN in *The Greasy Spoon* tells a story of the Southern Negro full of smiles and tears.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE in *Blue Ribbons* introduces a new type in his famous dog stories.

BOOTH TARKINGTON in *The Owner's Wife* holds up the mirror of true life in his interesting, revealing manner.

DOROTHY SPEARE in *Hating the Same People* will delight you with her smart and amusing story picturing the Eternal Triangle in a new and novel guise.

RICHARD HALLIBURTON in *Monkey Business* gayly laughs with you through a glorious Argentine adventure.

ZANE GREY in *The Ranger* brings back the stories we all love—the true Western-ranger romance.

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN in *Payment Deferred* gives you a true Lincolnesque tale of Cape Cod folks.

JULIAN STREET in *The Kingless Kingdom* thrills you with tales of the romantic country of the Beautiful Blue Danube.

LITA BANE, Former President of the American Home Economics Association

is now Associate Editor in charge of all the Journal's homemaking activities. In her October article, she gives you her *credo* for making your home a modern, happy, useful place. It's really a revelation of the new art of homemaking—and a challenge to all homemakers in this day of rapidly changing standards.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Now On Sale

One Dollar the Year—Ten Cents the Copy

The Singing Shave

is Music to Your Skin

The Ever-Ready Blade brings song to your shaves and that happy feeling to your cheeks. So keen that your fingers won't recognize your smooth face—so durable that you'll lose count of the number of shaves you get—the Ever-Ready croons away your worries as it steals away your beard. Join the chorus of Singing Shavers. Just say to any dealer, "Give me those fine Ever-Ready Blades."

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN, N. Y

Posed by Will Mahoney appearing in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book"

Ever-Ready BLADES

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Is the way to get business to "*get out and* DIG"? . . . .

BY all means have your salesmen dig—but let them dig for *orders* in places where orders are likely to be found.

Digging for prospects can be done better and quicker by mail than by men.

The first step in any sale is letting the prospect know that your product exists, what it looks like, what kind of firm you are, and what you can do for him.

Do your salesmen have to do this? It takes time. It takes many calls. It takes shoe leather and patience. It is tedious. It costs too much money.

This kind of digging can be done better by mail, and for less money.

You can break ground by circulars, by folders and booklets that say something, by broadsides that are worth reading. Direct advertising can establish acquaintance with one group of people, describe your product to another group, build confidence with still another.

A well-directed series of printed mailings will uncover leads on which your salesmen can profitably work instead of being set to dig on ground that may never yield anything worth while.

There are concerns that think the constant use of good printing on good paper is as much part and parcel of a selling job as is the salesman's price list or sample case.

Get out and dig for business—by all means. But don't use a man for a job that can be done better with a postage stamp.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Co., 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Warren's STANDARD

Printing Papers

When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper — better printing}

When there's a snap in the air . . . . . .

"It's time for the OVERHEAD DOOR"

Signs of approaching winter turn your thoughts to conveniences which make the cold months more liveable—more enjoyable. The coal bin is replenished—ill-fitting doors and windows are repaired to exclude the cold—the heating system is placed in readiness. In short—the home is groomed for comfort.

And do not neglect the garage. It, too, is in daily use, regardless of weather, and is deserving of careful consideration.

One of the most important parts of the garage is its doors.

No longer need you tolerate ill-fitting doors which blow shut or open as the wind directs—which wedge or jamb in ice or snow. "Overhead Doors" have banished these and all other garage door evils.

Opening upward—COMPLETELY OUT OF THE WAY "Overhead Doors" always work—perfectly—so easily a child can operate them. When closed they fit tightly at top, sides and bottom, thus assuring a warm garage.

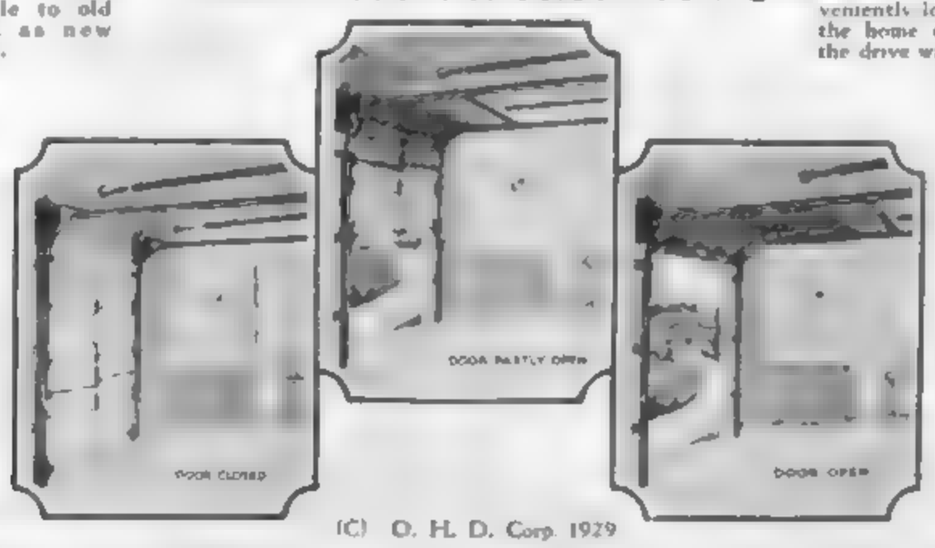
"Overhead Doors" on your garage will afford ultra-satisfaction this winter—and for many winters to come, for they can not bind, sag, or twist out of shape.

This TRULY MODERN garage door affords full height and width of the opening and makes available every inch of floor and wall space.

"Overhead Doors" may be had in any size or design. Adaptable to old as well as new buildings.

OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION
HARTFORD CITY, INDIANA • • U.S.A.
OVERHEAD DOOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD. TORONTO, ONTARIO, CAN.

Electrically operated if desired with control stations conveniently located in the home or along the drive way.



(C) O. H. D. Corp. 1929

THE OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION, HARTFORD CITY, INDIANA: Dept. A7
Please send me complete information concerning the "Overhead Door" for the modern garage.

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

No Garage Can Be Modern Without the "Overhead Door"

The Poets' Corner

A Moment

BY THE hush of the solemn fish
Below long leaves,
And the barely perceptible swish
Of their fairy fins that achieves

Their beautiful journeying;
By the heavy magical sleep
Of the light of that evening,
Dreaming there in the deep

Of the small round pool,
I knew there passed in the dim
Some wonderful moment full
Of fate for the things that swim

In a world where arbors of green
Dream and sway as they grow.
Though what that fate could have been
How shall I ever know?

—Lord Dunsany.

The Pitcher That Went to the Well

THE Pitcher that went to the well
Is broken at last!
Disaster has sounded its knell,
Its glory is past.

The Pitcher, unbattered and whole,
That stayed on the shelf
And nursed a superior soul,
Is pleased with itself.

"We mourn our unfortunate loss,"
It loftily sighs,
"But rolling stones gather no moss;
Quiescence is wise.

"Aloof from the turbulent race,
Its bustle and noise,
A Pitcher should keep in its place
And cultivate poise."

Oh, Pitchers, whatever your make,
Since none may produce
A Pitcher not fated to break,
Be broken in use!

For good is the stress and the strife
Where Pitchers are brave,
And going to wells is the life
True Pitchers will crave.

Before to destruction it fell,
Again and again
The Pitcher that went to the well
Brought solace to men.

—Arthur Guiterman.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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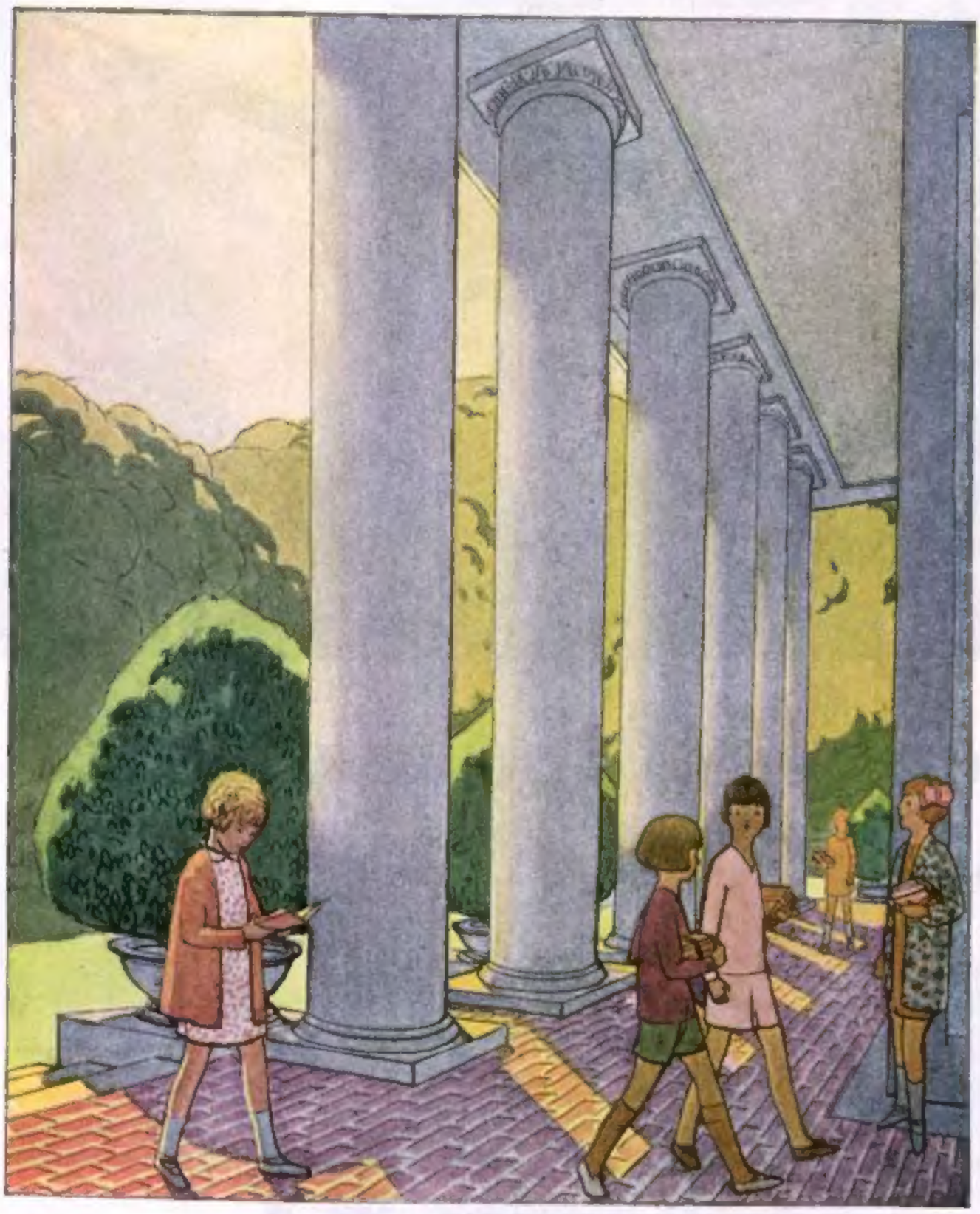
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada) and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

They start back to school so sturdily . . . and then what happens?



It's true with so many, many children. All summer long they've been outdoors—living in the sunshine. Maybe they've had a month at the beach—with a fine, healthy coat of tan to show.

And then they go back to school. They're indoors during the hours when the sun is strongest. And after a few months much of the good of vacation and outdoor life seems to have been dissipated . . .

You see, sunlight is so *important* to growing children. That's because the direct rays of the sun are a source of Vitamin D, the precious sunlight vitamin. Without Vitamin D, the minerals (lime and phosphorus) in their diet which go to prevent rickets (soft bones, bowed legs) and to develop strong bones and sound teeth are not fully utilized by the body.

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—the sunlight vitamin

And that's why, when they go back to school, Cocomalt should more than ever become a part of every meal and after-school lunch.

For extensive research has proved that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the anti-rachitic potency of the diet—and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building sturdy bones and sound teeth when taken under normal everyday conditions.

But Cocomalt is even more than this. It is a delicious, completely balanced, *natural* food drink that children really love. And it brings them not only the actual sunlight vitamin but the necessary mineral salts (lime and phosphorus) as well.

Indeed, Cocomalt increases the milk minerals by over 50%, and adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk, combining, in correct proportions, nourishing elements ideally suited to children.

A delicious chocolate-flavor drink

Your youngsters will *like* Cocomalt. Outside of any question of its value in a diet, it's a delicious drink with a delightful chocolate flavor—as good for parties as it is for breakfast. And many an anxious mother has discovered that it's one sure way to make children take the daily glasses of milk they need.

A cold drink in summer. A nourishing hot drink in winter. It's good either way. Give it to them regularly—and often. It will help them grow up with the strong bones, well-developed teeth—the strength and vigor—that are every child's birthright.

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five-pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi). If your grocer cannot supply you, take advantage of the sample offer.

R. B. DAVIS CO. · Hoboken, N. J.

Makers of Davis Baking Powder

FREE: A fascinating book entitled "Children of the Sun." This book was prepared by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt, and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

R. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me free booklet M-8 "Children of the Sun."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

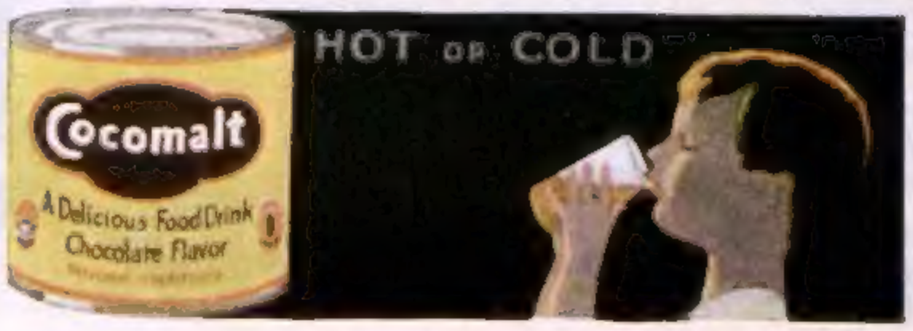
*City*_____

*County*_____

*State*_____

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk



"WAVERLY USERS ARE DISCERNING BUYERS"

He'd spend half the night praising that gun ---

. . . To us it was just an ordinary gun . . . But to him it was extraordinary . . . Something about its fine balance, its accurate machining, its masterly workmanship, made it, in his keen judgment of a thing's worthiness, the gun of guns.

* * *

There is a worthiness about Waverly, too, that appeals to the motorist with a keen sense of quality. It is a motor lubricant for the car owner who takes a genuine interest in giving his car the best of care.

Waverly has that rare essential—skillful refining—that makes of the highest grade crude oil the finest lubricant money can buy.

Waverly has been refined since 1880. In these forty-nine years, nothing has been left undone to better its quality. Processes have been improved as fast as experience has added to the science of refining. Today, Waverly is as fine a lubricant as can be made from "100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil."

Waverly has been available for years to motorists in the Pennsylvania oil field, and its reputation for excellence has reached the far corners of the world. Now Waverly is to be available to motorists everywhere.

The Waverly Guarantee

Drive in to any licensed Waverly dealer. Have your crank-case drained and filled with Waverly All-Pennsylvania Motor Oil. If you do not find it the most economical and satisfactory lubricant you have ever used, the dealer is authorized to refund your money. The price of Waverly east of the Rockies is 35 cents a quart.

Ask the service station man for a copy of the "Waverly Log," a handy little pocket-size book in which to keep your auto expenses, mile by mile and month by month.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Waverly "ALL PENNSYLVANIA" MOTOR OIL

Buy only from Licensed Waverly Dealers

Spur Tie

ALL TIED FOR YOU 50¢ · 75¢ · $1.00

STRIKES THE RIGHT NOTE

HERE'S the difference. Some neckwear is dapper—girlishly pretty—well suited to many men. But when it comes to a square jaw, tanned hide, big shoulders, a he-grin and an outdoor personality, the crisp, informal virility of a Spur Tie strikes the right note.

There are many shapes, any color you like and patterns of snappy, modernistic vigor or the quiet designs which some prefer. But regardless of color, shape or pattern, there's a quality of dominant smartness and rightness about a Spur Tie that's as emphatic as the flash of a diamond, the click of a dollar golf ball or the left jab of a champion. That's why millions wear them.

An adjustable, flexible Innerform can be twisted and pinched into any shape that suits your face and fancy.

Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65-M Bedford St., Boston, Mass. 200 Fifth Ave., New York. 120 Battery St., San Francisco. 426 South Spring St., Los Angeles. 412 S. Wells St., Chicago. 1604 Arapahoe St., Denver. Made in Canada by Tooke Bros., Ltd., Montreal.

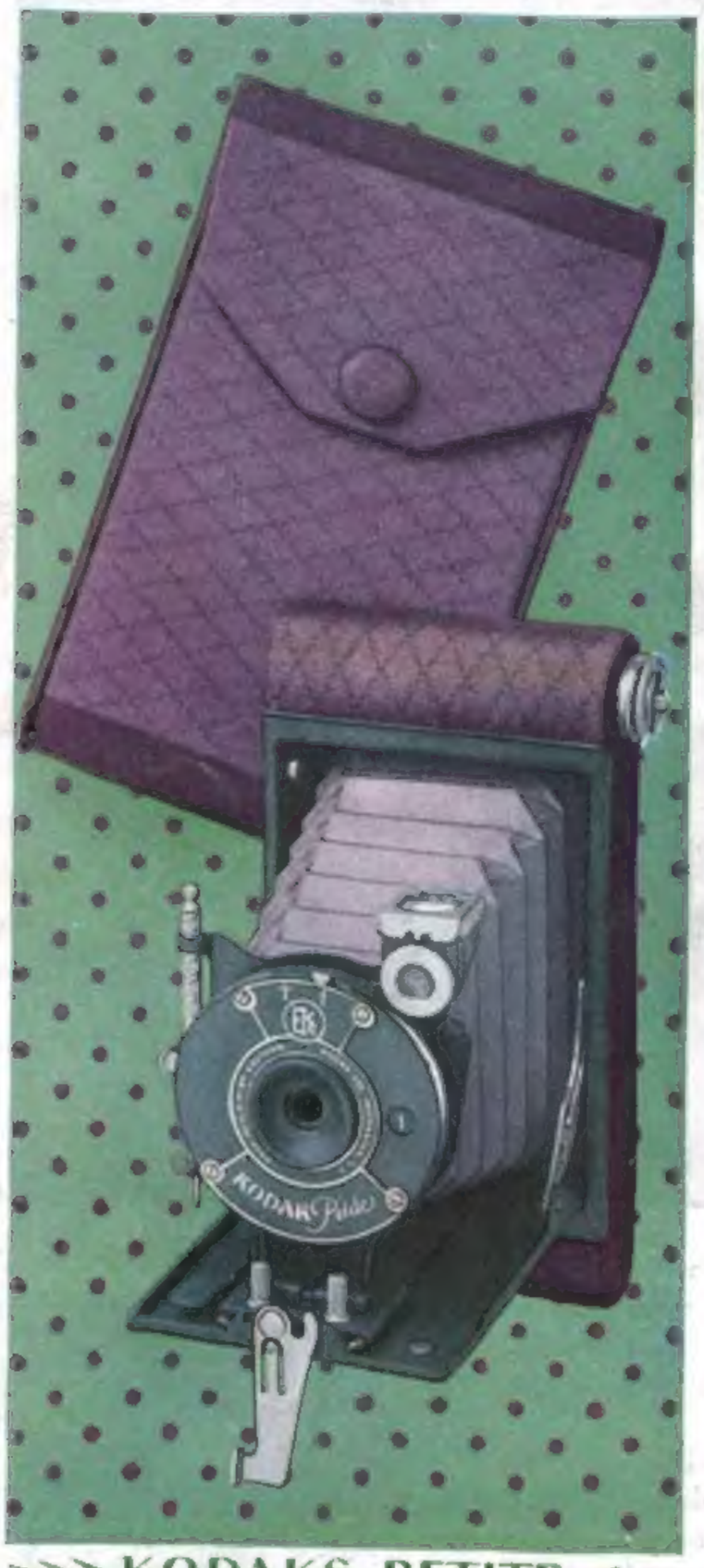
FREE—GET YOUR COPY

"Off the Lot" is a fascinating little book about movie stars. Intimate photos, how they live, anecdotes, etc. Send to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65-M Bedford Street, Boston, Mass., for your copy.

Insist that the Spur Tie red label shown at the left is on every tie and avoid inferior imitations. You can shape a Spur Tie in any way you like—fluffy or flat, severe or sportive—and the patented H-shaped Innerform holds it that way.

Picture-takers that reflect the Rainbow

THE introduction of Kodaks Petite adds greatly to the pleasure of picture-taking. You treasure them not only for what they do but for what they are... exquisite little costume accessories that are whole-heartedly welcomed by women of the most exacting taste. You carry them with the same pride and appreciation that you would bestow on something picked up in the Rue de la Paix.



>>> KODAKS PETITE <<<

Above is the lavender Kodak Petite. There is also the blue, the green, the gray, and the old rose. In each the bellows and lens mount form part of the color scheme. Picture size, 1⅝ x 2½. Cost, $6.50 without case; $7.50 with case.

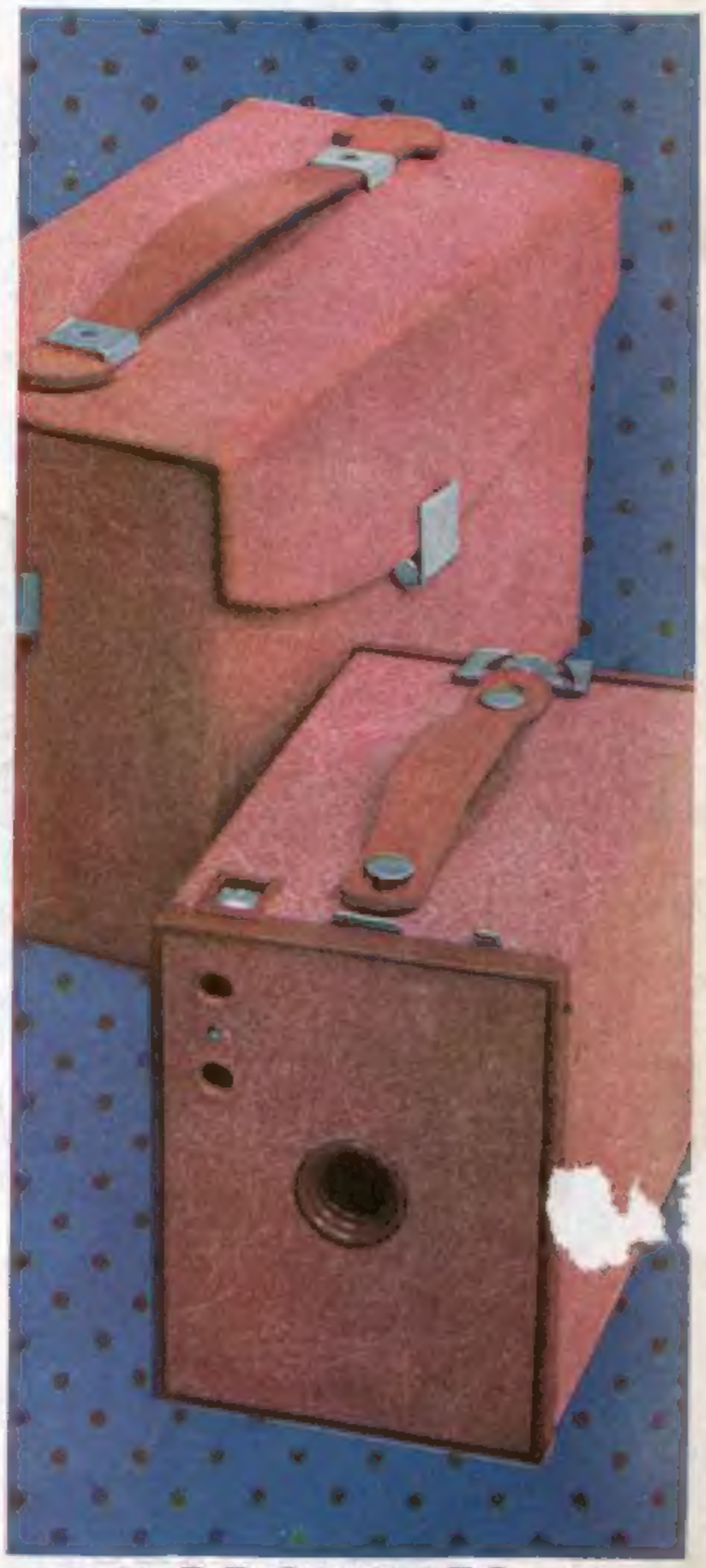
>>> POCKET KODAKS <<<

In four colors—blue, as above, and green, brown and gray. No. 1 takes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ and No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼. They cost $18 and $20 respectively, including an attractive case of the same color.

POCKET Kodaks, too, are brighter and more attractive than ever before. Still as sturdy and reliable as always, still as efficient photographically, still the handy companion of sportsman, traveler and parent, they now have acquired a smart and colorful freshness and novelty.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

CONSPICUOUS in this color renaissance are the Brownies. Not to be outshone by their higher-priced companions, they now appear in five radiant hues. And clever craftsmen have made a few slight changes in the Brownie design which have left it just as simple, but have increased its appeal a hundredfold. The Brownie's capacity for taking first-class snapshots remains undiminished.



>>>> BROWNIES <<<<

Models 2 and 2A come in red, brown, green, gray and blue —each in the most approved shade. Picture sizes, 2¼ x 3¼ and 2½ x 4¼ respectively. Prices, $3 and $4; handy carrying case (in color) with shoulder strap, $2 extra.